

PILGRIMS' PROBLEMS



Mary Randolph Reynolds

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By MARY RANDOLPH REYNOLDS



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TO
THOSE WHO NEED AMERICA
THOSE WHO HAVE AMERICA
ALL HELPERS OF MANKIND
ALL MANKIND
AND
DEDICATED
TO THE
REV. A. M. MAYER, O. S. M.
RECTOR OF THE
NATIONAL SANCTUARY
OF OUR
SORROWFUL MOTHER
PORTLAND, OREGON

FOREWORD

Any attempt to fulfill a duty so important; and, from a student's point of view, so difficult as to outline an acknowledgment of the cluster of memories and emotions, each one steeped in spirit and colored by life's associations that caused the author to pin her faith upon the First Great Cause, makes necessary a few words of explanation to the reader. The principles by which the writer has been guided are due to the original work of many teachers; without whom, it would have been impossible to express her indebtedness.

The fruitless quest of originality cannot be claimed, and the reader may be cautioned of the fact and informed not to credit the contents of the book to the writer, but to a Christianity that never ceased crystallizing spirit into expression, so that it could be appropriated like a tangible object.

It was this standard that gave exemption from the chill of misgivings that hampered and hindered external affairs, none of which touched the real core of sanctity. For it is certain that the work of imagination has the greatest artistic basis, being nothing less than the actual creation of life out of void. There can be no life to the being who does not feel it. No adventure nor spirit to the one who cannot see the whole of it. So the writer, looking back upon the experiences which she had received second-hand, could not doubt, without any mention of their names, that her teachers represented the transition that took the chill out of matter and proved themselves to be the highest type of metaphysicians.

PREFACE

As a prefatory note to the reader, it may be said that *Pilgrims' Problems* may be considered to be a personal narrative in which not only interesting events and circumstances are set forth; but, also, by this means, exposition is made of patriotic sentiments and religious aspirations of the very highest order; and, so expounded throughout the book that religion and patriotism are found to harmonize and support each other.

The viewpoint of the author is that of an Irish emigrant, who, believing that the ideals of Washington and Lincoln are all sufficient, asks that these ideals be maintained vigorously and not be allowed to fall into desuetude; a decadence, which, she believes, carelessness might permit to take place.

There is put forth the very interesting and exceedingly unique proposition that the emigrant, who comes to this country because of the noble ideals of its founders, compares favorably with native citizens; and more than favorably with native citizens wholly engrossed in material endeavors.

The book is a series of episodes; and, both in this and by the diction employed, the style, allowably repetitious, may be described as rhapsodic, bordering on the poetic, a variety of composition perfectly adapted to the temperament of the author and to the subject with which she deals.

Irish scenes and recollections are brought in by the means of narration, and the scene of events in America is laid on the Pacific Coast of which a fitting exposition has been made as a land of opportunity in all things—: material, political, religious; with a strong emphasis on the religious as helping, instead of hindering the other phases.

In all this, there is a magnificent appeal for social and religious tolerance. The juxtaposition of the Masonic Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children and the National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful

Mother at Portland, Oregon, gives the author a wonderful opportunity of which she has availed herself splendidly. This, with a concluding postlude, makes, as the reader will discover, a glorious climax to a book whose purpose is to preserve in America what is best and make it become still better.

At this point, it may be said that freedom of speech in matters religious is one of our nation's fundamentals and every one has the right to that freedom of expression. Jesse B. Hornung, an anti-Roman Catholic lecturer and writer and author of this preface, reviewed the manuscript and wrote the poems, *Song of Aran* and *Septuacentennial*.



I

Liberal is God with His gifts; and man, in passing from his own ordinary state to the state of higher energy, is given an opportunity in the West—the land of opportunity for gaining economic independence. Beyond what we now know as the West, the Orient begins; and, so it is that the coast of the Pacific Northwest is the last great west and cities, rising there, pass from being ordinary centers, somewhat as the mind passes from its own ordinary state to the highest center of spiritual life. And so, the last great West, wrought beneath His pattern, is giving proof of commercial magnificence consistent with supreme favors, somewhat as the mind is ever spiritualized, until it is entirely absorbed in the soul.

Opportunity in our political and economic affairs reflects the spiritual significance extended over gross matter; and, in both cases, the responsibility is made real and actual by our own efforts. Cities of the Pacific Northwest performing their long march in civilization already give promise of their triumph, when the last West shall come into its own. The Columbia River—a vision of delight—is the blessing of the West, enriching and insuring the development of the Columbia River Basin of which Portland is the metropolis; and this city, great already in commerce, is marvelous in beauty and in all those attributes that attract and hold the attention of those; who, beyond and above the material, admire with spiritual devotion the glory of the mountains and the loveliness of the valleys, and are attracted to all that composes beautiful scenery.

The City of Portland, satiated with commercial significance harmonizing and blending with scenic advantages; because of its gentle climate, is a natural labyrinth of roses; and, with these and other flowers, it is known as a city of homes.

A train from this "out west" city of Oregon, heading toward the "Golden Gate" that opens toward Asia extended a pleasurable invitation and suggested, to shroud the landscape, a vision of that Civitas Dei, far away from this world of men.

It is said that everyone has two homes: the eternal or future home and this flitting home of earthly function which entwines with the Paradise that His Presence fills. Thence, when we embellish the temporal home that is seen, we glimpse the unseen, copied from that dual mystery that underlies all life. His beauty showed their beauty. This tendency is painted over that miraged land of inland port, under whose prefix Portland is something of economic value, as certain as there is an activity of spiritual color in its ritual of all nature that is strewn in fantastic wealth in the canyons and mountain peaks before this inland city of the Pacific Northwest. It is a home city that spirit and nature endowed and man embellished; and, despite its commercial activities, it is known as the City of Roses and is restful and enchanting. An efflux of peace from that mirrored perfection of Eternal Delight glistens over its lush lawns and commingles with the crooning rhythm of its rivers; and rests on the cedars, clean and gray, and fir planted hill slopes; in whose elusive, blue, spiral enchantment; a camp-fire builds deep in some ravine; from whence, its hidden ritual in hushed prayer offers worship and incense in gauzy smoke, whose prelude a soft beat of rain merges in effective mystery; and faster and faster, flows in the twinkling brook like a bell attesting the consecrated host hid in the innermost tabernacle of mystic repost. And the song of the thrush, and the hum of the bees, and the butterfly's flutter, and the sun that flames through the mist, and the flowers that hover low where the ferns grow, and the phantom lamps that play on the stream's disarray; and the mists that hang like a nun's veil, fold on fold; and the birds that fly toward the distant peaks, whose tapestry is rent with dancing fires, like cathedral spires that suggest other desires; and the windswept trees; and the carefree, close clouds; and the rich lawns, and tumbling waterfalls, and the rocks that bask in clover and grass, and the winds that come from the purple hills, and the prayer traced in the air; whose essence of life is fashioned alike, and the twilight gold that soothes the spirit; all transform this

port of peace into a paradise of delight, whose woodland areas are the life-giving and colorful element of review. These treasures of nature, scattered and ambered in each season's tone, give charm and enhance the beauty that human achievement develops—for men make pictures of their minds and sketch and develop a technique of spirit that gives to their habitation a sort of composite personality. Portland—the City of Roses, topped and encircled by forest growth, bisected with skyline trails and boulevards bordering the upland avenues furnishing innumerable and magnificent view points, developed by terraces and their accompanying residences, whose architecture is fashioned in every design fitting its place—makes this parkland attractive alike to its inhabitants and to the wayfarer. It would take a pilgrim of less idealism than the one whose narrative we are about to relate who would not choose this nature-house of prayer, this fairyland for home, whose woodlands give unique vista in their nearness to the heart of the city; and the city, in turn, possessing the singular charm of view; in that, the hills are its terminals. In this idealistic pleasure spot, are leagues and leagues of garden homes; in whose abode, there are redeemed from the squalor of human neglect those who are less moderately well to do, which is a copy of another sort of uniformity that the inhabitants of this maze of civic idealism treasure.

Countless thousands journeying through this port of peaceful anchorage catch the spirit of its charmed life and choose a habitation of man's achievement on the ridge of the hill; so that, with the Great Architect, they may look down on their home town with Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens in glorious review; and a framework of hills, now muffled and mystic with unfrozen dew—now rugged—now gentle—now laughing and gazing at you with a brilliant sunshine; garbed in scarlet and crimson, now mauve and purple with the deepest and most endearing grandeur, now towering over your head with a sense of soft loveliness. Amid this succession of scenes and on through that great wonderland—the Oregon Country, rolled

the Shasta Limited, sweeping rapidly among shrill whistles that announced to the bustling passengers, eager to detrain, the approach of their journey's end. It was a peerless day in May. The congenial atmosphere of San Francisco Bay brought visions of youthful romance to the mind of Nano Lydon, the soothing charm of which was quickly distorted by a comparison whose content related itself to other cities. For a moment, a sort of dispirited reflection buffeted her, somewhat as if she had glimpsed the Land of Promise; and then, dislodging the view, recognized in its stead the Land of Bondage. It was just like a crumbling of hope, when that most sensitive of receiving stations, the human eye, rested on "the City" toward which the escorting porter was leading. It carried her mind down the enchanted lanes of time to the days that used to be, where the resenting comparisons that annoyed her soul were muffled and the dearest of memories came replacing the swelling sense of displeasure that her transforming consciousness inspired. As if fitting her retrospection into the unfastened vision that had not entirely escaped her mind, she exclaimed significantly:

"Do you love unprejudiced cities? I do!" to her inbound companions en route from the North, who were her associates for the two days journey and whose entertainment she enlivened with oft-quoted proverbs. Formulas of her early education—creations of Life—much lived; traditions, of remote antiquity—prescriptions, based upon the primal motive of human endeavor. They spoke of varied joys and griefs, which she found in the custom and environment of the new world of which she was now part. They also told of scenes and beings of the old world, where she lived a part of her youthful past; and now fitted into the atmosphere of her new life on the west coast of the land she loved, which had not yet gone through the condensing processes of the early, sad, old world of her priceless youth. In this way, they had to do with her life which their moral sanctified.

The travelers were boarding a boat plying between Oakland mole and the City that stimulated her outburst. Its appeal electrified her audience who caught a new chord in the supplicant's pathos. San

Francisco was again radiant in an unexcelled day, experienced only at intervals; even on this illustrious jut of land. Many, many times, had Nano Lydon been piloted over the placid blue bay which linked gone by days with her love; where she had plucked it out of tragedy. Within her memory, she had seen it spent and rebuilt. For her, it embraced dreams of sentiment, somewhat as the blue bay did the steadfast peaks it fondled. Now, she was thinking of her husband, Shirley Lydon, whom she met there during its catastrophe, years and years before.

What a refuge for reverie was this all-conquering panorama! What infinite joy encompassed the noblest effort of man!—whose genius, combined with that of the Great Pilot, had resurrected the City of her sentiment just as she hoped this memorable day would duplicate in the case of her husband—the resurrected city reflected the resurrected man, whom she was journeying to meet again in the same city rebuilt, as she hoped he would be upon his return from a globe-encircling pilgrimage, undertaken in company with two other pilgrims—friends of the past, the more distant past than that of which Nano knew.—They, like dreams, would appear and leave his life at intervals. Happily they could join him in this voyage around the globe, undertaken with the fervent hope of restoring his health, a blessing unknown to him for many years.

The aspiration of Nano Lydon was installed in an unfailing craft of hope which illumined her countenance as well as the lap of sea through which the ferry was speeding, as she said, meditatively, to one of her associates of the recent journey. "Temporal afflictions cover eternal good to which they lead."

"And vice versa, temporal joys cover eternal ills which they cause," responded her fellow passenger whose thoughts were moulded in different form. Her twist of rationalism made Nano retort in varying logic, "Remove the cause," she aptly contended, "and you provide an eternal and temporal remedy."

"There are no remedies for mortal wounds," insisted her acquaintance; who, evidently, was suffering from a special malady of her own.

"There is a remedy, unfailing for all wounds. It leads into the next world. It is engraved on everything. It murmurs and ripples and splashes and laughs and sings and shoots rays of light and sparkling life wherever we turn our gaze," answered Nano confidently, her happy consciousness shining through her countenance. "It is unraveled in all nature. It can be applied but never revised. Watch the white gulls rise and ride on the restless sea; somewhat as our spirit leaps in its human misery. We partake intermittently of the allurements of God, much as we are refreshed with the zest and vim of this liberal city in which we are about to be entertained." "Personally," she exclaimed in rapturous joy as if she tasted heaven, "I have learned that environment is responsible for much gayety of spirit, if we pluck it out of the things around us." Then, she paused, in a sort of pious gesture, a cultivated heritage of her childhood, a kind of reverent posture, and concluded, reflectively clasping her fingers, in front of her, "I find a certain sublimity in these ideas which is not without efficaciousness."

An active proof of this was instantly made manifest as she bade her fellow passengers goodbye with varying effect of gesture—a pitiful sort, combined with an eagerness to live a part of the city of her fanciful love. Her consciousness of past partings for an instant cast upon her countenance a weird flash sensed by her fellow passengers whom she was leaving.

Rushing through the ferry building and into a taxi, she was rapidly whirled up Market Street to the Palace Hotel. In this world famous hostelry were members of the aristocracy, nobility, royalty, ambassadors and special envoys from all lands, revolutionary conspirators, race track men, gamblers, mining men, fight promoters, military men, navy men, inventors, oil stock promoters, mining stock jobbers; beautiful and brilliant and talented women handsomely groomed and gowned and wearing priceless jewels; moving picture magnates, screen stars and politicians of all grades from the ward-heeler to the presidential boomer promenading through its long marble hall, known as "Peacock Alley." Here Nano found herself eagerly scanning the faces of guests hoping to find Shirley and his friends awaiting her. While she was glancing over the schedule of the inbound ships, she heard her

name called and a boy with a sheaf of cables and letters handed her a radiogram from the ship on which Shirley and his friends were returning home, giving bad weather as the cause of the delay. Retracing her steps with a pang of disappointment she prescribed a change of environment as the best remedy available for her mood. Surely, in her beloved Market Street, the most human and interesting thoroughfare in all the world, where all nationalities might be encountered within half a dozen blocks, she could find diversion.

The wail of a violin, though the orchestra was only tuning up for the noon concert, arrested her attention. Noticing a merry crowd surrounding some personality in the middle of the lobby causing all who passed to pause, she looked for an instant's diversion there, and was made joyous on recognizing as the centre of attraction, her old friend, Bill Hadly, surrounded by a group of admiring acquaintances, to whose welcome he was responding while they were enjoying his original comments—a sage-brush philosophy for which he was noted. For an instant, she stood taking a "close-up" of this picturesque character, operating practically an entire County in her home state, Oregon, where he had spent his life contending with its development. No one passed him unnoticed. There he was in black coat, his characteristic, broad smile; big, wide-brimmed, sand-colored hat; his hair bushy in wind-swept fashion, affecting a pose that was a cross between Bill Bryan, the Commoner, of whom he was a counterpart, and a cattle king just sauntering forth to celebrate Independence Day.

The tremendous drama of a changing continent engraved a story of progress on the sublimely fearless countenance of this man of the plains. Being unusual in type, his evident distinction drew the attention of the luncheon crowds surging in the direction of the dining room of the hostelry whose cuisine claimed their favor. Some there were who speculated upon his probable heritage. Others would salute him with a title of authority, liberally identifying him as Governor, or Colonel, or giving him some other significant designation. This interested Nano. She had never known of his having office or symbol. Even the automobile chauffeur, who had seen all types and kinds;

would, fumbling with his white gloves, cautiously eye the plainsman as would other employees, also accustomed to cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Bill Hadly was known intimately to Nano and to the hotel manager, Mr. Spencer, whose enterprising mind appreciating the value of such a guest, stopped to chat with him. He was naive in his courtesy, a quality which endeared him to his patrons. Of keen mind, he made significant reference to the effect of public worship. He said, "Character is greater than creed. Good character actors contributed more towards the uplift of life than all the presidents emeriti and preachers of our generation. They were popular idols who held the hearts of millions of men and women, leaving a great picture in the mind of the world; a vision leading into the unfathomable beyond, quickening the human heart and broadening its understanding."

The mention of the "unfathomable beyond" by the manager had an amazing effect upon Nano, who was now standing near the sage of the plains of Oregon. She grew seriously reminiscent as she mused upon Bill Hadly's evidently golden past; and the shadows which he cast upon the years seemed to reveal around him obscure, yet mystic light. But, there was no courage-killing or life-sapping despair pictured in the ruggedly complicated features of this pioneer of the western plains, whose personality portrayed the clearing of a new way, which led to the heritage of another elevation from whence no man cares to journey on earth anew.

The din of her surroundings restored her thoughts to this world of doubt when a hero-worshipper, in the person of a page, listening in, thrust himself upon the notice of the plainsman; and, for his benefit, in a mixture of decoy and lurking frolic, Bill Hadly asked the leave-taking manager, "Is there a horse race or something of that sort at the other end?"

The significance of the remark enlightened the page who unconsciously spread the impression the inquiry brought to his mind by exclaiming nonchalantly, "Covered Wagon," instead of the guest's name he had been announcing. The crowd was unable to restrain its merriment. Pandemonium of a suppressed yet pronounced sort followed.

An enterprising cameraman caught a photograph of the Oregonian, who was not entirely ignorant of the attention he was attracting. On the contrary, Bill Hadly, with an indulgent smile and no lack of perception, determined to attempt the role. His effort met with almost immediate disaster. For, while the throng looked on, the elevators, emptying their human freight, brought other guests from the Oregon Country who knew Bill Hadly, the seer of Harney County; who, in the popular appreciation was recognized as a picturesque possessor of gifts, chiefly valued among which was the power to sway public opinion and attract votes.

Launching immediately upon what they called "things that mattered," characteristically accepting their good-fortune, which they considered as the hand of fate—

"Just the party we want," was the greeting of an affable, undersized gentleman with an English accent, the third member of the group to grasp the extended hand of the plainsman of magnetic personality. With impressive assurance of their desire to see much of him and significant glances at Nano who was not presented to them, they withdrew,—a leave taking which was no doubt hastened by a gushing gentleman grievously concerned about the Governor's health; who explained that, while in great haste, as he was late in attending a luncheon engagement, he could not suppress his desire to confirm, personally, what he had read that the Governor had regained his former vigor.

"These are the little details of life," said Bill Hadly, "the boredom of resemblance," as his eyes met the inquiring look maneuvering on the countenance of Nano Lydon. "I believe that fellow will vote for me," he added, wagging his gray head in doubt.

"Who is he?" asked Nano.

"I never saw him before."

"And the gentleman who greeted you—"

"They are of Oregon, I know; I have a recollection of seeing them in Portland, that is two of them—boosters—I suppose."

"Boosters," joined an attorney, also from the north, an acquaintance of both Nano Lydon and Bill Hadly, whose interest brought him to "the city." "Sometimes," quoted the legal man, by way of further enlightenment concerning the identity of the group upon which the plainsman and Nano were speculating, "boosters are instruments of a big conspiracy whose branch covers the whole earth, being dangerous only in that it has its inception in the well-grounded selfish element of the human family." "Not bad fellows, at that," he indicated, catching both Bill and Nano by the arm and leading them to the dining room where they became his luncheon guests. While there, a page announcing the name, "Mr. Gayford," held a curious interest for Bill Hadly who had difficulty in restraining a shadow launching across his fascinating face, and who grew silent while Nano grew curious. The gentleman with the English accent, also at luncheon with his group, answered. Though there was excitement and thrill in the air, a soberness ensued during the remainder of the noon day meal, now drawing to a close. The orchestra beyond the palms, singing of love and defeat, furnished a chord of diversion and enlivenment to which Nano harkened; and, in a wave of refreshing enthusiasm, said she wished she were a mermaid, that she might spend her time gliding the sea instead of companionless, except for memories, during the coming hours of her intended "look-out" for inbound boats, one of which she knew would carry her precious freight. Mr. Hadly who, in by-gone years, first crossed the plains by ox-team; having motored from Oregon, offered himself and driver as a contribution to her time of waiting.

Before starting for the beach, a human megaphone, around whom was a visibly good-natured crowd, attracted their attention. The crowd was listening to a very black, perspiring negro holding a revival meeting. He was admonishing his audience to serve God. In tracing the origin of man, he gave the theory and made the statement, "Broth-

ers, you all were black, until you became corrupt and paled into the nothingness of white trash."

No one jibed or jeered; but, with noisy exhilaration, they left him in eclat.

"They are not of the intolerant, insular type," said the plainsman, "or he would have pain and bruises instead of an avalanche of rollicking mirth." "Yes," asserted the man of law who was leading Nano towards the open car, "underlying this refreshing tolerance is another riddle of life which this one suggests. It is a relevant one," he added with a touch of sarcasm, noticing the wondering admiration with which Nano Lydon looked upon the crowd. Then, pausing for a moment, he asked, "Did you every hear of a great thought, great art, or great grace being turned out by a bigot; have you ever known of a great author who was a bigot? Bigoted Christians may have thought they were great when they were merely unable to hear the opinions of others. We know of drunkards, adulterers, drug addicts, and criminals who did great works; even what most of us supposed to be idiots have, in their time, enriched the world by their virtue or art or literature. What I'm getting at is this," concluded the lawyer, as he assisted Nano to the wheel proffered by the driver, "for it is a truth: Individuals of virtue and genius have always had to tell bigoted reformers to go to —. Even the glorious Christ had to defy the people of his time and deny the so-called decent ideas. What virtue has a Christian if he is not able to control his own dogma, his own ideas, his own prejudice, his own intolerance, his own malice, his own appetites; be they mental or otherwise."

"San Francisco!"

"San Francisco!" rapturously exclaimed Nano amid a bewitching combination of college yell and fanciful caprice of approval, "Which produces painters and sculptors and authors and musicians, and missions and earthquakes. You are again unique. You produce tolerance."

"San Francisco!"

"San Francisco!" she hummed, measuring and sketching all things; physically first, then spiritually; her eyes speaking heavenly aspirations, withal a mysterious mixture of merriment and pathos. "Mantle of jewels thrown carelessly over lofty peaks. You are a lesson to the world in human soundness and international values. You boost, root, and develop all nationalities. Nothing can diminish your spirit. You embrace the quaint, languid, tropical people of South America. You welcome the brisk visitor from the North. The New Englander has all the ease he could desire for his temperamental reticence. There is nothing in Rome, except the Vatican, that can beat your Italian district. There is nothing in Switzerland that compares with the white houses tumbling down your cliffs and hillsides. There is nothing in Ireland that can exceed the sympathy and hospitality of your people."

"Here, also the English can find reservation in their timidity. Spain is written in every name. It is portrayed in ghost-like, old missions and venerable plazas leading to gardens which seem to slumber. Behold the wistful languor perched on that flower-bedecked Spanish mansion. See its sunken garden, now decorated in the Church's brightest festival, the Easter week, just closed. One can picture Columbus strolling aimlessly down its paths, dreaming of a new route to the famed spice islands of Asia. Living on the bounty of King Ferdinand and waiting on Queen Isabella, who would call on the pawnbroker that would launch him on his voyage of discovery; his step aimless, for his mind sailed beyond the blue rim of the world to the golden adventure of which he little knew."

"It was twilight, a lace mantilla floated on the balcony. A woman hidden in the shadow laughed softly as Columbus stopped suddenly, looked up, seeing a rose had been thrown at him. But, the Senorita had a fan before her face; yet, Columbus fell in love with her without even seeing her features—just as the pilgrims of all the world deduced a love for America in proportion to the cooling of their patriotism in

the wretchedness of the old lands they abandoned, even before they entered her gates."

"More twilights and nights come. Columbus, in true Castilian style, takes a guitar and sings crooning love songs beneath the balcony of old Seville, the city of pageantry and romance, so like the face of the woman above him and he saw the beautiful Dona of Cordova, as the immigrant sees the brilliant, festive Statue of Liberty smiling down at him, and then, the barred door one day swings open, and Columbus set sail beyond the sunset to the everlasting land of the resurrection; for, without a resurrection, there could be no Christian hope; without America, there would be no hope for humanity."

It seemed Nano's vision was harnessed to a changing object as she automatically moved the car, parked in front of a Spanish villa, whose surroundings, no doubt, vitally affected her thoughts, suggesting the narrative. Before taking on speed, her eyes took on a strange perspective; as if some powerful reaction held her en rapport. Looking steadily towards the horizon, where a parchment seemed to be unrolled on high before her mind's eye, she quoted the text in this manner:

And the Lord went before them to show the way by day in a pillar of a cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire: "I like best," she intoned, after a short pause, "to think of the important part the Immortal Guide through mortal contact played in the lives of resolute Pilgrims possessing opinions and will in their venturesome flight to the new clime which Columbus found beyond the nightmare of the old hemisphere."

"Here is an interesting, withal revealing, psychological point of view," she said, when they came upon a Japanese colony, "where the affable and bowing American Orientals of the first generation threw out currents of cordiality, that lighted up the atmosphere just as markedly as the Aurora Borealis lighted up the night, through earth currents, giving evidence that their life in the republic added something precious to their experience, as well as to their vision, for any of them

who scanned the heights of Sausalito could see in vivid hue, through the soft tints of fog smudged smoke, a picture of old Japan."

"A Parisian can review a Paris scene in shops and airs, cafes and merchants' wares; as also in architecture and art. There is nothing in China to compare with the Chinatown of San Francisco."

"San Francisco!"

"San Francisco!"

"Where Buddhist and Mohammedan and Christian combine to minister, and reveal that intolerance is in conflict with everything that is real. There is nothing in old Jerusalem to equal the glory of the Jew in this city of the New Jerusalem. Here the Hindu has his temples esoteric and exoteric. The Russian colony has its 'Little Theater' telling tales of despair, oppression and desolation; which, when shown, if our hearts melt not with their woes, it is time human sentiment should forever close."

Nano Lydon let her every mood of spirit take its own course. She had had a taste of travel, having wandered wherever fancy took her; and, in her journeying, had rubbed elbows with friend and foe, with patriot and traitor, with scholastic and illiterate, whose comparative opinions lent adventure, experience and actuality to her observation.

She thought nothing of conventionalities, a habit which combined with sympathy, made her an unerring judge of character. Even in international, national or civic affairs, she cleaved to this characteristic with trite, unyielding axiom; and would interpolate her opinions in defiance of civility, seeing it only as an artificiality.

Speeding through the city, they happened to come upon a romantic caravan of gypsies, journeying to the northland, where carnivals, midways, fairs and tent-shows were yearning for them. There they glided, where oxen once stumbled and strained the yoke. Nano, still decorating day-dreams with living, moving beings, exclaimed in mysterious witchery, "Visitors, who would not the ragged, tragic gypsy's vision ignore, may here share their lore."

Making mental pictures of natural objects and then pitting them against the immortal, she chatted in idealistic strain throughout the drive. This engaged the attention of the Oregon plainsman more than the scenes among which they were passing. He found himself straining his observation in deliberating upon the antipodes of nature and spirit. Especially was he contemplating their effect upon her outlook of reality; which, he thought, must be shrouded in illusion. As if crystalizing his fears into form, Nano said in the most opportune frankness, "It is enlightening to observe the proximity of things most beautiful to things most abased. How could life grow irksome in this missionary field where good and evil are blended in human style? For we already know that no man is wholly evil; no man is wholly good. Even the best of humans must contend against the dark promptings of his own nature. When a community or individual is selfish and intolerant, we style it evil. If a city harbors intolerance, its promptings are bad. If we are forced to live in the midst of such a city, regardless of what cynics may say, suffering and chastisement alone will drive its intolerance away—just as it does in an individual. If the souls that inhabit a city are benighted and intolerant, their spiritual development will have to keep pace with the community. So plain is this that even children are given to feel these human vibrations and see the evidence of its degree."

Motoring through Golden Gate Park, with birds peeping from green boughs curtained from the sunlight filtering through, Nano embarked on new fields of retrospection.

Incredible though it may seem to be, amid the twigs and branching boughs in this once Great Abandon—out of the entangled foliage where forest and sea meet, she envisaged bronzed Indians treading softly, unchecked save when nature whispered in the trees, and the wind, submerged by the roar of the sea, rendered a psalm that lent a mooring to the red man's vision, whose sublime outlook broadened in the mirage of the shadow coast that unrolled in the Golden West.

At the edge of this primeval forest greeting the sea, they found another novel tribute to a race who sought to build well a united civilization—the old Dutch Mill. “No matter,” she soliloquized, “how bitter our exile may be, this tolerant city will lighten its memory. A monumental charm, a memory of another people—of another land, who joined this Union of all peoples of all lands, where their cohesion of mass spirit does not need a philosopher to cement the magnitude of its gradual triumph!”

There was an intriguing, illustrative quality in the analytical outbursts of Nano Lydon; a twisting of youthful vision of romance relived in this congenial atmosphere, amid which the experienced mind of Bill Hadly detected an unvoiced anxiety.

“Unlike so many others, you do not cheapen the fling our Young Paradise is having; rather, in your fondness,” he added with a kind of wisdom in his old, laughing blue eyes, meaningly, “associating the older faith with the marriage bond, I believe you are bound, undivorcably. Tell me,” he artlessly begged, “how did you, who can say in rhyme what some can’t say in prose and who can descriptively expose hazardous dangers which have come again into vogue, happen to marry Shirley Lydon? Your union has always been an enigma of our melting pot. You, a democrat. He, an aristocrat. The natural spontaneity of your spirit must have lured him.”

The thought that Shirley could have married any up-to-date American city girl, instead of an innocent emigrant, inspired Nano’s analytical response. “It was, and is, one of the disillusionments of human institution which our melting natures will prove in this amalgamation of all nations; for the soul’s desire grasps the heart’s fire in spite of breeds or creeds.” Then, with a vagrant look which forced itself upon the pioneer who was not blind to life’s ecstasy nor dulled from his darkening day, “The plot and detail,” she added, with a combination of mystical and comic charm, “is of the golden, memoried past.” In more intimate form, she subtly explained amid a blend of mirth and

adoration, "I found my beloved Aristocrat dazed after the earthquake, and I could not resist taking advantage of his condition."

Bill Hadly, having a soul to see and a heart to play, laughed without restraint; while Nano, absorbed in her own ideas, concluded: "Out of destruction, comes construction; out of misery, comes strength; out of our melting pot, comes triumph."

Pioneers know a great deal about life, and that from the sting of experience, while it imposed suffering, it has also conferred insight. Bill Hadly, struck by the emotional intensity and sheer poetry of his compelling pilgrim, found himself considering the gifts which emigrants bring, especially those of health and a capacity to work. There were other gifts so inherent as to be practically universal, consisting of common sense and muscle; tense, alert and steely. What could destroy a nation whose inhabitants were composed of pilgrims from all lands, citizens by choice, whose strength came out of misery and whose mental apparatus and spirit were open, day and night, to the limitless opportunities available to mankind? Even tragedy was embellished and lightened by this romantic figure of the old world; who, in early youth, knocked at our door and was now sending out on to the foam-laced sea, messages of love and hope inspired by former traditions and the faith of her forefathers. These ideal conceptions of the old world—her land of yesterday, were flickering, inspiring links of experience and events that hung like the chain near the chancel rail; in turn solacing and sheltering her in her stretch of stormy sea. For alas! Tragedy had blended in her married life in the new world, from whose membership, she chose her love, just as she chose to espouse its nationality. When her spirit was groping about in life's complexities, these mental images helped her and gave inspiration and stamina and poetry to the nation of her adoption—of her today.

While she was considering these fadeless visions of the past, the plainsman sensed a haze of resignation enveloping Nano Lydon. It seemed to stretch into eternity. He wondered if the moan of the sea

had to do with her imprisoned consciousness, and whether her mood was an echo of its depressing melody unheard in the tangled grass and the sun-dried hills of his own Oregon highlands; where he could hear the crackle of stems and leaves and twigs and the mystic forest call and other unnumbered voices of the plains' unbroken course; where the seeds of vice and greed had not been sown; and its denizens had energizing qualities of ineffable content—a peace which only the experienced could know.

The always lighted, smiling face of the Oregon pioneer softened as he said mercifully, "It is a shame you are so near and yet so far from your objective."

Now and then, the sun shone on the unfathomable countenance of Nano Lydon which the plainsman sat studying, trying to read what was away back in her mind. He knew that she was submerging a sorrow, as deep as the sea, for its story was revealed by her eyes; and he felt its force just as plainly as he sensed the change in his own soul, when among the elevated plains of his congenial Oregon prairie home, where tides of silence roll.

Since she felt that the wound must be a closed one, Bill Hadly decided, with an uncanny sort of wisdom, to divert her mind by a new appeal. He talked on transportation which, no doubt, was suggested by the freighted craft plowing through the Golden Gate.

He quoted the founder of the Great Northern Railroad, James J. Hill, and said, 'Never again, can the Pacific Coast withdraw into itself; never again, can it know any slackening of the tide of life that sweeps through all the nation's veins, when it crosses the Great Divide.' "This empire builder, Hill, realized," he said, "that the population was moving westward. I, personally, heard him say in his own illustrative way, 'All permanent progress, all helpful change, everywhere proceeds as the wave of the sea does, one side retreating while the other advances.' "

"He was an agriculturalist, as well as railroad builder," injected Nano. "He was an empire builder and knew and said that there is no

occupation that calls for or can use a higher degree of intelligence than the cultivation of the land. He built the Great Northern Railroad with the idea primarily and principally applied to the soil. He said, 'To distribute farm products and all other forms of wealth with approximate justice among those sharing in its production and utilization, and none other; and, to promote the easy and cheap exchange of wealth over the widest possible field by the safest and most scientific device—was the whole economic duty of the railway man.' "This was his idea in building the Great Northern."

"I heard a scientific man say, 'People who live closest to the earth are its coming inhabitants.' "The Orientals excel in agriculture," said Nano. "Everything now is drifting to the city, somewhat as it did in Rome in the days of Nero. The farmer is being impoverished to enrich the manufacturer. Hill must have foreseen this danger; for, in his life volume, he said, 'The railroad is in partnership with the land.' "

"This Oriental threat is a chilling fact," responded Bill Hadly, pioneer of the undeveloped West, and his ripened maturity Nano looked upon with reverence, for he had hammered his way through the heart-smashing days of young America, linking ripened proficiency and achievement with the twilight of his life's triumph. "All these considerations, in my opinion," said the old time battler of the wilds, "call back a recurrence to fundamental principles. History is past politics and the politics of our time is present history. It was known and written into the first Bill of Rights in our country. George Mason of Virginia placed it there in 1776. He said, 'No free government or the blessing of liberty can be preserved to any people but by frequent recurrence to fundamental principles.' Four years later John Adams amplified it when he said, 'A frequent recurrence to the principles of the constitution is absolutely necessary to preserve the advantages of liberty and to maintain a free government.' "

"What is in these piping times of peace or prosperity, won't be. The sewage of mobocracy will not maintain our republic unimpaired.

We hear Russia spoken of as 'the new democracy.' What a drunken, reckless carnage that misnomer flashes on the scene! Mexico, in the role of a republic, is as fearful a sacrifice of truth, as it would be to speak of sacrilegious stories as being the Bible. The republic of China that we hear of is as far-fetched as it would be to consider debauchery as a form of health renewal. England, Italy, Belgium and France are pictured as the allied democracies of Europe. In each case, they swing from extreme autocracy to extreme democracy. All of them, except France, support royalty. There is not a part of the autocratic element derived from the people in Holland, yet it has the common designation—democracy.—In the most absolute manner, Venice exercised hereditary autocracy, and the title, democracy, is bestowed upon it. Poland has been dignified with the same appellation, although it is a mixture of autocracy and monarchy. In England, they have a combination of hereditary autocracy and monarchy, as dissimilar to each other as are the champions of violence to those of Christian tolerance."

"There is a difference between the words 'republic' and 'democracy'—Democracies are generally spectacles of contention, not giving personal security to property rights. They have been violent in death, and short in life. The only political assimilation that is lasting comes through the Constitution of this Republic. Every evil we are suffering from today is due to a direct departure from the fundamental fabric of the Constitution."

"In this great and changing nation, demagogues heralded commissions as agencies that would bring in the Millennium. These so-called efficiency Commissions are being added and multiplied, instead of being nullified. Their officers are responsible to no one, and draw large salaries and liberal expenses."

"The Great Northern Railroad, if permitted, would be rendering the biggest service to this city—bigger than the city itself—by bringing the farmer of the undeveloped Northwest to this port, and giving him and his produce an outlet to the Eastern world markets by rail

transportation; if these human barriers, plagues on the body politic, were not at variance with the purpose of that great empire builder, the late James J. Hill."

"The adventure of Hill is the story of a man who had an idea, which is common enough among men. He was an exception, only in that he developed it to the extent of building a railroad and an empire. He put his thoughts into motion in locomotives as well as in development and in the colonization of the lands of the Northwest. Prevention of waste, low cost of operation and a minimum of profits actually carried by him into these enterprises made a radical change in the formula of railroad building and farm unfoldment. Money was not his end. He did not make slaves of men to meet high wage scales with low traffic prices. High wages and low costs make greater net profits when aided by extensive farm development. Live stock and general produce left on pathless prairies, for want of railway facilities, make waste; while transporting farm produce to city markets at low traffic prices, made railroading profitable."

"Like every well-thought-out process, this combination of ideas was simple and successful. It was followed by intriguing among the rank and file of his competitors who developed the stock markets instead of the undeveloped lands of the west. It demanded intelligence and economy more than speculation; while competitors with primary interests engaged in politics and propaganda, sheaves of which were doled out to the public with the hope of preventing competition and of confusing parsimony with economy."

"Handling all of the people proved cumbersome. If Boards and Commissions could be devised, they could be more easily managed; and no one would be responsible. A line of attack was formed, first by these combinations of industrial selfishness wanting special favors, until we now have more than one hundred bureaus and commissions firmly entrenched in Washington; and the tragic truth about it is that the individual American alone is responsible. We have so-called civic,

and social, and child, and adjustment, and civil service and welfare, and innumerable other boards and commissions of would-be justice and uplift throughout the nation, until one family out of every eleven is now on a political pay roll and the ratio is increasing. The tax payers, ten elevenths of whom earn sixty billions annually, pay one seventh of it to the political eleventh."

"One million nine hundred thousand laws are on the statute books today, in this land of the free and home of the brave; and, yet a maxim of the law is that ignorance of the law excuses no one. Ninety thousand new laws were proposed in the year of our Lord nineteen-twenty-five."

"Selfish interests are organized in secret so that their early operations are concealed beneath artful, high-sounding, patriotic terms. They are not open to bombardment; either on the ground of motive, or policy, or betrayals. Not showing the degree of their danger or prodigality, their loose utterances on dogma infuriate the mob. Our National Anthem—a New Law urged by these various combinations, is enacted and our government employs an army of spies and sneaks snooping around keeping us pure. All of them are perils that threaten to shake the very foundation of the Republic."

"We must strip these boards and commissions of their authority, disclose the activities of these submerged societies bringing them out onto the screen where the full light of criticism, both destructive and constructive, can fall upon them. With this accomplished, there is a sword in the hand of those searching for truth—test the quality of the steel and reject it, if it is not true. All such knowledge clearly recorded is a contribution to the analogy of the Republic's problems, and is far better stated than being submerged in secret pools of any sort or origin."

"That marvelous document, constructed by our forefathers, was designed to do but one thing—to protect the individual in his rights; but it will break down in operating business enterprises. We are ask-

ing our government to do all things except what it was designed to do. Every law we pass which requires the State to take over industrial activities strikes at the very principle that made the nation great—individual reward for individual merit. Instead of falling back on the easy panacea of a new law, we should regulate ourselves. That accomplished, regulation in business will follow. Self-regulation is the primal law, all else follows. It is the law of God, the law our forefathers copied. How correctly is proven in the fact that in a recent administration at Washington of the twelve men comprising the President, Vice-President, and Cabinet; nine had made their own way through, without economic inheritance; and, eight of them started with manual labor."

"The mighty emancipator, whose service to the world is that of a redeemer; uttered a last warning just before he started for the Ford Theatre on the night of his assassination; when the one, who had presided over the convention that nominated him for President, asked him to appoint a commission to investigate a certain matter. Lincoln, replying, in the fullness of his maturity and the ripeness of his wisdom, said, 'I have done with commissions. I think they are contrivances to cheat the Government.'"

"These words ought to be written in letters of gold. The last warning of that unequalled American, Lincoln. May the spirit of the Great Emancipator live on, freeing the world from the expenditures and failures of the various Boards and Commissions that are wrecking the Republic."

"When we take the responsibility upon ourselves through constitutional democracy and then neglect to function, we have entirely released the executive and legislative bodies from responsibility, for that which is every man's business is no man's business."

"Long ballots and foolish legislation will not bring the Millennium, nor can virtue be legislated into humanity; nor should the government listen to mischievous agitators striving to have it assume the odd jobs

around the home, the school, or the church. Any drift towards class legislation is an appeal to passion, prejudice or greed—all of them are perils that threaten to shake the very foundation of the republic, which is to recognize the equality of all men before the law. Mischievous agitators—hired demagogues who appeal to passion and prejudice stalk out over the country, raving insidiously against breeds and creeds, making enemies of old friends, arraying citizens against citizen, Christian against Christian, naturalized American against Americans; who, through the accident of birth belong to the commonwealth; dividing the nation in the name of doctrine and in the name of Christianity, when it makes not the slightest difference whether one be Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, or even believer or non-believer; or whether he acknowledges it or not, the Bible is, for each one living, a source of spiritual inspiration; and it holds out to all the promise of a hope in life and a home in death. In the same way, we find in the Constitution sufficient authority for our inspiration and belief in our government. All mankind wanders into the unknown land through the same spiritual authority; all mankind wanders into America under the same human authority—the Constitution; and I will leave in company with the immortal Lincoln who said, when questioned concerning his reported membership in a submerged society of his time, 'I am not a Know-Nothing, that is certain. When the Know-Nothings get control, the document upon which American liberty is based will read: All men are created equal, except negroes, foreigners and Catholics. When it comes to this, I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty; where despotism can be taken pure and without the base alloy of hypocrisy.' "

A wistful shadow was reflected in the uplifted face of Nano Lydon who found her fancy linked in vague dreams of the past in a sort of out-reaching tenderness that was very precious. Sparks of imagination played about her as she visualized the transition of Bill Hadly into the Patriarch of Aran. Her mind rolled far beyond the limits of possibility and into the corridors of memory. Thought lifted the screen of today

and revealed scenes of yesterday. Beyond the horizon, trooped the shadows of actors of years that were gone. Those years, when her forebears drank government to the dregs and found it bitter, like the gall of Calvary; and came out of the experience with its contents written deeply in their souls. Those years, whose hurt, when they were upon her, was too agonizing to bear; but, which, when viewed at a distance, became a poignant lesson in the mal-administration of government.

As the scenes of the activities of her ancestors presented themselves in rapid sequence, Nano's vision rambled from the alluring ship that glided the sea bearing her husband, and towards which she had been wafting loving messages, to the melodramatic and tragic place of her youth; to the not too perfect home of her dreams; to the night before the day that she moved from Ireland with a joyous realization that an intolerant government was passing from her life.

"The astonishing pages of human persistence prove there is nothing new under the sun," she said, yielding herself to the analogical comparisons of this seasoned American. For she sketched the night of her farewell and viewed anew the villagers and townspeople of Clontarf greeting the Grand Army men who returned from America to Ireland, where they found benign repose in the midst of their declining years. Then, a mere child, she listened to the patriarch of Aran whose oration proved the affinities that occur in life where patriotism, love of freedom, human passions, human fortitudes, natural obstacles and prejudiced conditions are mixed in a whirling vortex; somewhat as she then listened to her admiring and admirable companion, Bill Hadly, the patriarch of the highlands of Oregon.

Little one knows what secret influence may thrill the memory visiting down through the boundaries of time and place and far into a world of buried vision; whence, through pages of tragedy and tears, scenes, long forgotten, arise in simile. The alluring reference of Bill Hadly to the immortal Lincoln brought thoughts like waves, surging into the brain of Nano Lydon, for vision attained through delight re-

mains. Dramatic journeys that held page upon page of tenderest contemplation had been turned back—past scenes came rocketing through her mind like strings of priceless pearls whose dreams brought her back to that harbor of mystic association, of quiet legend, modest fare, and obscure life whose Celtic scenes lured her vision to the Glen in which she was bred—that cottage of memorable tragedy and a thousand gentle fantasies.

Of all the scenes that memory's tableau unfolded, her soul's eye held most vivid view of that sainted nest, "Aran, Oh Peaceful Aran, the Isle of the Blest." From that mediaeval abode raised in the sea, where maiden hair ferns adorned its pinnacles, Dun Aengus (the last defense) there seemed to rise and go the good ship Aengus.

Then out of the curtained past, she heard again the voice of narrative making active the virtues practiced during their earthly adventure. Divested, as they were, of all visible means of livelihood except what the sea gave forth, their lineage was accredited to the Golden Age. They lived so near the Great Mariner's perfect plan that they were known to be strangers to want, or joy, or misery. The stars at night flung their only light and the eternal sea roared forth in triumphant hallelujah an everlasting response to their liturgy. While their bodies, being pure, were holy in His sight; and, through their entire faith in the abundance of life, it was said their human needs were met by the sustaining stream of God's manifold blessings and His supporting love whose essence they uncovered and invoked.

Detached from its mooring, she saw anew the boat Aengus, the only craft plying on the Atlantic Coast between Galway Bay and that sainted nest, "Aran, Oh, Peaceful Aran, the Isle of the Blest." In the boat, appeared the shadow of a man contending against the wind and the sea who, tradition hath it, was a patriarch and prophet lured from his sense of peace by love of liberty. In this summons of self-expression, the anchor of the patriarch fell on the west coast of the mainland of Ireland where he yielded himself with other Irishmen in act of fraternalism. For they pressed their way to the land of freemen and

bared their breasts to those who would dishonor the immortal gift of Him who endowed men with free will; for patriots know no foreign land, nor breed, nor creed, nor compromise short of absolute freedom; especially, when there is to be a dash against slavery. "For," quoth the prophet of Aran, "as Philo, the Jew, notices on monarchy:"

"When they fought, it was for God only. Their chief hope was in God only, and they considered their terms as belonging to God only and kept them for God."

It was as if she were dramatizing an idealistic picture, visualizing what she could remember of the night of the reunion of the warm-hearted villagers whose murmuring lilt and bonfires and flute and clay pipes for eventide reflection brought enchantments of unsurpassed charm. It was her last night among them; a night of unquenched fire of patriotic outpourings. The sunlight was falling like particles of gold over the moor. She saw anew the figure of a man who, through the ascending of his mind, was sent out from the world of greed whose blind desire he knew, to the land of the new earth and the land of new birth—the United States—where he developed strength, experience and the power of vision. Still in the bondage of human existence and amid the winds of Irish adversity, he was only waiting the call of the Great Spirit upon whose beneficence he lived, for the props of material dependence were frail. His cooling clay was faded and dim as he advanced in the direction of God, his only authority. There were no unstable concepts in the mind of this man; who, clutching to the sinews and muscles of his soul; which, he knew, never grew strong until he used them, dissolved himself from all attachments—even from the forces of nature, which some worship as the source of substance.

In this unexcelled scene, an ecstatic thrill overshadowed Nano Lydon. In an instant, it seemed as if silent currents of continuous creation materialized the patriot of Aran; who, long since, had passed the gray portal of clouds of dissolution, for she saw him appear in the gold of spirit; then, down the years of memories long lost, she heard

from afar the Shepherd's flute, and a spiritual force dominated her on-going, and she felt, "Surely, the Lord is in this place and I knew it not," and; then, amid the reverberations of love and attained glory, she heard the patriot of Aran, the naturalized American, baptized in the blood of freedom, the Grand Army man of the United States, broadcast from the prophetic department of God's creation the immortal message—his recognition of God's new Creation—a nation made out of His infinite compassion for the common people that Europe persecuted, tortured, crushed and imprisoned for generations and generations, which was a re-echo of his past oration: "Comrades, you are the law-makers. Attune your minds to the law of God, who made manifest the proof of the way. 'I am the way and the truth and the life, no one cometh unto the Father but by Me.' God has also made manifest the proof of the way in civil authority, for the law of God is reflected in earth. He went this way. The mighty Lincoln is the way and the truth and the life to the freemanship of the earth. No one is a citizen of the new earth of the free, unless he reflects the Americanism of the immortal Lincoln."

Sharing again that golden hour of oration, through that insight which men call vision, Nano Lydon pulsed anew to the old thrill while the wind carried the spirit and speech of the crusading Patriarch of Aran; who, having returned to Ireland triumphant from his venture in the Promised Land, found his own form of peace treading the twilight of earth's pilgrimage on the Isle of last defense—Dun Aengus. She saw a light shining over this commonplace Celtic scene that never shone on Buckingham Palace; and, in some manner, it was reflected on her face somewhat as a spiritual attitude would be;—without hate or resentment.

In this unlocked muse of subconscious delight, she thought she felt anew the moor winds crisp and cool; and that she viewed again the clustered kin of Phil Sheridan and the little aggregation of Grand Army men that met to applaud her uncle, Jerry McMahan, whose presence among them was based upon a dream that impelled him to expose

himself to this hazardous journey, for he was a victim of the "press-gang" (a detachment from a ship's crew to force men into the British Army) which he abandoned, that he might take her from her home of legend to the Land of Promise, for only there could she come into her rightful inheritance. Nano Lydon did not try to cleanse her consciousness of the functions of that last night nor did she fail to dwell upon the rapturous note of the crusading patriarch from Aran, who, in lyric tides of joy, told of the contributions and triumphant hope America had given to the world through the guns of righteousness; "For," quoth he, "Greed and slavery have to crumble before the law of rectitude." Manifestly, she heard anew the muffled ripple of respect of the villagers, who knew that, on account of the general depredations of advancing age, their foremost patriot had not long to share their handicaps. Consequently, they filled his declining years with reverence. Mystery afresh tinged the air as she gleaned the identity of the Shepherd, the Patriarch described as leading the Army of allegiance. "He went his way."—The immortal Lincoln kept the place from whence his nation started; for his countrymen were about to wander in the wilderness of slavery, even after they had found the Land of Promise. In imagery, she saw the nation take upon itself the overshadowing spirit of the loftiest of patriots—the Emancipator who led his fellowmen away from the dangers of the wilderness. As of yore, she heard the crusading Patriarch of Aran eloquently yield his measure of the mighty Lincoln.

The memory of that oration came to Nano Lydon with great distinctness, moved as she had been not only with the eloquence of the Seer of Aran, but even more impressed by those tokens of spiritual power his presence diffused; for the Seer was, indeed, the living embodiment of the traditions of the ancient past; and, also, by his speech and manner, he made disclosure of the faith now tenaciously held by the inhabitants of the Isles of Aran; the mystery of the past mingling with and becoming one with the faith of the present. In the mood that such memories brought upon her, Nano recollected the

SONG OF ARAN

I

Where wild winds are blowing eternally free,
And wild waves are singing the song of the sea;
Out, out from the mainland; away to the west,
Lies Aran, sweet Aran, the Isle of the Blest.

II

Against thee, no billows their warfare can wage.
The tempests are harmless, however they rage.
No wrong can they do, for they cannot molest
Fair 'Aran, sweet Aran, the Isle of the Blest.

III

And peace shall be with thee, as ever of yore.
Peace shall not depart from thy primitive shore.
Though storms be without thee; with thee, there is rest;
Calm Aran, sweet Aran, the Isle of the Blest.

IV

Heroic thy sons and thy daughters are fair;
As free and as pure as the Ocean-wide air.
Their hope is for freedom for all the oppressed;
True Aran, sweet Aran, the Isle of the Blest.

V

The mystic thou art of the isles of the sea.
Of faith are the legends belonging to thee.
In valor of patience, thy children shall rest;
Brave Aran, sweet Aran, the Isle of the Blest.

VI

Though long thou hast waited, there hastens the day;
When joy shall be with thee, and with thee to stay.
God's peace be upon thee, by Him be possessed;
Dear Aran, sweet Aran, the Isle of the Blest.

The freedom for which the inhabitants of the mystic isles had longed and for which, in non-resistance, they had waited; and, which the Seer of Aran coming to America had, by his own valor, helped to achieve, Nano realized was now a fact, and was to remain the essential thing in this land of her present allegiance, her own United States.

It seemed all the organism of nature sounded its canticles amid scintillating, joyous radiance. Nano felt the whole, suffering, terrestrial sphere could be consoled here. She seemed transfigured, as if she had discovered a new hope that would not vanish. An elevated attachment filled her soul. Homage, acknowledgment, faith, hope and thanksgiving were displayed in every form. A smoke amid the sun's rays appeared, as incense. Everything vibrated huge waves of prayer, filling space with such reverence and piety that all nature chanted aloud. A banner appeared upon which was inscribed "Fashion memories of old Europe and bygone sprays of days into enheartening and comforting thoughts. Be courageous enough to come and meet me through your vision transmuting my utterances into reality."

Then sovereign supremacy spread and rent its way into heaven, and a wondrous light of revolving order worked itself into flesh and the man divinity of Jesus Christ assumed mastery over natural forces; and the Incarnate God who was made man through the motherhood of Mary, and God through the Fatherhood of God walked as guide to the immortal Lincoln who took his share of his Father's estate; life, love, wisdom, freedom, and, then; in restating his comradeship, in the homage of angels, the emancipator of men exclaimed in fealty, "My Lord and My God," denoting his spiritual relation with the Master.

So death broke the last barrier that kept the living Lincoln from his invisible Comrade—the Eternal Christ. It could not be otherwise. Whoever comes short of the Americanism of Lincoln cannot enter into the presence of God, for the spirit of the Most High God Himself, having His way in us, drawing us with irresistible tenderness into accord with the infinite completeness of His purpose would unchain all intolerance; even before the last barrier—death, has been broken down.

Belief, established in Justice and Truth, is stronger than armies and will prevail against the bayonets of infantry, the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry; and, what is more, at last, it will also triumph over the greed of men.

Greed, grasping everything on earth,
Rules with an iron hand.
Belief, if of intrinsic worth,
Has truth on which to stand.

Though greed has long retained its power
And made its rule complete,
There comes, at length, the fatal hour
When it shall know defeat.

Belief, when thus by truth sustained,
Shall win, whate'er the cost;
And all that greed has ever gained;
Shall be forever lost.

For Justice, though she may delay,
Delays but to record;
And waits until there comes the day
To give the last award.

Then, all the power of arms is vain
To change that dread decree;
For greed, defeated, shall be slain;
And man, at last, be free.

II

In the practiced control of years, Bill Hadly sat conjuring dreams drained of delusions; his heart athrob as visions of life between the now and then developed. It seemed a shaft of the radiance that enveloped Nano Lydon swept upon his kindly face creviced like the crags of the coast range. Though his ideas were formed and developed under broader liberties in the freedom and greatness of the government of the United States, whose countless struggles made his inspiration different—how different he was trying to discover by looking into the inside of things. It was a matter of common knowledge that civilized nations were undergoing a democratic movement; the powers of government passing from those privileged by birth to the masses or common people.

The red glow of the day's advancing sun fell on the hair of the pioneer, as white as the mountain snow, as he sat comparing his development with the evident transformation of his companion as her mind drifted from the ethereal idealism, her habit of thought made upon the heavenly bodies by the power of repetition whose experience he was not a stranger to; his own illumination having been awakened in the highlands of nature, whose mysteries he did not refuse to investigate.

The whistling cliff seemed to fling his voice like the echo of lost dreams; when, with tenderness as if in defense of her comport, he remarked. "I believe you are born out of your time, and that you are half spirit and half woman." The awed soul of Nano Lydon which had viewed and developed the past, present, and future, was being carried away from its triumphant culmination in the visioned embodiment of the Invisible Emancipator, mightier than men capable of mischievous methods. She sat still, motionless and speechless; gazing with a sense of strangeness, as if she were glimpsing the humble folk, oppressed citizens, and a host of slaves in struggle overhanging the sea, whose triumph, she saw in the imitation of the Shepherd of men.

Continually she linked the high symbol of inspiration that arose before the constructors of that Eternal Document—the Declaration of Independence, guided and formed by unseen vision, the divine image of which shone through their buoyant spirits, giving sheaves of proof of the sacred truth that Providence rules and will again rend the clouds of greed and oppression. Then, with that consolation that assuages the faithful though languishing in natural sorrow, she saw the hidden promise; and, in the stillness of a great understanding, her body swayed slightly and the thrill of conquest silhouetted against the seething past and the achievement of this world of commerce shrank under the brilliance of future life. Fear melted and courage came and she said, "The Christ spirit will not let that violent, grievous past occur again. We, who left Europe, like the wrath of Heaven, with her hate, her fear of arms, her deceit, can hear the wail of the coming of the death of intolerance, and injustice. Its moan is in the air. It is terrible. It turns the soul of me to marble. I know its retribution. It appears as a kind of preview of the furious past. God bless the land that nurtured and framed the indestructible and mighty symbol emanating out of the fury of exiled spirits of every land. There is a communion of souls, and it is not so easy to summon the ministers of greed under secret negotiations decoying the American People into the wrong track; and, then, devalorizing the Union by adjustment of its problems through an international wedding, compelling us to ask our dowry through a league summoned by the criminal spectre of deception, from whence our forefathers drank government to the dregs and found it bitter like the gall of Calvary. We inherit the gift of caution, for we have come out of Europe with its adventure written deeply on our souls. The imperial armies of the old hemisphere have close relations with the scandalous past whose antiquated methods and machinery are responsible for its devouring tyranny."

"Various societies are levelling us toward the caprice of propagandists and the notions of benevolent despotism. They cannot indis-

criminally abuse all masters as tyrants; stirring up the workman against his master and the poor against the rich. We know that human justice at its best is lame, halting and exterior. Charity is not a remedy for social evils. Defrauding an employee of a few dollars a day does not exempt the employer from justice, not even if the whole twelve dollars is put in the poor box every Sunday. There is a place for justice and a place for charity. We are all constantly in danger of needing both. The co-operation of labor in trade unions acting with the government in factory laws has resulted in the prevention of misery and degradation of the workers; but we also know there are workers who are not protected by the society of trade unions; and, consequently, are exposed to all sorts of evils and all sorts of oppressions. No matter how excessively they toil, they cannot live decently. Certain industries flourish and grow by the excessive toil of these unorganized workers. We have heard volumes of tales of trade union tyranny. They, too, are subject to human infirmities. They are not the sole promoters of atheism and revolution. There will be new societies whose cooperation will come in the work of universal insurance. They will be our best allies against extravagance, dishonesty, and usury. Then, will mill owners, and mine owners, merchants and ship owners unite. Then, association will put an end to cut-throat competition and build the basis of industrial peace and will not be hostile to the association of working people; but will work in harmony with them. There will be established a reasonable and cheap and decentralized system of insurance against sickness, accidents, invalidism, old age, and against unemployment. Then, will be mended some of our human infirmities."

"As far as agriculture is concerned, there will be a healthy state established by benefiting multitudes of small farmers. They are the bulwarks against revolution and irreligion."

"The mischievous error of our political quacks is that of permitting our once flourishing farmers to be driven from the soil altogether or reduced to misery, ensnared by the lawyer, exhausted by the tax gath-

erer, enslaved by the money lender; while our own government, like the scandal of paganism, is letting loose agents of plunder, and neglects its first duty which is to protect the home and homestead of the poor."

"Americans have a special interest and duty in immediate and practical legislation that will bridle the license of ill-ruling industrial plutocrats who do not hesitate to shake down the unorganized tax payer for the benefit of business, so that America may produce their type of rare elite. With their cultured ungodliness, they disorganize the industrial body by using up the life blood of unorganized citizens; and, then, destroying them with the farmers of the Commonwealth, they are thus providing us not merely with slaves; but with outcasts and revolutionists. Any business man knows that if a paying enterprise is turned into a tenantless homestead it is useless. Mere ownership, then, is not worth much. The well paid farmer is the world's biggest buyer; so the root of wealth is found in good prices for the farmer, and for the high wage earner. The terrible plight of our land will be relieved in this way. Ignorance is a cause of crime, and all misery. Only by turning on the light of truth, can we dispel evil; be it individual, commercial, or political."

"Show a man of finance where proper conduct will lead—take, for instance, his health. He may make money out of the injustice he practiced upon his fellowman. He knows, all the time, what made the creation of his fortune possible. His inner self sees to that. Finally it gets him; or, it may be, that dishonesty has been his business code. In this case, his consciousness established a magnet to dishonesty and draws to himself those of the same belief, and they trick him. Perverted industries of national division are bringing horrible results to every nation of the earth."

"Economic rule is the deciding factor in politics, and politicians evolve a government. The English and Dutch traders; who, to make money, brought black men more than a century ago from Africa to the southern states set in motion an economic force that has influenced the

body politic even to the present day; and shows in the general electorate of the United States. They left us a witness of human machinery of unexpected outlook, in the 'Solid South,' an influence in politics bearing on business forces fundamentally effected by economic psychology. This is an outstanding example of the results of past avariciousness. The traders brought the blacks in because they wanted to make money. This privileged business was infused into politics. We need not dwell on the details nor examine the causes. It is enough to emphasize the fact that its consequences have influenced the government more or less since its inception, and no far-sighted economist would fail to consider the force of the solid South in business, any more than a far-sighted Democrat would fail to consider the effect of the solid South in a Democratic convention."

"This being so, we should recognize the trend of the times and bridle the license of all classes of men; who, in the mock sense of the word, are called friends of the people, but whom we will call demagogues, plutocrats and reformers—: demagogues flatter the people and stir them up to hatred and scorn of the richer classes; plutocrats—holders of riches for whom the people are but pawns in the game; and, for whom the laws have no terror—reformers; whose remedy is a 'new law,' and; who, unless a halt is called, will, in a short time, have every conceivable activity of the mind and body where hate and fear sway all men's will, under the direction and surveillance of a commission or bureau—these last are worst—their error being most irreparable; since their function is to extract the essence and fibre of true citizenship and destroy the self reliant spirit of Americanism without which this republic cannot endure. The activities of their modern mockeries are most undermining."

Nano Lydon, still thinking aloud, watched the western sea as if she expected something essential, like the light of faith, to be shown on a screen; and the spirit of her threw out shadows that do not exist in the flesh; and that suggested to the heroic pioneer of Oregon, the fur-

rowed, sad face of Lincoln. In this exalted patriotism, she entreated in sad, ardent prayer; her eyes assuming a mist such as comes in moments of rare pity; "Oh, Immortal Lincoln, do not sleep amidst this turmoil." and then, as if her high strung sensibilities caught the cause of the ill-boding knell of the Republic, she reasoned audibly: "Patriotism, like religion, is such a great thing that it comes from within; and those who do not develop it in this temporal home cannot complain if their heritage is lost, any more than a lost soul can bemoan its eternal home. The legislative floundering that is centering all government power in Washington, is pronouncedly plutocratic and is gradual and certain in its destruction of the United States. When this hidden truth is uncovered, individual liberty will be protected from invasion by the powers of government itself, as well as from international invasion which is more powerful and less scrupulous than ourselves. Then will be discovered and destroyed the unscrupulous business man, the villainous workingman, the traitorous statesman; and will be disbanded the human sponges who live off the body politic, through brewed propaganda. A combination of American brains and spirit and finance will yet be formed in the interest of public service, and they will change the tune of politics and alter the customs of home life; the needy multitudes will be led up gracefully to things that are better said straight-out. We are now out of step. We are overfed on laws and reform. Our prodigal citizenry will follow these men of substance who will sustain them and transform again this wonderful country in God's own mould."

"In its very simplicity," she continued, after a short pause that seemed to console and to ease the weighing of her words, "like the simplicity of Christ and His co-patriot, Lincoln—these shepherds of men who come so close to the heart of all of us—in this lies the solution of all the grievous problems which violate our nation."

It was as if they had been lifted to some glowing horizon, like that which sprinkled the Golden Gate skyline; for they tasted a new pleas-

ure which imparted fresh strength, as the day began to shut down. Bill Hadly turned the wheels of the car, a signal understood by the chauffeur, who slowly drove towards the Cliff House. In his heart, there was a new plenitude of peace, for they had gazed on a caravan of the skies, and had seen the faltering world on dangerous way rescued from the edge of the abyss. They knew that a balanced medium was in formation along sane, efficient, and just lines; and, that, out of the selfish impulse underlying all human effort, would come a permanent reform.

The steady rolling of the car gradually dissipated these patriotic visualizations, but there was left a certain note of interest, that, at last, awaited the ever watchful eye of Nano Lydon, for she detected upon the sea's horizon, at its utmost point, a towering speck that seemed to ride on the waves; and then, suddenly dip into the sea. "That must be the President," she exclaimed, forgetting the topics which had engaged her attention during the afternoon. As the outline of the approaching ship became more distinct, they decided to speed to the port of embarkation that was on the other side of the city. Whisking around the bay in the flush of lapsing day and amid dreams of delight, their course was opposite to that which they took to the Ocean Beach; a route that presently brought them into the everlasting clang of the city, and also presented a new spectacle whose exhibition drew them to a point known as "Embarcadero," where several hundred craft were moored and the gentle, plaintive voices of fishermen brought the song of inherited dreams of sunny Italy, which connected with their own hearts and constrained the maledictions that were revealed in the murmuring waves of the sea. In this odd mixture and quaint quarter, where Latin, Oriental and Occidental meet in the shifting tides that transform earth's droll heritage, stood a whimpering group of citizens of the flag-waving, would-be patriotic sort whose identity was betrayed by their open contempt for naturalized citizens, and whose critical countenances had not the essence of love; which, if they had, would

have been a happy generosity to themselves and a gift of hospitality to the gathering fishermen, whose sea swept faces displayed a considerable sacrifice to the wealth of life; nor, did the always smiling face of Bill Hadly, who cordially recognized and greeted some of their number, remove the nasty sneer and suspicion behind every one of them.

"They have a hang-over of prejudice and snobbery," said Nano, following the usual formality of introduction and hurried leave taking which their humor precipitated, and she murmured softly, "While I am belittling myself by recognizing it, I may cause them to leave their ambush of bitterness and prejudice, if I meet them in the open." Then, with a dramatic dignity of gesture and a spirit of mutual understanding of love and tolerance, she approached a sad faced group of fishermen; and, shaking hands, said, "I am Mrs. Lydon from Ireland, wedded undivorceable to the United States and its federation of nations of the world, which is transforming the parliaments of the earth into its colossal adventure of government, extending its gospel of sacred worth to all the peoples of the earth, bringing before their thought the idea of our glorious republic; which, in this land, has a first unit already firmly established on the foundation builded by its founders and evolved and successfully solved by the spirit of Christ, who also was an emigrant through His advent into the world; and, who, upon the cross, said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

Pausing, she faced the would-be patriots; and, in the mysticism of her mood, which made her responsive to spiritual unfoldment, said meditatively, "Or, in the admonition of the spirit of Lincoln, who, in his time, brought the realization of his cherished dreams to this new structure of government; when the Republic was about to be destroyed during the dark hours of slavery, and said, 'We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies; though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave us to see the right, let us strive on—to do all which may achieve and cherish a

just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations'"; and, then, with a secret sorrow, caused by association of ideas, which her own activity enabled her to perceive was also in the heart of the Italian fishermen, she continued, to the amazement of the audience whom she faced with her hands and eyes wide open, "I am extraordinarily like them when it comes to outbreaks against their Americanism; where there are some prophets of gloom that would outlaw the necessity of the emigrants' pursuit of happiness and the pledge of their love to the land of liberty, the land of the Declaration of Independence, the land of prosperity, and the land of schools and seminaries and colleges, and the land of deep instinct; where the people will not be misled and hoaxed by prodigals who go over seas and connive with European officialdom to distort our republic and create race and religious hatred that they may interrupt progress, and cause the United States and its gospel to fail; so that the tragedy called government which shackles Europe with hate, poverty, and greed—tormenting its inhabitants and injuring its citizens may continue."

"This hatred of race and creed actually is a plot of representatives of a number of different races and nationalities repeating the age old fallacies of the dismal past, when race and religious hatreds were mental weapons of traitors and traders; who, under the guise of the cause of civil, political, and religious freedom, robbed mankind of its natural heritage. It is all secret and wicked propaganda of Satan to prevent the salvation of the world through the adoption of the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of our own martyred Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, who wiped out more than a dozen racial lines; thereby welding and harmonizing the population of the United States, whose chief aim was the promotion of good fellowship and the gift of Christian association to be distributed to those coming from all parts of the earth."

Accentuating unmercifully by speech that she was a product of the British college class, practiced in the pioneer courage of another race whose association and environment could not be modified, Nano ap-

peared obstinate, although without prejudice, having an antique earnestness of other generations, without their intolerance and joylessness. On account of this anomaly, so different from the usual naturalized citizen, she received attention from all quarters which led to a form of self explanation, as it were; people were fond of her; somewhat in awe of her keenness and mentality.

Practiced in athletics and all that goes with it, she took the hand and then the shoulder of an Italian boy, and turned his face towards the amazed group of scoffers, "Your jeers cannot close the doors of our dreamland against humanity. You cannot shut out the mystic glimpse of the future happiness and glory that we can see in the decaying wretchedness of intolerance, hate and greed. You may call your societies by the discreet term of patriotism. The triumph of American reason will carry its people into an enthusiastic desire for equality, liberty, and the re-awakening and re-building of our own United States. Even if your secret plots and propaganda develop into tornadoes of discontent and hate, our cool reason and lofty intellect will demolish this plot planned by the adversaries of our republic."

"We know it is beyond the imagination of nations of the old order and those of greeds and creeds among us who desecrate their own minds; and impoverish their posterity that the elite of the United States are found among emigrants and in the issue of such citizens as these Latin fishermen, and of other ambitious parents in the wheat and cotton and cattle belts; and in the issue of emigrants in the bustling manufacturing cities of the United States. Out of such rounds of profitable affairs, the naturalized citizens of efficacy, industry and thrift can become distinguished members of the republic and their own competition is but a healthy stimulus to those among us who would, like the gentry of old, greedy Europe have their brandy and soda or orange juice in bed in the morning. The only followers that scoffers and propagandists among us have, outside of the latest, are those paid instruments of greed, citizens of the third or fourth generation who have been too long in the Garden of Eden; and, having become pros-

perous, restless and bored; eat the forbidden fruit and take up the hapless post in an international sacrifice that only the rich are tempted to make."

Amid this bomb-shell, not a structure of imagination but a torch-light of liberty, whose fraternity of spirit overflowed into the hearts of her audience, which was constantly augmented by visitors to the historic Embarcadero and its picturesque fish merchants, Nano walked across the wharf, as if she were a star crossing the stage for she had the poise and presence that only the best boarding schools impart; and, then, with the practiced grace of an actress of matchless artistry that changes gloom to splendor, she took the hand of an unshorn, tattered son of Italy, whose eye had a glint of the dawn in his heart, for they laughed and spoke in the minor and major key, as they advanced towards the group with a form of sacred consideration. "God did not send His Son into the world as a full-formed man; nor, do emigrants come to our shore fully developed:—they, like the child Jesus who grew in natural stature, increase in natural development; and, like Jesus, who advanced in wisdom, emigrants pass through the different periods of mental development. Naturalized citizens, clothed in the defensive armor of Jesus, are never afraid of the most vigorous opponents; be they ever so diligent in trying to find them, for they know that, like Jesus, who was released by His Father for our redemption, they were freed from an estate that held them in servitude; that they, like Jesus, might help in the regeneration of the earth. For the United States, with its citizenry of the world, is opening a new era of complete self-government and spiritual communion of all the nations of the earth;" and, she admonished, in a spirit of enthusiasm, as if getting the most out of a comedy and accepting a frank and formal recognition of facts; "in the attainment of Peter, the fisherman, our vision is turned on the Christian character of these Italians—for they are the issue of whom we make Popes; while conforming to the will of the multitude and the direction of Providence." "Of such as these," she continued, intercepting a couple of boys, the children of tourists

attracted to the fishermen's wharf, and fondling them, concluded: "of these, we make Presidents and bring peace and progress and prosperity to men of good will—and who are those of good will but those who love their fellow-men?"

In an unconscious transition of thought, the population of the water front caught the triumph of the fray and felt privileged, in the absence of a nobler gift, to present the venturesome lady with a fleet of their fishing craft, that she might sail the mountain rimmed bay to the famed Golden Gate, through whose mile wide passage the "President" was speeding. In bliss and with some of her old aggressiveness, Nano paced past the spectators who tagged her to the vantage water front where she created a furor by swinging in spectacular figure into the open arms of a fisherman; who, complacent in his imposed service as pilot and host, by way of introduction, identified himself as "Leo," of the deep.

There was a network of escapades and fast and furious performance in which were several hundred vividly colored launches, piloted by their owners, who laughed and sang and sailed away from the perplexed spectators, whose torture on the question of civic, race and religious duties left a general aspect upon their countenances, as life-like as the cobalt on the man-of-war anchored in the bay; an analogy of pattern which corresponded to the vision of Bill Hadly, who associated and compared the mental stature of the fishermen, who cast their nets into the deep sea of understanding; and there found freedom from the bondage of fear and the conviction of hate.

There was a snappy breeze from the western seaport, whose memories of the early day the plainsman dwelt upon; as also, the movement just inaugurated by his interesting acquaintance, for the humanization of life among the unfamiliar and tragic people, then chugging with her through the sea. It was easy for him to conjecture, from the natural event of things, that the battle for freedom remained in the maze of our own sense and our own imagination; now, as potentially as it did in the time of Columbus, when the world was unfamiliar

with our continent. He thought of the whirls of excitement and the empty, neglected minds in puppet bodies jerked around in search of entertainment; of the heedless crowds leading drab lives of fear; who, finding it too laborious to use their minds in pursuit of creative endeavor, ridiculed their fellow beings whose effort contributed to the freedom, wealth, and comfort of their country.

Out on the quay, the crowd was enchanted by the gift of love that soared in song as the soft, Italian voices rose above the murmur of the sea—: a beam of retribution solaced them. Intolerance and suspicion died; as did the fishermen's voices on the forward pathway of the sea, and their eyes grew dim as they drifted aimlessly, wondering how they could fail to see the spirit of the emancipators of men in their naturalized brethren. For the rhythm of music makes an impression of spiritual grandeur upon the minds of men, and we know that the physician depends more upon the examination of the pulse-beat, in search of disease, than on anything else. The rise and fall of thoughts, and the whole working of the mind, like the movement of the lungs and chest, is accounted for by lack of rhythm. Music, the celestial art, turned the likes and dislikes as the consonant and dissonant intervals do in music. The Italian voices, brought direct from the source of all tenderness, also enabled Nano to speak aloud as the Seer of Aran would, her affirmation—an aspiration that her husband had regained his health. She watched the passengers eagerly and first caught the surprised eye of Langdon, the friend of Shirly Lydon, who left the deck and presently re-appeared with Shirley; his face flushed with the semblance of his old, happy buoyancy. He did not know how it happened, but he rather expected anything from his wife, who was looking up at him with concert pitch of love and wide open arms and eyes joyously welcoming him. The chivalrous fishermen advanced with the incoming boat 'mid thrilling rings of song; and one of their members, smitten hopelessly with the glint in Shirley's eyes scampered under the engine hood and brought out a guitar and found a seat in his craft; and, how he did sing with long tenor notes and eyes of languor-

ous love. So these nightingales rode on, until, in a twinkling, the scene changed into an erupting volcano of industry, and they were casting anchorage at pier 7; where, it would appear that a broadcasting station had announced the incoming of the ship. For, with Bill Hadly were all of his acquaintance of the late afternoon; who, in the interim, had discovered their real selves and had risen from the hate of propagandists, and now were present to welcome their brethren to the highlands of good will; for, in their discovery of freedom and fraternity, they found the accumulated wisdom of all the ages, and an elevated attachment filled the atmosphere as they greeted Shirley Lydon, American by birth, limping on the arm of his happy wife—Nano Lydon—American by choice, who had all the old-fashioned dreams of other days. For, in the old world, she had seen the imagery of Christ mutilated; and, in its stead, the statue of human reason replaced; just as she saw the patriotism of naturalized citizens replaced by foreign enticement, and she knew that wisdom, like life, springs from death; and that the land of the tomorrow of the earth must blossom in the memory of the old hemisphere, the land of her yesterday. Nor, did Nano Lydon, in this colorful transition, neglect to connect the pioneer of Oregon, Bill Hadly, with the golden ideas which laid the foundation for this bit of Americanism—this fraternity, the goal of the United States, wherein its inhabitants impersonate the part of God, welcoming their tellowmen to the highlands of victory, in this differing continent of the earth.

It would require a blindness, like that which the flesh imposes on the spirit, not to recognize the emotional force and love of the gathering for each other. Tears came under the eyelids of the Italian fishermen and a tightening pang came in the throats of all, as they noticed Shirley's shuffling drag of a partly useless leg. Nano's face showing every mood of her soul, she bowed her new friends "good-bye."

An involuntary quiet spread in the immediate vicinity, as the party accepted Bill Hadly's contribution; and drove to a nearby cafe that they might journey north a few hours later.

III

In the escape of Shirley Lydon from worry and the crowded life of business and his cruise encircling the world undertaken in company with his life-long friend, John Langdon, with the hope that he would find relaxation among other nations and other ports, he found nothing that regenerated him more than his reaction to the greatest gift of the Creator—that unity of the world-home.

"Ah! yes," he thought as he rose with great difficulty to his feet and looked from the car window upon the unbounded Cascade Range that varies with beauty and charm in every mile, and that separates western and eastern Oregon, "This is the land of fulfillment—a productive land coming into its own." The train was emerging from the Siskiyou mountains, and looked down from an elevation of 2000 feet upon the valley of the Rogue River. Its romantic beauty, until then, imprisoned by the mountains, looked like a huge map laid out in tints, giving the aspect of grandeur and the dignity of wooded slopes and the peace of valleys of extraordinary beauty that any traveller will not do well to miss. Part of the charm lies in the varied coloring, so elusive; that, under steady observation, its greens and purples merge and lose themselves in the limestone grays that stretch from peak to peak like upturned knife edges.

"Look at the rolling hills and ideal pasture region that would support a population as dense as that of rural France," commented Langdon, as the train rolled into a mountain town; set cameo like, with orchards of pears, apples and peaches at the home doors of the inhabitants of this abundant valley. There was a lure in every mile that surged back like a dream of half forgotten youth; as Langdon, who was considering intimate personal ties, confided to Lydon, around whose heart the dim memories of other days and their welcoming tongues and forms and scenes arose. "Home life here is transformed into a foretaste of heaven." For, in the purple hills, the heart is quiet

and the fretting cares of the world take flight; and the hallowed shades and the call of home were mirrored in the abundance of verdure and the wooded hills, as were also the crystal streams, and the sigh of the night breeze, and the whistle of the stag, and the canyon's purple smoke, and the bold peaks, and the vast belts of timber, and the perfume of the mountain sage, and the endless slopes of green, and the rustle of leaves, and the deep ravines, and the gleaming clouds, and the odor of timber, and the fragrance of springtime, and the farms, and orchards crowned with mountain mahogany, and the red rocks, and the scores of knolls, and rolling hills, and the valley where the Rogue river flows, and the splendid vineyards, and the huge fruit trees weighted with their ripening fruit, and the fame of the springs, and the water and health giving climate, and the birds singing high their mating song, and the curve in the roads; and the drama of years gone by, when red men trod the war path and hid their warriors deep in the lava caves, and the lure of the shadows that would not tell their gateway to Hell, and the holes in the ground, and the secret trail that led to the abrupt height of Modoc delight where the Indians danced their prayer where Captain Jack held his last ceremonial rite, and the riding cow-boy, and the romantic realism of close view objects laid out on the road that led to the main city of his home State, Portland—and the day of love, and the Yankee thrill that answered a comrade's need, and the sacrifice and courage and love that greed could not shrink, and the possibilities foreseen only by those who spiritually are able to perceive melody. In this wonderful panorama, dreams wove the grandest mantle of treasure, for Langdon was the mighty brother of Shirley and gave a gleaming gem of unselfishness to the Maker; and the sun filled way and the historic route, now the home of the farmer and the orchardist and the vineyardist, brought forth returns of another sort that no one can doubt in these radio days, for it was possible for John Langdon to listen in on the harmonies of heaven, whose inexhaustible supply is always revealing itself to the men of business,

if they appropriate and mould it and manifest it. "Here lies that intangible something that the French define—'La joie de vivre,' he said, as the train rolled out of one valley and into another, for nature never grows old in the adventure and romance of the succession of fertile valleys, where diversified farming and the ever present vineyards of grapes and strawberries and loganberries and blackberries and cherries and all conceivable production of fruit and blossoming prune, and apple, and pear, and peach trees, were blooming then, just as lovely, just as enticing and just as unchanged as the fruit that bloomed in Eden. The sun that sparkled and glittered in the azure fields gleamed in the same loveliness that shone in Eden—nature never grows old: it only changes form, so like the nature of man—whose dust units just fall off. Their mental throb was quickened with new ideas scintillating diamond-like as the train sped through fields of alfalfa, wheat, oats, barley, vetch and rye; and there were flocks of sheep being turned into the meadows. The production of sheep and wool is one of Oregon's principal industries; and the mutton, not unlike their English relatives, usually came away with the ribbon. A triangle tour was made skirting swift rivers and widening in and out among exquisite plateaus, blazed not more than a century ago by the sturdy pioneers, whose likeness they saw in a gray-haired, gray bearded old figure with faded blue eyes and wise smile; sitting on a stool in a doorway near by, telling tales of the early days. From him, they bought a box of paper-shell walnuts gathered from a tree that he planted years before for shade; whose yields, since its production, had paid the annual taxes.

They were judging many things by comparison and were surprised to find filberts growing in this valley of abundance, whose stock was superior to any they found in Europe. On and on, they go through fertile fields and native woods, arranged like a necklace, around mounds and summits; and, then, something hidden in the brush gives alarm; and the retreat of the black-tail (Columbia) deer, bear, cougar, bobcat, and small game animals; together with the blue grouse, native pheas-

ants, and mountain quail, that scamper in fright; and their alarm lures huntsmen to their lair, and to the streams of the ocean-going rainbow trout, and the steelhead, and salmon; and the scent from the evergreen peaks covered with pine, fir, cedar, and the laurel and wild flowers and ferns, and the greatest redwood forests in the world; the Oregon marble caves whose marvelous beauty is the theme of poets, and an unequaled exhibition of the lavish concentration of wondrous nature. Down through this native abundance and loveliness, is another link that leads to Crater Lake epitomized by the late E. H. Harriman as, "The greatest eye-full out doors." All this vista of mountain, forest and verdure-covered rocks is pictured in the foaming green waters cramped into torrents and emptied in falls, whose "White Coal," as water power is usually called, flows through the verdant valleys of Oregon the state beloved the best. And there, along unbeaten paths, where there is neither rail nor ship sail, hidden in the efficiency of the silence of Mother earth, is copper, gold and chrome; an abundance of chemicals, both pharmaceutical and gross; and other valuable minerals whose use has not yet been discovered. Mother earth keeps order and efficiency in invisible expression; and, one aspect of its value is silence—noise is weakness—silence is greatness. The surface and chambers of Oregon possibilities are not scratched, and are as unknown as the Infinite Brain—the miracle being so few know it. This is a land of botany and geology where specialists have found thirty-seven varieties of trees, shrubs, and wild flowers; not known in any other part of the world. To the geologist and mineralogist, it is a constant source of delight.

These ambassadors of good will, in search of good health, speeding through the same valleys that they frequently visited, found fountains of hope and health and youth in the activity of their mental deduction and comparison. The mountain slopes dotted here and there with orchard farms that looked like medieval castles of old Europe, were likened by them, through the initiative of the Supreme in them,

to the shadow of "God's own acres," and the hollowed vales and mirrored greenness held a magic for these grown-up Americans that no impregnable fortress in their first contact with the old continent approached. There were other comparisons they summoned, with their own continent. Oregon has 61,188,480 acres and only eight percent of this enormous area is improved land today. It is greater than the combined area of New York and Pennsylvania. Sharply dividing the moist temperate climate of Western Oregon from the drier altitudes of Eastern Oregon are the Cascade Mountains, east of which the great beef-cattle, wheat, wool and irrigated lands are located. The total population of the state is less than one million; and it has more kinds of soil and climate than any other state in the union. It leads in fruit; Hood River apples commanding a premium on the markets of the world. Medford pears have brought the highest price on the produce market in New York. Eighty-five percent of the world's supply of loganberries is raised in the Willamette Valley. Oregon raises twenty-three percent of the commercial prune crop of the United States. Oregon, has more standing timber than any other state in the Union. Near Salem, there is the greatest flax fibre growing district in the entire country. It is also the center of the largest hop acreage in the United States.

They were rolling away from what has been called "The Italy of America" on account of its bramble fruits. There were flocks of lambs being marketed and ewes turned into the meadows and stubble grass. In this, the paradise of the sportsman, and the heart of Oregon's outdoors; there was a lass whose parents, like the settlers of other Pacific Northwest States, emigrated from the middle west. She stood, with the brooding look of a mother, gazing on the process of shearing which was an entirely different form of diversified farming from that which the family was accustomed to in the region from which they came; for, while Oregon will produce anything that grows in the temperate zone; if the prospective settler wants to change to a new

kind of product, that also can be done. (As if holding a quality of vindication, there was a string of bee hives in the clover and alfalfa meadow.) The story of the involuntary choice of this new-coming family was heralded by a sheep buyer who had taken part in the chummy train reception held in the observation car. "That lass in the stubble grass found awaiting her, in this power house of natural resource, a treasure that led to a new El Dorado for her family. It developed fifteen years ago on her way home from school. There was a bummer lamb, which is not uncommon, left on the roadside—deserted by its mother. She took it, and; like some men who find roses where others find thorns, she found prosperity from its posterity. I have been buying lambs from her father for the past nine years. They graze in the foot-hills all winter and these valleys are some of the very few districts of America that have been able to carry a very large sheep population without developing the parasitical diseases which have practically driven sheep out of the corn belts of the middle west."

The travellers were leaving the region of snow-capped mountains and fox farms and hanging valleys and climate, that is both an inspiration and an invitation, to pursue undiscovered country rivers, alive with leaping trout; water-falls galore, and a wealth of game preserves, protected and encouraged. In this Mecca of delight, the train suddenly turned a triangular curve closely edging the banks of the river. There was a cottage of the dimensions of the mansion of a country estate of a European squire, tucked away among the trees. On the sloping logged-off lands, there were herds of Angora goats nibbling in the brush, for they are the farmers' most valuable helpers. They keep the stumps free of new sprouts and destroy underbrush. "Another product," said the sheep buyer, "that furnishes the Oregon yeoman with a clip of 500,000 pounds of mohair. Its great length and firmness is due to the climatic conditions and it commands the highest price. One registered Angora buck raised in Oregon, recently sold for \$1500.00. Oregon's goats, for years, have carried away the larger part

of the championship prizes at National and International exhibits." A mischievous smile spreading on the faces of the passengers gave the Oregonians an opportunity to laugh at themselves.

Its rollicking comradeship and familiar association gave an entree, following considerable razzing, for the discussion of the strategic position of Oregon, for the spokesman was in the midst of home-folks, settlers like himself, who opened up and discussed the resources and unusual abundance of this wide reservoir of supply. Everywhere we go, we see the past and present blended. In this complex maze, each one has his own vision; each has his own light. St. Paul had his vision; Joseph dreams the dream of Joseph; Luke saw with the eyes of Luke; each man has his own ideas by the light and spirit which is his.

"The strong appeal that Oregon offered me was its streams teeming with trout, so plentiful that they could be caught by hand; its virgin forest and easily accessible ocean beach resorts, where merchants and farmer can make week-end trips throughout the year; its excellent picnic and camping grounds can be reached in any part of the State, within a few hours drive, so that, in healthful living conditions, Oregon is at the head of the list. It has the lowest infant mortality-rate of any state in the Union. This is due to the healthful, invigorating atmosphere caused by the nearness of the mountains, vast forests, its temperate wind from the ocean and its clean washed air. Also, the water supply is the purest, originating as it does in the inaccessible snow-capped peaks of the Cascades. In Portland, the water supply without sterilization is fed to infants. It is used in batteries without distillation. Oregon being centrally located on the Pacific coast, as is New York on the Atlantic sea-board, it will be the bull's-eye of the Northwest. Oregon has many tremendous natural resources, in addition to agriculture. The development of this potential wealth will have its immediate and direct effect on agriculture. In one Oregon county, there is an area of 250 square miles underlaid with coal, estimated at one billion tons."

"The development of China and Japan and Alaska and the Panama canal and the Central and South America and Australia means much to Portland and to other Pacific Ocean ports; and the Columbia River that opens a vast empire; embracing a portion of Canada, Montana, Idaho, eastern Washington, and eastern Oregon has traffic gravitating to Portland; and, in the counties adjacent to the Columbia River, west of Portland, there are large bodies of iron ore containing more than 50 per cent iron. The presence of more than 1,000,000 tons of this ore has already been discovered. Unquestionably Portland will, in the near future, become an iron and steel producing center. This will increase the market for farm products. Portland is already the largest lumber manufacturing city in the world; the live-stock shipping and packing center of the Pacific Coast; the largest wheat exporting and flour milling port on the Pacific Coast; and it is the banking and jobbing center of the Northwest. It is estimated that Portland's present population is in excess of 350,000; and it is probable that it will approach the half million mark within the next decade. When it is considered that the population of the entire State at present is less than 800,000, the importance of this tremendous local market for agricultural products cannot be over-estimated. More than 50 established steamship lines dock at Portland and carry Oregon products to the markets of the world at a water rate."

"It is obvious from the above facts that the potential resources of Oregon have barely been touched. Agriculture is one of the greatest of these resources. While the farmer is interested primarily in certain returns from the soil, the fact that an investment in agricultural land in Oregon cannot fail to increase in value year by year should be taken into consideration."

"And, strange to say, in this unbounded land of potential value, there are none of the objectionable things that befall other sections; no earthquakes of record; no cyclones; no disastrous wind storms; no electrical storms; no pests; nothing to prevent this port from being

the theater of the greatest industrial activity in the world." The minds of his hearers, passing swiftly over the toilsome years of building with its records of past dramas, glimpsing under the sub-surface, saw; behind, in the immense sea of tragedy, the mastery and mystery of all things. For, they, like Paul, who, in Athens, faced a curious people, faced a curious encounter—when they, with the converted man, Paul, said, "I found an altar, also, on which was written: To the unknown God," for this buyer of live stock talked to the people about the up-raising of a new empire, of which they knew not.

"Even the Master, Himself, recognized the necessity of salesmanship," said Langdon, who was now linking his own adventure with some vision. "When He called His Disciples, He said: 'Come ye after me, and I will make you to be fishers of men.' You are selling the truth, and a good salesman never tries to thrust down the throat of an unwilling customer any country or any business that he does not want." For, in his gusto, there was the characteristic of a Christian salesman, "You are courteous, kindly and interested in the goods on the counter. The only heresy you encounter is the lack of belief among ourselves; and since you are a successful salesman, you have taken plenty of time and plenty of interest in your customers. You have given us a true picture of the State and of yourself, and you must have paid for it; for, whatever we desire, we can get; if we are willing to pay for it." Langdon knew this truth; for, in his journey with Shirley Lydon, he got the sense of the presence of God and he was willing to pay for it, for he left the habiliments of business that he might be granted the ultimate destiny of all men—the brotherhood of man; and, in so doing, he folded an illumination in his heart of the incarnate Man of Galilee, who walked the earth more than thirty years and drank of its waters and lived in its sunshine and shadow, showing that the mastery of the earth itself is no more difficult than the mastery of the body; and, that both, coming from God, have mystery and sanctity in them.

"Life in America is one long vacation," injected Nano Lydon who saw, in the clear-minded westerner's beliefs, a quality which had been accepted by others for years. She also saw the oneness of purpose that is establishing itself in America in its interracial relations which seems to open like a gate to what is to come. "In recent years," she continued analytically, "there has been a merging of compartments of business and the ethical teachings of the Nazarene, who was the greatest economist and political scientist and whose principles and truth cannot be surpassed in any statesman, or business man, or religion." "Tell me," she said, persuasively addressing her husband and his friend—John Langdon, "Did you, in your pilgrimage, find such a shrine prepared for human kindness and fraternity in any other favored spot of the earth?"

"We did find shrines in Europe," answered John Langdon, "a sort of mid-way world, a paradise between earth and Heaven, where the invisible hand of spirit stretched out to dress the sores of the lowly, first; and, then, suffering humanity; and any other, the great, powerful, or wealthy; that is not excelled here. It is called a pilgrimage, and we saw it in operation in Lourdes."

"Oh," responded Nano, "like Psalm XLVI, the Psalm of Hope, that David sang, 'There is a river the waters whereof shall make glad the City of God.' It is above our own gem-river—the Columbia—that the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother—a superb work of art, and one of the greatest expressions of the Christian Era will rise sky-ward and God-ward, giving dominance to the gentle faced Saviour who will gaze down upon the world from lofty cathedrals, whose spiritual code will unite and develop and harmonize; and also unfold the power and cohesion of our wondrous land where the incoming worshippers from every land can wander with the Master Himself in marvelous unity among undenominational holiness and practices; impossible, except in the unfoldment of the power and dominion of the brotherhood of man."

John Langdon looked as if a kind of vague delirium had come upon him, as if his religious concepts were undergoing a nightmare. He could not elude the conflagration of thoughts that kept reproducing in foreign and in home tongue. Like a quality of dream, he reviewed the tranquil day he visited Rocky Butte—that seat of all restoring nature, for the memory cells of his brain made note of happenings that would not fade.

In a film of vague assembled thoughts turning silent currents like the power of attraction that brings out other forces; there was a quickening of the inner man.

Lydon said to his wife, Nano, "You are one of the pilgrims born to stray. What is a pilgrimage?"

"We are all in pilgrimage," she replied.

"The lure of our land attracts the adventurous of every land, questing for wealth—. Invariably, the first impulse of all mankind is selfish. Our early pilgrims to Plymouth Rock, for instance, were seekers of freedom. Following them, devout souls of every land gave themselves to our land. The first company of brave seekers after treasure of the mind found other treasures hidden in the earth—like gold. Later, they builded fair cities, commerce, industry and agriculture upon the stage we call life. Many of them lived to see a mighty empire builded in the short span of their own lives. Other riches were daily uncovered by magic of invention and mind that make all other discoveries pale into insignificance. The spirit of the people of the United States surmounts obstacles and creates communities radiant with happiness, prosperity, peace and life. Like obeying the bidding of some great magician's wand, our great America; our United States is suddenly here. So, from far and near, from loftiest peaks and lowest; ooze the people of the earth to bask in her freedom, to delight in her myriad charms of life, to work, to play in our own United States, where God has given to us so plentifully and bountifully. Through the portals of this land, the home of the brave, and of the free, all

nations pass; where the vast God, in his most colorful tints, intends and purposes; and welcomes all people. The first dusky inhabitants of our land of pilgrimages, inhabitants of the wilderness have about vanished—as all things do. Everything moves in cycles, swinging to and fro like a pendulum. This is as true of human emotions as it is of the earth. Nothing stands still. We either progress or retrograde. Everything is swinging between the two poles—moving in a circle around its BEING. The merest examination imposes this fact upon us. There is nothing to which this principle does not apply. It is as if we threw off from ourselves the Creator; then, following a period of balance and suspension, the inward movements go back toward our original Being. Everything is in constant motion. Unrest and change for all things of manifestation are external and finite. Only in God, do we find peace. This search for peace, for that is what a pilgrimage is, is just a co-native spirit; an internal impulse of active power impelling us to find peace. So, large bodies of these pilgrims make journeys to shrines or to sacred places in performance of a vow made to obtain health or some form of Divine blessing, just as journeys are made by travelers to view some sacred spot or relic. God has given us all possible and imaginable proof that the end and scope of our stay here on earth is a pilgrimage—we are all pilgrims.”

“Did you ever see a Catholic pilgrimage?” eagerly pressed Langdon.

“Yes, for successive years, in two places in Europe; Lourdes, in France and Knock in Ireland. In Lourdes, thousands of invalids, averaging in numbers 50,000 per month; as well as tourists who avail themselves of the rates in order to visit the Pyrenees and other points of interest, make these journeyings. Every tribe, tongue, people and nation make the pilgrimage; including the four corners of the earth. From England, Ireland and Scotland, Belgium, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia; besides groups from the United States and Canada, Mexico and the republics of the Central and Southern part of our own continent—America. From the farthest east, from

China and Japan and the Philippines, India and Africa; young and aged, lusty and crippled, the beggar and the monarch, all press forward in the throng; shepherds, monks, serfs, plowmen, jesters, cardinals, bishops, priests, Goths, and Danes, penitent, warrior, and vikings, converted thieves and freeholders, knights, artists, scholars, troubadours, merchants and craftsmen from mediaeval Umbria and Provence and Castile and Normandy. A strange thing is a pilgrimage—America—our own United States portrays visibly to my mind a pilgrimage—our external and internal hope of the world—the home of the free—the land of liberty—the hope of humanity.”

“The most remote effort to destroy this freedom—whether of conscience, or mind—Freedom, the first principle of God, and the especial cause of our United States—our heaven on earth, is contrary to inspired and enlightened spiritual opinion—FREEDOM—we have it in mind—no power can curb MIND; and thought is a thing; vibrating, pulsating and travelling. It is a pilgrim, working towards its goal.—We have it in the air, in water, in all essentials; spirit, essentially free, is everywhere and cannot be taken from nor added to. It is God without; and, like the earth, swings incessantly and repeatedly to its Being, God—Freedom. When our forefathers fought, they fought for God only—independence only—their chief hope was in God only, they considered their country as belonging to God only, and they wished us to keep it for God only, that is: FREE—truly a godly hope; our republic. The shrine of all humanity; the land of my own, earthly pilgrimage; while in spiritual pilgrimage. We bring to its shores the tribute of the whole world; conquistadores, black-robed missionaries, friars in white and brown and gray with their neophytes; bronzed Mohawks, sallow Chinamen, pale Eskimos, dusky Filipinos—all crowding to our vast grotto spaces with reverent eyes fixed on sacred things. My memory travels to that distant day of my pilgrimage to Lourdes; and, now, my wandering has carried me to the Lourdes of America; for, regardless of what level my soul has gone to, I am like all pil-

grims, returning to my Being. The mind of me depicts the starlike course of these representatives of the broad world: savages of the Arctic, fierce tribes of the South from trackless mountain ranges and from scorching plains alike; every form of humanity crippled from sin and sickness inspired by the memory of a Divine assurance, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' (Matt. 11-28). These memories inspire my own piety to heroic struggle; when, in your own case, Shirley, the temptation to abandon all hope dangled in the past year during your comas. Then, again, would I see a dangling star above me, like the pilgrims' unsteady course—ever it shone benignly, saving me from utter despair. From Arctic huts, from far-away fierce tribes of the south, from mountain ranges and from scorching plains alike, from every land and clime throughout all the range of mankind, the inspiration of these pilgrimages shone splendidly in sunset star and evening cloud. Even in the midnight horizon of your ebbing life, I could see the human illness shine with the glow of a new dawn. Ever and again from the scene, seer and saint, prophetically burst forth—the dream of a healing God—charming so potently against the demon of despair. Amid the memory of these pilgrimages and their inspiration, I could visualize God's healing power, and it illuminated my darkest dread. When the human mentality would linger in gloom, I was taught by word, deed, pilgrimage that every ill; yes, or even disgrace that happens to the elect is the effect of mercy; so, no matter how we change, how sick we may be, however subject to sin and sorrow, God is none the less God; either when we are afflicted or punished, or when He comforts or shows indulgence. Health is given as a means to serve God; but, if we make poor use of it, sickness means a correction—and; if we make illegal use of government, our country gets sick; first with sin; and, then, with all other ills, moral, financial and other ills. We will swing again into the sway of Being."

"Such chastisement is salutary. If we love the world in vigor, it is but correction to render us incapable of enjoying it. We may harden

in the pleasurable things of the world. In sickness, He separates the flesh from the spirit, and from the things that the flesh has loved—so, when correction comes, God has anticipated the fatal day in our favor. If we are reduced to the incapacity of enjoying the sweetness of health and the pleasures of the world, God destroys, for our advantage; the human, deceitful idols that would destroy us. Thus, remembering this instruction in sanctity, we accept in silence these things; so that this scourge may control and console us; that, having been let live in the bitterness of sin, the salutary evils which may afflict us; even the sickness, alms, seccifice, mortifications can lead us back to righteousness, or can commence our purification and the conversion of our hearts. Holy Scripture and nothing less can cause our conversion without freedom of will and of thought—this is accomplished only through the all powerful Creator of all nature. In death, we find ourselves separated from the world, stripped of all our emotions. So, in sickness, we can see ourselves in a sort of death; separated from the world, stripped of all the objects of our attachment; alone with God. Then remorse is converted into extreme consolation, in knowing that God sent us a partial death before effective death. We cannot love the world without displeasing God; and destroying and dishonoring ourselves. Yet, the world is, so often, still, the object of our delight. How firm and durable must be the happiness of those, who, with entire liberty of the will, perfectly and freely give to God their love; when, through punishment they would have been obliged to do so necessarily. In recalling these pilgrimages, I can see the diseases that cover my own soul, the sorest of which is the extreme weakness and insensibility which has taken away from my conscience its very sensibility. I have been deaf to the inspirations and oracles taught me, and have contradicted the maxims that have been brought to the world from the eternal Judge. I only thought those blessed who enjoyed robust health and affluent fortune. I can see now; that, without sorrow and external ills, my body would be a new occasion of sin. The

ills of the body are nothing more than the punishment and symbol of the ills of the soul."

"That explains the strange utterances we heard at Lourdes, from the standpoint of the individual supplicants," injected Langdon, who was now sure of some other sophistry which was not hard for Lydon to name. "We heard one pilgrim say: 'I esteemed health and other blessings, not as an easy means for service; but, because of such aid, I could abandon myself with less restraint to the abundance of life's delights and better relish pleasures. Grant me the favor, through my misery to reform my corrupt reason. Let me esteem myself happy in affliction—so let me find Thee within myself—since, on account of my weakness, I cannot seek Thee without help. For the Kingdom of God is within His faithful, and I shall find it within myself, if I find there Thy sentiments. I see nothing in myself, except my sufferings, that is not odious to Thee—This bears some resemblance to Thee. Dear Lord, consider then, the ills that I suffer and those that menace me. In atonement, I offer all to Thee.' Another pilgrim prayed: 'Oh God! who wast not incarnated until after the sin of mankind, and who only tookest upon thyself a body in order to suffer therein all the ills which our sins have merited. Oh God! who loved so much these suffering bodies that Thou didst choose for thyself a body more oppressed with suffering than any that appeared upon earth. The ills which my body endures, can, in consequence, be the only thing worthy of Thy love. Let my ills invite Thee and beseech Thee to visit me; that my body, having this in common with Thee, may be plunged into sorrow for the same offenses, and that I may suffer in body and soul for the sins I have committed. Grant me, Dear God, the favor to join Thy consolations to my sufferings. I ask not to be exempt from sorrow, for this is the recompense of the saints, but, I ask that I be not abandoned to the sorrows of nature without the consolations of Thy Spirit; for this is a curse of heathenism. Neither, do I ask to have a fullness of consolation, without any suffering; for

this is the life of Glory; nor, would I ask to be in the fullness of evils, without consolation; for this is the state of Judaism; but, I ask to feel, at the same time, both the sorrows of nature for my sins and the consolations of Thy Spirit through Thy grace—this is the true condition of faith. Let me not feel sorrow without consolation. Let me feel both together, that I may come, at last, to feel Thy consolation without sorrow.' ”

“For the world languished in natural sorrow before the coming of Thy Son. Now, Thou consolest and assuagest the sufferings of the faithful through the grace of Thy only Son, and Thou crownest Thy saints with a pure beatitude in the glory of Thy only Son. Thou hast drawn me from the first. Make me to pass through the second—to arrive at the third. Lord! this is the favor that I ask of Thee.’ ”

“Another prayed: ‘What can be more unreasonable, painful, and tragic than Christ sweating blood for our sins, while we want to live in the delights of nature; and how unreasonable that those baptized, those professing to believe in Thee, those that believe the world persecuted and crucified Thee; those who believe Thou wast exposed to the wrath of God and to the cruelty of men to ransom them from their crimes; those who consider Thy body as the victim that was yielded up for their salvation, who considered the pleasures of the world as the only cause of Thy suffering and the world itself as Thy executioner, should seek to flatter their bodies by these very pleasures in this very world; and, that those who would shudder to see a man caress the murderer of his father, that those who would devote themselves to give Him life, can live as I have, in the world that I know to be the murderer of Him whom I acknowledge to be my Father. It is just that Thou shouldest interrupt a joy so criminal as that in which I was reposing. Remove then, Oh, Lord! the sadness, that a loss of self might give me for my own sufferings and for the external things that do not succeed to my satisfaction. Create in me a sadness in conformity to Thine. Make of my sufferings an occasion for my

conversion and my salvation. Let me desire health only that I may serve Thee.' Another idea unfolded in a prayer of ringing homage was murmured in a patient's reconciled, beautiful melody, 'I ask neither health, nor sickness, nor life, nor death, but that Thou dispose of my life and of my death for Thy glory.' This sanctified supplicant refreshed my spirit. 'Give to me, take from me; but conform to Thy will,' was the prayer of another pilgrim."

"These minds of glorified type have beckoned to me, ever since," said Langdon, nor did anyone wonder at this remark for all knew the most momentous period of a soul is the period of the transition from the natural to the spiritual consciousness.

" 'I know not which is most profitable to me, health or sickness, wealth or poverty,' prayed another pilgrim, whose discernment exceeded the power of many. 'For this is hidden in the secrets of Thy Providence which I wish not to fathom.' 'Grant then,' said another supplicant, 'that, such as I am, I may conform myself to Thy will; and that, being sick as I am, I may glorify Thee in my sufferings; without which, I would not arrive at Thy Glory.' "

" 'In humble confidence, dispose me to receive orders of Thy eternal Providence, that I may adore alike all that comes to me from Thee,' prayed a cripple. 'Since we know not what we should ask,' prayed a governor, 'grant me a uniformity of spirit that I may receive all kinds of events rightly, since, in Thy wisdom, the results Thou has been pleased to hide from me.' "

" 'I know it is good to follow Thee and evil to offend Thee, other than this I know not which is the better or worse of anything,' ejaculated reverently, a pilgrim from the unconquered land. It was the vision of the American mind. Amidst the trees, I heard a feeble voice pray, 'It was by Thy sufferings Thou wast recognized by thy disciples; so, through mine, make me known to Thee, since nothing is pleasing to our Father, unless it be offered through Thee, unite my will to Thine and my sorrows to those which Thou hast suffered,' moaned

another in tranquil holiness. 'Accept my sorrow, sickness and losses. They do not matter in the least. They must not affect the calmness of my mind. I bear these cheerfully, remembering that all evil is transitory,' sang out a penitent."

"Thus we witnessed the fulfillment of a pilgrimage, an uncommon incident. It was accomplished as naturally as our journey; quiet, modest, impressive as the faint echo of far off chimes, which only the listening ear detects. Its only significance was that attached to it by faith. Nothing enticed our emotions more than the incidents of this pilgrimage. Everything else seemed to pass through unnoticed. Once witnessed, a pilgrimage leaves an ennobling impression of peace and far-away vision. Everyone, merchants, poets, clerics, and officials alike were occupied with their own cares, their own unsatisfied lives; health, happiness, love and wealth—this is what underlies a pilgrimage. There are outside appearances of great bodies making journeys for the purpose of obtaining divine ends. Behind them is the inspiring Cause—God, arising out of the very constitution of humanity, and the nature of God is the justification and end of pilgrimages. It is the vocation of the human soul to enter into union with its Maker. Whatsoever makes for union with God is uplifting and noble. What lessens this union is base and wicked. The unity of God and all mankind explains the true reason of our existence; and of every creature. The supreme aim, then, of religion; and of its pilgrimages is to consummate this union. Religion, without this impulse, would be a sham, and an absurdity. Think of God, who hung out the stars and shaped the course of the flying meteors;—and think of uniting with Him in a union more intimate than that realized by you and me. It is an overwhelming thought. Think of this companionship—this union with Omnipotence!"

Our forefathers cherished notions of His love, of His union, of His co-operation, of His freedom. They took this stretch of land—our United States, our universe, heaven swinging overhead almost

within our reach; the sun, moon, and stars giving celestial light to the pilgrims, who confidently approached our shores. It is only today the knowledge of the extent of this pilgrimage appeals to the advancing world. The endless vista of hope of liberty, and of joy strikes our vision as we greet all pilgrims and cry out with the Psalmist, "Who is a God like unto our God?" No word is needed. We look—We realize. Henceforth nothing is impossible.

We can think of no height too lofty for human aspiration, no depth too low for God to meet us there. He is not too good nor too great; He is our friend. He has come to abide with us forever. In such places, everything moves us to devotion and faith, the place itself, the images, the proofs of human suffering relieved, the throng of devout pilgrims, the good thought, the good example of supplicants, the harmony of God in nature and with mankind; all intermingling with omnipotent goodness and love of God, as displayed in the universe; humanity in pilgrimage, in short; unites its own fatigues, sickness, sorrows and mortifications with the infinite merits of the life and death of Jesus Christ.

"But," injected Shirley, who was a student of another school of healing, "God is everywhere—and is Mind."

"Who could think of measuring the absolute, formless Being?" reverently asked Nano. "God is not a material phenomenon. What mind could think of the height, thickness, length, substance, circumference, or essence of God? You are confusing the material with the spiritual—material is the opposite of spirit. God has no parts as we understand the word in matter. Form can be no more considered God, than it could be considered mind, or love, or joy, or sorrow, or life. God has neither form, shape, nor size. God is existent in truth—everywhere—in verity and in fact."

"God is visible in many guises, even to unbelievers who cannot embrace an idea or ideal expounded in a particular dogma. These followers of fantasy overestimate their particular ritual when they assert

that God shows Himself according to their zeal, irrational nature or absurd ideas. It is absurd to say that God is not manifest in the law that holds the stars in their course, as well as in the winds and in the tides and in the tint of the flower and in the song of the birds. If one can visualize God more earnestly in the statue of a bearded patriarch, it is a plausible reason for the appearance of such art. He may be visualized a-wing in the longing of men; to others, when the world is desolate and chill, the warmth of spring infuses a vision of Him."

"In fact, the surer we are of our faith and its grounds, the less dogmatic we are in our assertions; the surer we are of the demonstrated Deity, the less we feel the necessity of proclaiming it; the surer we are of our religious beliefs, the more willing we are to listen to the ideas of others."

"God is the essence, nature, substance, and principle of all that is. God is always, and invariably Himself, absolute in unity and oneness. God is independent and free, complete and whole, is original and causeless, is eternal. There is nothing else, except Himself, from which He could have come and He could not have come from nothing. God is infinite and ultimate. When prayer is more efficacious in places of pilgrimage, its effect does not lie with God but rather with man, for God remains at all times and everywhere the ever willing Healer. It is man, ever weak and faithless; who, while making a pilgrimage, fosters a greater devotion and stronger faith, a more contrite and humble heart; and, therefore, makes himself more harmonious, and worthy of receiving proofs of grace which we get when in this spiritual state."

"God is immutable, stable, invariable, unalterable; and, since in spirit, we are His image, and likeness, and our souls are incapable of solving Him, it is unessential that we do so. For whether, we accept these truths or not, some time, somewhere, the infinite God will evolve a faculty that comprehends for the earnest seeker. No matter what disguise it may assume in manifestation, the spirit of God and that

of man are forever bound together—undivorceable. Such is the God of the faith that is in me."

"These thoughts uplift the soul of me, when I know that mortal man cannot change the eternal plan. With God, who is life, there is nothing new, and, as the Sabbath bells each their message tells, in tones of simple rhyme, my heart in rapture swells responsive to the tunes of these sweet bells. I can hear the chimes in glorious tones of the Episcopalian bell ring out 'Come, worship here. Our rituals excel.' When I hear the peal of the old Dutch church bell, whose sacred rites I revere, I know their faith is not built on sand."

"Significant enough," answered Langdon, who was still in reverie associating an incident, foreign to Nano, with her discussion. With an earnestness which she met with a pleasant smile, and looking straight into her eyes, he asked: "Do you mean we are to have in Portland at the head of the Columbia River another Lourdes?"

"Even now," she answered, "we are beholding just such a Divine event, without hardly recognizing its significance."

Langdon told of his examination of the rock, and of his impression, for only appearance can be seen. Moses wanted to see that which is real of life, but no revelation came, until he stood on the foundation principle—the rock of faith. Then we can see God as the life that animates every atom in the universe. In this understanding, we realize that God's face cannot be seen by physical eyes. It was at the site of the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother that Langdon first looked directly at himself. For, when man looks within himself, he sees the glory of God and cries out: "Father, glorify Thou me with thine own self."

For the first time, Langdon found that outward appearances, such as spires, arising sky-ward and God-ward lead to an inner desire. It is through physical death that we arrive at the knowledge of life and death. Here, he got a contact that made possible his victory of spirit. Perhaps, the builders, in their own form of moral agitation, whom, he,

like Paul maligned; found, during these terrible periods, a co-ordination in their dolor with the eternal verities of God. Like immortality, which is discovered through mortality, the meaning of spirit, as with other valuable things, is discovered, without the least effort, through the negation of self.

Even as to Peter, it appeared suitable that temples should, on the place, be built; when he and other disciples were with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration, so to those who, at this place, were impressed with the sense of spiritual communion, it likewise seemed suitable; that, at the place, shrines for worship and meditation should be erected for the weary, disheartened pilgrims of this and other lands; shrines to which they could come for prayer and religious introspection—this was told unto Langdon; and that edifices erected on this site of Rocky Butte would be of such dignity and suitability of proportion for the purpose intended; that they, even as monuments of architecture, would be conducive to meditation and prayer. Not only so; but, symbolizing the continuing need of humanity; these edifices are to be made enduring, as is the need of humanity for benediction of grace. Permanence and solidity can, in the form of architecture, best be manifested in stone which is itself that substance of which the eternal hills are made, from which comes our help.

This most suitable of all materials for shrines of devotion is, by a fortunate coincidence, found upon the place where the edifices are to be erected; as if, throughout all previous time, the granite had been there; waiting for this great event. Vast is the quantity of this stone, there waiting, so vast is the quantity of this material, that it would be quite enough to rebuild the greater part of all the buildings now erected on the Pacific coast.

IV

Langdon thought it peculiar that, for many years, a valuable deposit should lie inside the city limits of Portland, without being discovered. Every builder, architect and contractor knew of the existence of Rocky Butte, the site of the Sanctuary. Dougan, the architect, told him that the stone comprising the Butte was one of the most valuable of all building materials. He recommended it to him for his building, saying it was a rock very enduring. Impervious to water, it took a high polish, and might be worked into huge stones for foundations as well as into thin tiles.

Conscious of a new atmosphere, Langdon found himself walking along a path leading to the Grotto, where he wished to examine and appraise at first hand, the stone discovered by the builders. With him was his friend, Shirley Lydon, who had built many a structure and knew a great deal about such things; it being the suggestion of his architect that this rock would be most preferable of all materials that could be procured for the building he was about to undertake.

With their attention focused on the discussion of rock, they hardly noticed the approach of a Servite friar, dressed in the robe of his order, Father Leander, whose method in conversation was to adapt himself to the mode employed by others with whom he might be in discussion. If he met the architect, he talked with him upon building. With the professor, he talked accordingly; so with botanist, florists and farmers. "We are here as actors," he would say, "either mortifying the flesh or developing the spirit. The Manager of this drama may make it short or long. It is only necessary for us to act it out righteously. If a beggar is our part, play it with humility; if leader, play it out simply. We do not choose the part. The Manager attends to that. He shows us how to do righteously. We should do right in secret. We should be humble. We should be happy. Nothing destroys righteousness, especially in early effort, more than a display of it. All good work proceeds from a solid basis of humility and piety."

So this good man made no display of his righteousness; a fact that produced in his personality an element of allurements. "There is something wholesome and open about this fellow," said Shirley as they approached Father Leander, who appeared to be reading what they took for the Bible. "I can respond to your opinion; but, somehow, I never can, to their greetings. I have met a few of them, and have such a queer thought about them. Just think of it, this man is said to be living in celibacy!" "Reading the Bible?" said Shirley, by way of greeting. "No," responded the Father, smiling benignly. "I was saying my breviary." There was a short pause, when the Father continued pleasantly, "Won't you come into the rectory and have a visit?" Langdon had hardly noticed the invitation; he was so preoccupied with his own thought of this priest, and the priesthood in general. "Breviary?" he repeated unthinkingly, "Is that what you call the Bible?" "No, it is a form of daily prayer, prescribed for all priests. It is a good practice. It helps to keep us out of temptation." "That's it—" said Langdon—"out of temptation, but what keeps you out of love?"

This, undoubtedly, was a surprising question; yet, without a trace of feeling, except one of understanding, the Father said, "I see your thought. You wonder what I would do, if, as a priest, I fell in love with a lady."

"Precisely," said Langdon, "Wouldn't that be a natural situation?" "How do you guard against your passions? You are like other men." "I would resist—in our own language, we call it 'avoiding the occasion.' I would pray. I would think of my vows. I would consider the moral code. I would think of ordinary decency. I dare say that even with men who are not clergy and have not taken the vow of celibacy, the tactics of an ordinary gentleman would be a good deal of help. I would hardly be disloyal to its code." Poor Langdon was telling on himself. The Father knew this, but Langdon did not know that he knew it.

"But that does not mean that all the others are like you," said Langdon, venturing further. "Some clergy have been known to give up their vows of celibacy."

"True," said the Father, with a sorrowful tone, "Lust has become natural to all mankind. It is more commonly called 'human nature.' We all admit there are two natures in us—human and spiritual. Consequently, I ask, where is God? You will admit not where the human is—then, if the Kingdom of God is within us, the spiritual nature must be within; so, we avoid the occasion of sin by fleeing from the external object. By looking internally, we find the spiritual." "You mean, you would flee from the presence of the charming lady?" eagerly pressed Langdon. This was about the only explanation the Father made, that he could well agree with. He admitted if he left the presence of the temptation, he would be able to conquer himself. He did not understand that he had only to look within himself, thus changing his thought, and flee from the occasion of sin more thoroughly than he would by running away from the tempter. He might have experienced love at the sight of a flower, a cloud or a tree. Being human, living by desire, to him it could only be revealed through another human being—a woman, that form would be more familiar and more easily understood. "Precisely," said the Father, about to laugh aloud. "Then you never love anyone, if your internal self rules." "Love is compared by the poets, to a child," said the Father.

"Without asking anything of a child, we give it everything. 'Love one another,' said the Master. Love enshrouds us. We are not told what it is. Some way we know it is good. The disposition to love is developed in proportion to our perfection of mind. For instance, we are impelled to love the beautiful, without knowing what it is. Somehow, we know it is good, then, beautiful. What then, can prove that we are here for any other purpose than to love? The world and everything in it is created to love. We may try to conceal this love. The effort is vain. We always love. Man would not exist a moment

without it. All Christian doctrine is reduced to love. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.' "

They were at a point approaching the Grotto; where, carved out in a setting lavished by nature, from a cliff of solid rock, stood the beginning of the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, then being constructed in Portland, Oregon. Here, the priest paused and raised his hand with a gesture like the movement of swaying leaves, in the direction of a plastic, life-sized work, representing the humanity of Mary, with the Christ child on her right arm.

Father Leander's voice was soft, like the sound of wind in the trees; when, in a clear, low tone, as if revealing enlightenment; his hands still in an uplifted posture, as if in adoration; he reverently said, "His love was not confined to his neighbor. It overflowed to his enemies."

"Men seek something to love, since we do not like to live with ourselves. Our church, in her wisdom, has a special training for men and women in it, who take the vows. We are in communities. Our community is known as the Servites. We all must have something to love. The Orders vow to love God, to unite with God—spiritually, and humanly."

"Laymen also, have something to love. They may find it in beauty; yet, in the heart there must be the model, for man is the most beautiful of creatures and must make the pattern. This is the resemblance to God. Believe me, gentlemen, it is none other than the rhythm of God; only man may not know it, which the Creator has formed in us. Deformity, we could never love; sin, we could never love. We cannot be satisfied with every kind of object. It must be something in His likeness. So truly is this impressed upon our souls that we are predisposed to it. It is not landscape, architecture, art or beauty alone, that fill this space in our hearts. It is only men with confusion of ideas who think it is art and beauty they love."

"Human love is striving after happiness that lasts but a moment, then vanishes."

"We paint on the face of the object of our love all virtue, adding thereby the pleasing effect desired. One may love the mountains and another the sea. One may love his wife, another his sweetheart. One may love consecration to a spiritual life. They are simply our likenesses in esteem and love. The copy is external. The spirit is internal. It is nothing other than our oneness with the source of beauty."

"Of all goodness, love is the greatest. When it is strong enough in us, it forces us to acquire all virtue. All goodness could not be without it. With some souls, it is translated into an intense resolve to forsake the flesh and its pursuit of earthly gains. A determination fills one's whole nature for being with God. It is an absolute resolve to be one with Him. This strange, unspeakable feeling is a desire of inmost union with Him."

"See, my friends," the priest continued, kindly bending towards them, "how reverent is the pose of these trees around us. Look at the repose of the surrounding mountains. Can your soul foresee that which will come one day? The sky above us, the Columbia river beneath; they foretell it too. What soft, holy repose fills all nature! All things are enveloped with sacred awe. Nature thrills with ecstasy for she lives in her beloved. In this holy environment, you are safe and well cared for. Everything is rendered holy through the spiritual force dwelling within it." With convincing kindness, he added, "We must complete our spiritual growth in the midst of life. Lust is a sin against love, and love is God. He who loves God exists not for himself, but for others. He is a living flame of fire beaming upon the whole world. In this meditation, we learn to discriminate between what the animal body wants and the spirit wants."

No one spoke for a time. Langdon thought of leaving the priest's presence; lest, perchance, the Father would persuade him into religious comradeship. He felt, in this place, the sadness and the loneliness

of his own life; and the spirit within him was strained. He tried to grasp the meaning of what he was constrained to think. A life like the priest's would be bereft. It threw him into the deepest gloom, from which he was aroused by the soft voice of Father Leander; who, also, found himself in a benediction of light. Spiritual fervor enrapt him; when, in the most tranquil voice, he said, "We have veneration and profound respect for what we love; here, in this lofty tranquillity enshrouded in nature's inspiring heights," intoned the Father while advancing, amid the humming of bees, towards the statue of the Madonna of Sorrows, where Mary was depicted holding the Christ Child. With uplifted hands, his arms outstretched, his face radiant, as if a fire of love inflamed him, he reverently voiced his mind: "In the light of these holy presences, gentlemen, all desires die, except to be like them."

The spiritual force of the clergyman stunned them. They could not answer, nor could Langdon then think of a new retort to mar the ecstasy of the momentarily uprising force within himself. His hot desires fell, for the time, like leaves from the trees. He had a vague glimpse of the beauty of God in the new emotion awakened in his soul. He had no knowledge of the power that drew him forward; and which, inevitably, draws all mankind. With him, it lasted but a moment. This time, it was Shirley Lydon, who cleft the peaceful silence, "What is it all about? What is the idea of this Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother?" he asked.

"It is a demonstration in memory of the recognition God gave the Virgin Mary. He, being first to honor her; Gabriel, the angel sent direct by God, brought the salutation (Luke 1; 26, 27). And the angel Gabriel said to the Virgin: 'Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus' (Luke 1: 31). God honored her in duality. This two-foldness of maternity, the divine and the human, God bestowed on Mary in entirety. It is, therefore, a monument to the purest form in all nature, which God directed towards us."

"It is an acceptance of the gentle force—Motherhood, that awakens God within us. It is a visible testimony of the respect and homage that we bear the greatest woman the world has ever known—Mary, the Mother of Christ. It is a monument to our faith. It is an example to the world of our recognition of Mary's divinely appointed power for the salvation of souls, and the distribution of spiritual and temporal blessings. It is universal in character, carrying an appeal to all mankind. It is an earthly tribute to Mary, which is constantly given to her by the angels and saints in heaven. It is an eternal recognition of the glory and power which she enjoys in the presence of her beloved Son."

"It is a hope to remove the doubts and disbeliefs of our separated brethren concerning our position towards the Blessed Virgin. It will always be open to every visitor, day or night. It will present the scenes of Mary's life and sacrifices, in a manner whereby no mortal will be confused concerning our reverence for her."

"It will prove to all that our appeal for her intercession is not idolatry. It is, in this manner, we are accepting in a visible way; and, in all sincerity, the message of Christ: 'Behold thy Mother,' and; at the same time, giving evidence to all the world of the truth of her own prophecy, 'All generations shall call me blessed.' It is our aim to bring Christians into such intimate knowledge of the sorrows and sacrifices of Mary, the Mother of Christ, that when, in their souls, there arises a sadness they will face tranquilly the foot of the cross with her devotion. It is a demonstration of distinction between the disobedience of Eve (the mother of the human race) who brought sin and destruction into the world, and the diametrically opposite virtue, obedience of Mary, the Mother of Christ and of all men; who brought salvation and redemption through the birth of Christ, into the world."

"The Spiritual idea conveyed through the medium of this Shrine is one that will appeal to the most calloused heart, because it will

reach him through the one thing that he, perhaps, in all the world holds sacred, his mother. This is the purpose of the Shrine. It is and will be conducted for the benefit of all mankind; since we must associate the Mother of Christ with Love ineffable."

"Here, at the foot of the cross, our spirits entwined in the numb, appealing anguish of its shadow; void of all desire, bereft of all sin and disbelief, our soul thrills with ecstasy. It is here we find that for which there burns within us that mysterious love, which we do not understand and which drove me so restlessly onward." "I, myself," confessed the Servite Friar, as if awakened in a benediction of light, "though it was leading me away from my beloved and that I was ceasing to love her; when it was all made holy!"

"God moved me to my Beloved, the mother of all men—the purest form in all nature—the holy revelation of Him: the same love which, in all nature, breathes, and bleeds. May this holy love live always in my inmost being, as it does in the sun and planets pursuing a shining course throughout all eternity." In this holy environment, they stood still and silent for a time; sheltered in the love of God, yet so convincingly combined with human love sacrificed; for, it is only after long and bitter struggle and out of tears that our strength will grow; and, out of pain, we will attain—peace. This is the quality of all nature. Our growth is like that of a child. We discover everything through effort, and through sacrifice as a child finds flowers."

* * * * *

Here, at the foot of the Cross, in the bowels of nature—that universe which tells man there must be a mighty Being who made it, nestled the City of Portland, its surrounding ranges covered with tall pines, great firs, maple, rhododendrons, Oregon-grape and flowering dogwood; on the roadsides and in the gardens; violets, lilies, roses, and tulips of all varieties and in riotous quantities flaming forth their

radiance in glowing profusion. There are daisies and pansies in the fields and hedges, as well as pines and firs on the mountains.

Thus, in the walks of life, we occasionally enter the garden of Paradise, where there are men; who, by their loftiness of mind, have raised themselves like the Cedars of Lebanon, high above the rest of their fellowmen. Occasionally, we meet with these souls. Such was the lot of Shirley Lydon and John Langdon, who thought, when they left Father Leander beneath the shadow of the Cross, where the humanity of Mary was tragically depicted in statuary making Her complete sacrifice, heartbroken and desolate, that their visit was closed and that they were leaving the Sanctuary grounds, perhaps, never to return. Instead, they found themselves being led into the presence of a group of visitors of their own faith, who were then standing silently in fixed attitude looking upon an object which also compelled their attention as they noticed an unusual situation.

Shirley Lydon and John Langdon quickened their pace and were themselves immediately entranced in earnest observation. Encompassed by their own protesting brethren—they beheld a vision. No one spoke until Langdon noticed a stranger with a camera in close proximity and urged him into service, requesting a negative of the apparition, which was plainly witnessed by the group in its entirety. In front of the Grotto was a single kneeling worshipper, who quickly joined the gathering and also witnessed this revealing agency. Mrs. Mills, who first observed the miraculous manifestation, had heard, in a general manner, about the Sanctuary. Her husband, not unlike both Lydon and Langdon, was drawn there by a practical interest. He, being the owner of adjoining property, which he had under consideration, as a site for a training school for young men, was urging upon his wife the entire practicability of the project. She was questioning the possibility of its progress, inasmuch as Portland was said to be an unfriendly community; and this institution, the Sanctuary, was the only one of its kind on the American continent.

Her doubt abruptly vanished when some impelling force drove her vision from the Grotto to a certain height midway above the Grotto and the topmost point of the cliff, where she saw a form taking shape and recognized the manifestation as Jeanne d'Arc, in glorious triumph, clad in the uniform of victory, mounted on a white horse and followed by throngs of pilgrims.

Jeanne d'Arc, in glorious triumph, was an impressive, astonishing and complete answer to the first known visitors of protesting faith. The vesper bells had chimed forth and summoned the friars, one of whom is usually in evidence except at vesper hour. Their chant of psalms and office was well under way. A lone suppliant in prayer before the Grotto was the only semblance of followers of the Roman Catholic faith in evidence. Being allured by the echo of voices, she turned and noticing the earnestness of the group, she traced the meaning of it and found herself entranced in the vision—a clear presentment of which lingered still.

"Oh God," she prayed, "who am I that Thou shouldst send such torrents of light to illumine the way. Do make me understand my unwavering kin. Calm this wreathing surge. Stop the tempest roar. Still the murky clouds. Upon my eternal being, a flood of contrite love outpour." Brushing away tears that suffused her pallid face, she observed her companions and murmured in an undertone, "Bathe, tears my bitter, painful past."

The rapture of the suppliant transported the attention of Langdon, who was now denuded of practical thoughts and was lifted up into what he described as, "lofty heights beyond the clouds." "She is a charming, beauteous sight—the Almighty's torch does in her blaze," said Shirley Lydon: "She is adorned with every grace."

"A mother grows anxious for her children," said the suppliant, as she observed the meditations of her company. Looking into their eager faces, she said, as if answering their inquiry, "I know from whence and why a change has come to me."

"If this is a usual imagery," said John Langdon, "I can now understand the priest we left at the foot of the cross, and his chivalric deeds, his love and its sacrifice."

"When in doubt," reverently spoke the supplicant, "miracles furnish proof." "Though ye believe not me, believe at least the works." Christ refers us to the strongest proof. Knowing our hearts, He performs miracles in favor of us. Schism is manifest. A miracle is also manifest. There are no accidental manifestations. If compassionate Omnipotence is so loving that He instructs us to our benefit, even when He hides Himself, what enlightenment is awaiting us when He reveals Himself! Miracles show Him and are illuminating. They are one of the last effects of grace. If our love of God fails, if the whole Christian church failed, miracles would arouse us." She appeared to be a vision like unto herself, as she continued in rapturous refrain; as if a spectre of past youth cast shadows around her heart. Inwreathed in her lovely face was depicted a picture of dead love, seeming to appear and vanish with her changing emotions. "In his last school days," she continued, "in every move, there gleamed a cross—and yet, it seemed to soothe"—Then she silent grew, as if viewing wistful melodies; and, with unrestricted vision and renewed reflection; she contended, as if debating with her other self:—"These happy, sad memories, do like purifying rays flit into my soul; yet, grief for those I love does not give me light that I may do aright, nor is it the fruit that grows on heights. Fredrick, so like an oak out of God's own hills, sent into the world to spread his strength upon my blunder—and all human blunder, has taught me to know—thank God, that night is past—that time of racking doubt and stubborn grasp. Oh! the fragrance that its memory wafts." "What melancholy transport you depict," said Langdon understandingly. "I thought the Creator and creature did not part."

Her ripened soul cast an atmosphere that harmonized with the dying day; when, in rapturous refrain, she spoke again,—“Creator”—

she reverently began, "and creature—do not part; but, I could not approach his unencumbered soul until the flesh withdrew from my worldly heart. His is the primordial privilege of a mighty mind." And then, as if a scenario upon her pathway was strewn, she said, "Father Leander, in the great out doors, a fitting place—a monastery roofed by the sky—he, the fruit of the plough of probation—a friar, strong, and beautiful. He is not hidden from the world, nor from the eyes of men. He is a man among men. He is of the spreading chestnut type of men. He has transplanted himself in the garden bedewed by the sorrows of Mary, and like her, under the inspiration of Gabriel, bowed his head to the will of the Most High. He is the son of Ferdinand Leander, a wealthy merchant of one of the middle states. His mother is of one of the best families of the same state. Both father and mother are distinguished, not only by power and wealth but by virtue. Father Leander, in early life, manifested very few signs of sanctity. On the whole, he was a good boy; though, if anything, the gayest and liveliest of his family. A proneness to levity and stubbornness was his principal fault. When disciplined, his unruly stubbornness and temper would reveal itself by his inflamed face, and by the sullen manner in which he would leave the room. It is said tutors had by no means an easy task. In his childhood, he was vacillating and changeable. At times, full of religious fervor and studious application; then, again, he would be flagrantly careless and indifferent. He was, however, tenderly sympathetic, and kind; which made him a great favorite with his comrades and his only brother. He showed marked thoughtfulness and love for his mother. His education began at home in the public schools. There, he quickly made himself a favorite with the faculty and his companions. To the weak, he was a warm hearted, fearless champion; to his teachers, a willing and apt pupil; to his companions, a staunch friend. He won more than one prize. His professor in mental philosophy said he was his aptest pupil. At public festivals, he was selected as leader; and during

such exhibitions the most difficult part usually fell to the lot of Fredrick, our priest, man among men. During his attendance at college, he indulged rather freely in novel reading, theater going and dancing; dangerous risks both to mind and morals. The fickleness of mind manifest in early childhood again appeared at various periods of his early manhood. He revealed this by his manner of dress. He would be so fastidious as to appear foppish. At other times, he would take little heed of fashion or style; other than this, there was nothing very reprehensible in his conduct. The wealth of his father gave him good social standing, so he could move in the best of society. This he did, and won for himself hearty greetings wherever his accomplishments were exposed. He was fond of music and the dance; accomplished, handsome in person, and graceful in movement. He was always sought as a contributor to an evening's entertainment. He was successful in college. He was successful in society, and he was successful in love. Everyone foresaw a brilliant career lying ahead of him."

"Six weeks before the close of his college life, his father dispatched a messenger to bring Fredrick to the sick bed of his mother. The news of her serious illness caused him a pang heretofore unfelt. A secret impulse urged him, when he found his father in tears upon reaching home, to promise to expend all his life, energy and talents in the service of devotion to Mary, the Mother of God; if she, the Comforter of the afflicted, the Health of the sick, the Heavenly Mother, most chaste, would prolong the life of his earthly mother. Fervently, he rushed from the bedside of his dying mother to the oratory of the Servite Fathers close by; where, before the Sanctuary, he knelt and made his vow and sacrifice—now fulfilled, as was the answer to his prayer. The recovery was a triumph for Fredrick. Upon his return to the University, he was chosen to deliver the opening discourse of the commencement exercises. With command of language, good voice and delivery, expressive gesture and graceful address, he appeared before a brilliant and learned audience of men and women assembled

in the great auditorium. Appearing on the platform in clothes unusually subdued and elegant, he wore a matchless shirt, adorned with pearls in front and on cuffs; his black hair gleaming and studiously parted. Add to this, white gloves and patent-leather shoes; and you see Fredrick, as he stood serene, facing the spectators of his triumph. Little did those who gazed upon the youth, flushed with success, suspect; that, in bowing them his acknowledgment, he was taking leave of them in their worldly society. Assured of success and favored by wealth and society, he had already renounced the brilliant career that lay before him in the world to become a Servite friar. His father and sweetheart alone suspected his intention. None other knew that he was about to discard his fastidious finery to clothe himself in the habit of the poor friar. The day of his triumph was the eve of his departure. When he said "good-bye" that night to his friends, they thought he was only going for a holiday. The next day, with hands clasped and eyes moist, his human heart about to snap; he bade his sweetheart, whom he named, 'Incomparable one,' 'Good-bye' and left her, his home and parents for the Servite Novitiate."

"Why"—sighed, Shirley Lydon, "didn't he give happiness a chance? How does this brotherhood, you call novitiate, live?"

"Alas, there is no record of sensation in the preparatory life of a novice, except an endless strife against this love we treasure and call life."

"All go through the same routine, day after day, week after week, year after year. Following a rest of eight hours, applicants rise from bed and chant lauds, followed by Mass and mental prayer. Towards noon, all the novices assemble in the chapel for prayer. After the midday meal, some time is spent in recreation. The religious retire to their rooms for study. At the sound of the bell, they again appear in the Chapel. The afternoon is spent like the morning, in work and study; broken by a recreation of about two hours. In the evening, all appear again in the Chapel to chant matins. This ends the office

of every day. A half hour is then spent in meditation or mental prayer. Supper is taken after another recreation. The religious students say the Rosary and night prayers, together, before going to bed. So the life of a Novice of the Servite Order is a continual round of prayer and study; with short intervals for manual work, solitary walk and recreation. Silence is kept by all religious, except during recreation. They are not allowed to speak to anyone, even to their own members; without their directors' permission. It disciplines them. To us of the world, this seems a monotonous life. It is the life led by all clerical students, and was the one Fredrick was disciplined under. There was nothing extraordinary in the religious life of him, except the change from secular endeavor to a life of correspondence to God's grace and an exactness in detail of duty. Here, he spent a half hour mornings and evenings on his knees, in meditation and silent prayer. Had we noticed him serving Mass, with the simplicity of any boy; had we seen him, from time to time, making short visits to the chapel; had we seen him, day after day, doing the same things; studying, walking alone, never speaking nor writing to any one, without permission; serving at the table in the refectory, washing the dishes in the kitchen, sweeping the cloisters and corridors, scrubbing his room, weeding the garden; all to teach him humility, or gathering flowers, to place before his Mother of Good Counsel—Mary, his Fount of Grace and meekness, his consolation in self-strife and weakness, his Virgin most faithful; had we, of the world, seen his constant faithfulness, we would have thought all a waste of time; that Fredrick was burying his talents and trifling his life away. His Mater Dolorosa was always before his eyes, on his desk, near his book, in his room, in his hands and pressed to his lips. It strengthened him in his novitiate. It comforted him in his mournings of love and family. It inspired him in his meditations. It urged him to mortification of the flesh and penance. It moved him to chastity and severity. It strengthened his faith. It inflamed him with love. In short, he made

use of Her of whom—God availed Himself to descend to us. God came to us through Mary. He assumed our human nature in Mary. He imparted His grace to Her that She may pass it to us. Since GOD chose to come to us through Mary, we should not hesitate to go to God through Mary."

"Fredrick gave himself entirely to the Blessed Virgin Mary. He consecrated himself to Her, purely from love, without the least constraint. He offered his body and soul with its faculties, his exterior goods and fortune, his home, his sweetheart, his family, his income for the honor of God and of His Mother, Mary. He dedicated to Her, moreover, all his spiritual and interior treasures; namely: his merits, graces and good works; not only of the past, but also of the future. In short, all that he had or might have in the order of nature, of grace, or of glory. His all he dedicated, without reserve, for all eternity; not expecting any other recompense for his sacrifice, than the honor of belonging to Jesus Christ through Mary; and, in Mary."

"Fredrick, in a certain sense; imitated God, the Father; who gave us His Son through Mary; and, he imitated God, the Holy Ghost, in another sense, who communicated His grace and gifts through Mary, His indissoluble Spouse. Furthermore, Fredrick placed himself in Mary's virginal hands, where he could be compared to a tool in the hand of a workman, or to a flute in the hands of a skillful player. He lost himself to Her. It was a real, effective union and will bring forth magnificent fruit."

"By one thought, by one movement of the will, he could present to himself some spiritual image of the Mother of Sorrows. How sacred is the Interior of Mary—the new terrestrial paradise of the new Adam. The old paradise was but a faint figure of Her. There it is; left there by Jesus Christ; and he would meditate in this new paradise of indescribable riches; for, in this paradise, He took complacency for nine months, working His wonders and displaying the magnificence of God; so, why should we wonder at the peace and

happiness enjoyed by and awaiting Fredrick who lives and dwells in Mary, where the Most High has set up the throne of His supreme Glory? How difficult is it for us, of the world, without the necessary light, to enter into so high an understanding of so holy a life as Fredrick espoused; of which the Holy Ghost, Himself, is the absolute master and protector of the Sanctuary of Mary; and, Who said of Her: 'Mary, my spouse, is a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up.' We, the children of Adam and Eve, driven from the earthly paradise, cannot understand, except by a particular grace of the Holy Ghost; which, like Fredrick, we must first merit. This chosen soul had to renounce all human love; including self-love, which operates in a hidden way, before beholding spiritually the love inspiring and beautiful image of the Immaculate Conception of His Mother of Sorrows. In the natural world also, many are called, like Fredrick, to the state of virginity. 'All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given.' Those who assume these vows assume the Union of the Creature with the Creator."

"Of this, gentlemen," she said, touching the arm of John Langdon, "is the Union indissoluble between the Creator and the Created. Through Mary Immaculate, Fredrick entered into the City of God."

Without doubt, the suppliant's audience was impressed, their souls agitated to their profoundest depths. In unutterable peace, they felt a crisis upon them. An unspeakable something was communicated to them. It must have been a new love for everything the mind and heart could desire enshrouded them. "It is an infinite mystery of love and goodness," said Shirley Lydon. "I shall never, never cease to wonder at the consolation with which this mystic vision of victorious glory has enrapt me," while Langdon knew, for the first time in his mortal experience; and, then, only through supernatural operation, which is a secret of grace, that all the achievements of the human mind, all the knowledge of the world could not bring him nearer to his spiritual beginning. He suspected the identity of the suppliant;

and, in an effort to confirm his thought about her; turned to the photographer, saying, "Our vision is still unmistakable.—It, of course, is supernatural; but, this man—priest is human. Even at God's behest," he explained,—“a loving nature finds it difficult to untie a friendly stronghold. The friar's human love—plighted no doubt amid sincere unction—a marvelous sacrifice; but, what of his human trust, his would-be bride? He did not inviolable keep his plighted troth.”

“To know love's fullness to the last we first must find grace,” injected the suppliant gently, “To find grace, we must first find Mary. Then the height, and width, and depth, and breadth of love in fullest unhampered source is revealed. ‘He that shall find me, shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord.’ Spirit is all there is. The flesh is senseless. Spiritual love is life.” She paused there. Her countenance took on a light like the afterglow of a vanishing rainbow. “When we pass,” she said, “through the transition called death, all our humanity remains intact for a time; yet we cannot see with our fleshly eye, nor can we hear with our human ears, nor can we lisp a syllable with our dead lips. All sensation, all emotion, all human effort is gone. The body alone is there in the flesh. It is human. When the spirit love vanishes, there is nothing left.” “But,” insisted Langdon prudently, “the Friar was indebted to his fiancée. He owed her his worldly heart.”

“That opinion did at first astound me; and, disinclined I was then to credit it; but, when his own report confirmed it, his heart athrob with warm and generous blood, I thought he was just religion mad. Yet, how gentle are the forces that waft us into God's mighty power, and transport us amid the first faint streaklets of approaching dawn into expanded, blazing day! I am Mrs. Mark Leander, the wife of Fredrick's brother, and I am here to obey a sovereign boon—a call of HIM—whose eye unerring sees; to urge my plea for membership in their church fraternity. Ah! now, I understand. An unencumbered soul soars lightly to a more serene scene. Father Leander, sturdily as

the trees topping the mountains, spreading their boughs, sheltering and protecting men and women, is but one of many who are known as members of Orders revelling in the contrite love of HIM, whom all too late I have known." Here, she observed the gloom her words cast on her audience; and, with consideration, urged: "Let no one mourn for Leander;" and, hesitating thoughtfully, she added: "nor extol—nor sympathize with anybody. Their all, in treasure abundance, they bestowed on me, truth—consecrated love, strength of mind of the endless, tireless kind; clarity and unrestricted vision of the soul; light to know the right; and vigor to climb life's ladder to its goal. I sometimes think Fredrick has a finer harmony than have Mark and I. No poisoned thrusts of heresy attack his imagery, nor can doubtful waves assail his contrite love. He, unlike us, lives in a community among unspotted souls, whose human loves, like his and theirs, have been crowned and pierced and crucified in their pilgrimage through this ordeal we call life; but, in reality, it is harmony. Constant contact with these developing souls must echo a melody unknown and unfelt by such as Mark and I. They call themselves Orders of Mercy, Charity, Good Shepherd, Paulist, Servite and many other names. Penitents, they all are; and can be compared to vines made fruitful and flowerful by the plough of probation, and the purging sword of penance. Virgins are the lilies and martyrs are the flowers of flaming crimson in God's own garden. There are passion-flowers beside the hedges and daisies in the field;—all forms of flowers; all forms of souls. So here, near the Columbia, in our beloved America—the external hope of the world, he, Fredrick, is the fruit, which always follows plow and harrow; probation and purge. It is flowering season. His efforts will soon bring forth fruit. Fruit is as lovely as flowers—if it is good fruit. The perfumes that radiate from ripened, gathered fruit are as lovely as any you will find in a garden bouquet of cut flowers. Ripe apples smell as sweet as mignonette, and oranges are spicier than marigolds on spring mornings."

"I know nothing of the business, or the love, or the problems, that must come to such minds as yours," said Mrs. Leander—the suppliant, "and I would flee from mockish piety. Yet, for all my un-wisdom, I have seen many things as clearly, as mellowed, as fitting, as we have seen Jeanne d'Arc. Nothing gives certainty but truth. We cannot follow our own imaginations. Truth is self-hate. The outside self is lust. Then, we must have a Being who is inside (internally) us. 'The kingdom of God within us.' All good is within us, is ourselves and not ourselves. God does inspire us." A vision of quickening dew fell softly on the Lutheran soul of Sophia—the betrothed of Fredrick. Illumination came on her path and pointed her journey's goal. Never was she so eager to accept as she is now to renounce. The single aim of all her days is to live with Him who hath not where to lay His head. The fragrance of this love is for Holy Writ. In this seeming tangle of affection, hidden in briar, will also be found the ripened berry, when all else that testifies to Sophia's loss shall have crumbled and fallen away. These sacrifices will keep her sound at heart with fibers ruddy and inspiration radiant.

The toll of bells chimed out upon the air and seemed to swell with rapture, as the friars filed out to finish their services before the Grotto; and Sophia concluded, "Such love," she said, "is but a symbol of immortality in this mortal episode, called life. May he who came," she prayed, "to sunder the tenderest ties, comfort me in my human love—crucified. I came unheralded with chafing heart. It is now melted in the flame of God's desire. My own human love is dead. I want to live in the love that was crucified and has bled."

V

"All wild flowers soon wither when plucked," said Shirley Lydon to his companion, who had driven over several miles of city streets, in silence since leaving the Grotto. It was the hour when streets burst into light. As their flash illuminated the heights, Shirley was seeking deep in his own heart for the spirit that dwelt therein. He felt, through this search, a sense of the Divine, which was there hidden within himself. Just as the lights flashed around him, there came a flash within him. When in health, he was a silent, reticent man; and had the dual quality of friendship, and a Yankee satire and directness, curiously blended with deep philosophy or dry humor; as occasion warranted. Now, he was a man in the land of dreams and emotions, an unusual plight for his mentality; but, since his health became impaired, he often found himself thinking along happier paths than he did when immeshed in his business life, in pursuit of worldly achievement.

The air and hubbub of the city reached them as the odors of the woods of the gorge died. Two stars flashed in the sky. "They are little flames, glittering; and look to me like souls," Lydon said, pointing towards the distant, shining bodies; one of which appeared to dart through the air as if parting in violent separation. As it burst in the direction of the last ray of the fast ebbing day, suggesting to his mind the dissolution of body and soul, there was a form of moral agitation going on within him, a sort of fraternal feeling towards all beings and things. Lydon was now ready to tolerate and, perhaps, defend this Church which he had reviled and looked upon with curious suspicion, fear, and disgust. Now he felt as if he had had an initiation into a mystery, and had come into communion with an enlightenment that absorbed his being. This religion which men hated as anti-social, corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the Union, and an opponent of "rights and privileges," might not be such a bad thing after all.

In thought, he re-enacted the events of the afternoon. They were driving towards a bridge, over which they had to pass before entering the central part of the city. Bells tolled out their message, a warning signal, putting into his mind a mental image of the bridge of prejudice he had to leave behind him before he could enter into the City of God. As the rhythm died, it told in requiem, as did the falling star, of the violence accompanying his own emotions in the separation of mortal hate from spirit love.

The now vanished starlight and its flying flame changed the thought of Shirley to his wife, whom he had in mind when he said, "all wild flowers soon wither when plucked." This comparison was especially appropriate to Nano Lydon, just as the Grotto, surrounded by all nature in its naturalness, suggested to Shirley Lydon the semblance of her. Nano, like that setting, herself, was very natural; and, why not? Was she not a product of that religion towards which he was so hostile? For, underneath Shirley's tolerant and considerate language as well as beneath the liking he displayed for some priests, there lurked an anti-Catholic mania. The idea that his wife was a Catholic, at times nearly drove him frantic; and this obtrusive fact constantly annoyed him.

Nano had thought about it for years; and, finally, the two souls confronted each other, when she sat motionless one evening and measured herself against Shirley's haughty, cold, and anti-religious opinions.

She decided this bigotry and anti-religious discussion should no longer occur between them. The word of truth, she soliloquized, is Eternal Life. This dark conflict between two united souls must stop; for, intolerance, like all material things, will at last be silenced in matter, its origin. Hereafter, she would not allow her internal self to be controlled by the flesh, its invisible things, or powers. This imperative inner voice of decision appeared so clear and loud, that it never again left her consciousness. Such determination, on the part of his wife, was never divulged to Shirley Lydon; but, just now, the thought

expressed itself to him; and, with an open, singular glance at his companion, John Langdon, he said, in a queer sort of way:

"People, never reckless of a stranger's rights, often create an odd spectacle by the outrage they exchange, with perfect impunity, when married. Refined and polished people make the most cutting, stinging remarks and plant them where they are the most effective; or, if, on the other hand, one is blunt and natural, as my wife, for instance, is, they do not weigh their words. This coalition between Nano, and myself embodies these two kinds of deportment."

"A curious spectacle of the Aristocrat and Democrat," replied Langdon, who had often thought as much during his association with the Lydons.

Nevertheless, Shirley Lydon loved his wife, and she knew it. He had been connecting her life with every object that attracted his mind, since he left the Sanctuary grounds. In doing this, his further remark, so like him, left nothing more to be said, whether it referred to business, politics, religion; or, as, in this instance, to his wife.

"She has a valuable appraisal of men and things." This admission, on his part, was a deduction impelled upon his soul and was an uncontrovertible truth which the intolerant pride of his heart would not permit him to acknowledge to her. Now, this intolerance seemed to die, as he associated her life with the afternoon's experience and remembered her devotion to him; and, with her, associated the devotion of his new friendships; and his recent positive illumination.

When in health, Shirley knew little of the moods that now agitated his conscience. Then, he need not look for spiritual problems. He believed in the qualities and mottoes of Abraham Lincoln, so, too, did Nano, who thought of Lincoln as a great inspiration misunderstood, condemned and hampered; even by traitors within his own ranks, who rose to a higher pinnacle through his steadfast principle, human sympathy, and innate fineness, than any other man, except the Greatest of Men, the Man of Nazareth.

Both Langdon and Lydon felt there was an element in the interview that partook of an inner satisfaction, and, that something was in the priest's manner, which was free from offensiveness or prejudice connected with them, that caused a feeling that prevented speech under their present pressure. Was it that he talked in a mild tone; as if he were, also, seeking insight on a very exceptional subject? They had never seen such earnestness in any business man. Yet, they were familiar with all sorts of humanity. There was a light and splendor in the friar's face that no treasure could create on the countenance of the most successful financier. The standard of business men and that of Christian teachers could not vary to such a degree, that it was some sort of supernatural spirit that caused the remarkable loveliness and depth of feeling radiating about the personality of the friar. His purpose in building shrines could not be more clearly in line with the will of the Creator than the purpose of legitimate business. Why should a blessing from Heaven rest upon him in a special manner? Was it that the business man took all the responsibility upon himself and away from God?

Was the friar's heart eased when he made manifest his resolute zeal? Did he feel a peace when he stood beneath the anguished imagery of the Mother of Christ? Could there be a quieting rhythm that loosened the Infinite clemency and lightened the burden from his, otherwise, weary body? Was there a personal element of affection and peace and union in this review of the motherhood of Mary? Was his own religion influenced by human recollections of his own mother's individual purpose? Was this motherhood an assembled idea, was it a statue or a shadow that assuaged the pain that returned to his mind when he made comparison of natural values? Could there be, in conscious control, an elevation of thought, where the chambers of memory opened a vista from the finite and reached towards the infinite, and showed that loveliest vision of all human affection, the likeness of a mother? Blessed figure of compassion, and of unselfish love!

Agonized mothers, what a relief and peace is embosomed in its mystery. This vision of blessed memory banished pain and consoled body and spirit. Why did other Christians avoid the purpose of the Mother of Jesus? There a petitioner can pour out his cause and problems and purpose. Could his wounds be lulled by the understanding heart of things of mother earth, the atmosphere and the anchorage of the Mother of Christ? What a subtile and delicate union of hearts—a spiritual mother consoling and restoring the souls of men—like the brooding peace of a human mother who understands and gathers her erring children to her life giving soul.

From there, resounds the echo, "Immanuel, Immanuel,"—all nature is pregnant—giving birth and bloom. The green, tender sprouts are waiting for refreshing rain. Even the Mother of God holds her Son in Her arms.

Shirley Lydon had never faltered in any conviction, nor expression of it; and yet, he heard again in the dreamy silence of his mind, the echoes of bitter denunciation. He lost patience with himself. He wished, for a moment, that Nano had run wild on dogma. His agony seemed incurable, as he remembered the mangled malice he expressed publicly upon her. Was he the unbeliever? Had he not been the man of stern commerce? Certainly, his wife, Nano, had never showed anything but respect for his belief. She was not of the intolerant type. What was this spectre, like blindness, that was crawling around his being? He was consumed by a longing for the truth. He had never desired anything but the happiness of all humanity—true, he could not love Catholics. Nevertheless, he had not wished anything dire upon them. Besides, there are many others who dislike Catholics. Did he not hear Nano say, "The right religion is only obscure to the unrighteous." Had he not heard her discuss religion with highly trained churchmen of different beliefs? Why did he let this ignoble ignominy tax his mentality? When he had health, he did not think of churches or their differences. Nano had thought of such matters and now she made no peevish comments. These thoughts arrested his

imagination. He stopped, remained silent for a time, and then as they approached his own home, he said to Langdon, who was occupied with his own thoughts, "There is a tendency in me, regardless of conservative leanings, to invade the precincts of my family life and expose some things to the gaze of yourself and your wife, should you care to see, so, please, pardon my weakness when I yield to my personal feelings in the matter. I feel that my wife's individuality is a joyous trait, only to be compared with her abhorrence of conventionalities. She has neither calling card, nor vanity box; so, if you will drive to your house and induce Mrs. Langdon to dine with us, Mrs. Lydon will supplement any lack of preparedness with an extravagant diversity of food, good welcome, or old-fashioned barn-storm, as the occasion warrants."

The hostile spirit which had defeated Shirley Lydon was being thwarted and the animosities of his mind and heart were draining the last dregs of the cup of prejudice. With resolute will and with his clear, large, gray eyes lighting with an idea, he thought the pursuit of liberty to be as essential now, as it was in the romantic days when he decided to marry Nano. These were blessed thoughts coming in more frequent rhythm caused by the value and power of the mysterious symbolism that, like a dream, had transformed figures of eternal love and tragedy and peace before his mind's eye.

There are times when experiences have a value and power due to something new or startling. In this case, it was due to the great humility, earnestness, and love of the priest; and of his voice that had a note of spiritual longing—all of which passed in swift, shifting view before Shirley Lydon; for, like Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus, he had had a vision which was merely God's way of leading him away from prejudice.

They had rolled up to the home of Langdon; where, in starting up his steps, Langdon suddenly turned to meet his wife. Rejoicing in this earthly love, he walked along with her; his voice so low that Lydon had difficulty in hearing him above the noise of passing motor cars.

Mrs. Langdon, though deeply interested in the plan, hesitated, considering, she explained, whether she should break a previous engagement or arrange that her friends join them at Lydon's home, for, she added, "Mrs. Lydon has personality."

"Personality," repeated Shirley, who was more deeply in love with his wife now than ever. "She has as many of them as the religion of her forefathers has national supplicants; for, lo, she expresses herself and actually looks and acts the thoughts of the various souls she meets; if, perchance, she notices them at all; and," he added, by way of further comment, "at times, she shocks me with her fondness for outraging conventionalities; and, while she has not aligned herself denominationally with any Church since she left the Catholic faith, she has, nevertheless, great skill in expressing spirituality. She can play in the mood of exultation. She can turn a dialogue into a kind of chant. She is sophisticated, but I have seen her appear like the simplest peasant girl. She can submerge herself in the character part of the most polished of women, or act the part of a washer-woman. She can assume the most noble and pathetic impersonation. When among the lowly and afflicted, I can see her like an armoured angel hanging around the county charges who appeal to her. I have seen her lovely and pathetic, with the most appealing accent of voice, by the bedsides of dying Irishmen, who had asked that she be notified of their approaching dissolution. Ah, the tenderness of these scenes!" he soliloquized reminiscently.

"Lydon," injected Langdon, "It is her personality that interests you, and it now behooves us to test her enchantment. We will be with you tomorrow evening, then, Nano can fashion some bewitching thought into a fairyland of fantasy; and, with her, we will gaze into the gateway of eternity; for, it is, in such an atmosphere, that many of us follow the path of Christ and meditate upon the statue of His Mother. This is the unconscious message I took upon myself at the Sanctuary; of stillness with its spiritual image formed in marble. In spite of myself, I am better for what we found, including the vivid-

ness of imagination in the Way Dolorosa and the human moments in the life of the Great Master; and that handsome cleric dressed in cassock cloth."

Back again over the years, Shirley Lydon's mind rolled. Even now, his reverie, darkened by the loss of activity, presented the greatest panorama of his life. "My friend," he said, as Langdon drove towards his home, "Which is happier, an emigrant who finds a lover, or an American who finds a wife?" "I am an American," he continued, as his mind viewed and denounced the great curse of the ages, intolerance—"Organized Christianity has completely obliterated Christ and His teachings. Its war has been carried into our economic structure. That is a foreign influence; and, here and there, it is breaking down the foundations and domes of our early structure of government. If we forget the injustice and bad policy that incite opposition, we cannot preserve this union." As past memories flashed through his mind, he saw old hates take sharp and vivid form; and he was confronted by his countrymen, who wielded powerful influence and were making war on the masses and using intolerance, that they might influence the franchise in open hostility to the consciousness of Christ and contrary to the Constitution of the Union. He thought of the ruling idea of slavery, that mortally perturbed the nation; and he thought of Lincoln; who, if they won, would be as forgotten as are millions of martyrs who died for the principle of expressing their own faith. There were others who developed perverted ideas of ghost-like desolation that fate and luck and circumstances and hostile environment and the naturalized citizens of the Republic prevented their success; while their parasitical lives were buried, through neglect, in mental indolence. Content to drag along in ruts, never seeking constructive, toilsome labor, their ideas remain forever in the unimproved mental environment, and, losing their chance at leadership, they are replaced by men and women who think and aspire and dream. They choose to be victims of their own inertia, and their unfitness is a proof of the law of the survival of the fittest. The indolent and unthinking crowd,

envious of the successful citizen of position, affluence and power, who, in practically every case, achieved his place through constructive thinking;—are like the cattle, void of imagination. They are animals in human form. The physically splendid humans who live in the animal kingdom, crazy in their quest for a thrill, neglect to weave the really valuable ideas, which are able to lay a foundation for increased happiness, freedom and prosperity. In the long run, these mass minds of superficial excitement, frenzied by hate and seduced by the alluring ideas of the flesh are forced to do homage to the thinker. Little by little, they find that their inability is due to mental inertia; and, then, their aspect of life is changed and they, by struggle and by conquering self, may become heirs to the accumulated wisdom of the centuries. In this process of self enrichment, they are on their path to power; for this is the rugged path that every racial leader has trod. View points on religion are as varied as human nature. If God had appointed and endowed only one denomination, it would have been too easy to enlighten the elect; so, in confusion of dogmas, one has to look closely to discern the truth. While, at first, all respond to color, later, we appreciate truth and sincerity; but, in any case, the heaviest human calamity falls upon those who are disappointed in love.—“Love one another,” said the Master. That to love deeply and to realize that our love is returned, and that its sunshine irradiates the gloom of sickness, deformity, despair and financial death caused Shirley Lydon to start in his study of the source of love, as if he had betrayed himself. There was a quality in it that connected with the essence of God, as well as with a reinforcement in the innermost secret of our nature. In this retrospection, his reverie went back to the past.

In review he peered into that past and considered the early evening of a beautiful day's decline, wherein, he saw himself closing up his business affairs in the busy and gay city of San Francisco. It was in the year 1906; and, on one of those miracle May days, known only to that cosmopolitan metropolis, part of whose ebbing hours he spent in the plaza—that haunt that had the odor of violets and of various

unclassed atmospheres that he became mindful of his mental bent and of the discomfort of rising an hour before the sun shot its warmth through the window, whose pleasing outlook opened to the adventure of the plaza and to San Francisco—the city he loved so well. He recalled that it rather perturbed him to think of his morning languor; and, that, as usual, he might fail to answer the telephone call. Consequently, he had a page instructed to rouse him early next dawn. Many, many days had gone since the dawn of that morning, when a violent sensation brought the image of an attendant bestirring his sound sleep. Metaphorically, as it were, he saw himself warding the page away: "Never mind, I am awake!" He could hear himself say; for the unusual leaves a deep imprint that memory never obliterates. Amid this terrific catastrophe, he could see the page submissively depart; when, with a crisis, he was brought to his senses; as he recalled so well, for it was time, as you will see, that he should comprehend the character of this reality, convulsing the city. Wavering at first; and, then, tumbling in spite of lusty skill, he connected his temple with some sharp substance, whose outline grew dim, as perchance, the mark and memory of this encounter will. In retrospection he saw the city, unstable, unsettled and upset. How it roused his versatile mind, as, in fancy, he glimpsed the skill that crumbles men's will. Pondering, he saw himself rush to the street thinking he was the first one through the stairways—where, he had another awakening, when he found he was the last man on the ground. For, there, in the thoroughfare, robed in night's scant attire, alarmed, and in hysterical awe, were members of an opera company. Detached from them, was one who, in happy vision, sang the strain that Saint Francis was known to have sung. For, in her alarm, it appeared the spirit of her was admitted to his secret charm.

Plainly, in the plaza, she stood, almost stripped, as the poor saint would have been; and, like him, misunderstood; since neither the Franciscan nor the opera star possessed anything the world held good. Nevertheless, in review, Shirley saw a picture of truth; that, in the

past, seemed unreal; for, had he not a practical lesson in external expression that fashioned and influenced his mind, until he combined the meaning of the song with the eighth chapter of "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis."

In outstanding view, he saw undisturbed an opera star, in searching and wistful and unquestioning prayer, characterize the Saint in the act of receiving the stigmata. The pale lady a distinct anthem did sing. For, in contrite regret and mental alarm, her type of genius found within the browned, calm image of the Franciscan, encased in the wall of what had been her temporal home, before the seismic disturbance, an inspiration that, quaintly enough, she essayed in song; surrounded by a non-descript throng. It was evident that the soul of the distracted queen of symphony struck a chord of delight in her vision, where treasure is never molested. Her tune struck a new tongue, due undoubtedly to the religious society that the Saint founded; for, the inner light burns brightly when the soul is upset through natural disaster. Thus it was, in this threatening time, the star and the Saint agreed that they could travel together. When the star sang her prayer, the birds took to the air; and, again, they flew away, as when the Saint began to pray, lest they disturb him with their song; and, later, as the birds at Verucchio returned to bask in the light and benefit and be refreshed by the enhanced illumination of the Franciscan's presence, when he had finished his reflections; even so, was Shirley Lydon, by what he saw and heard, subconsciously illuminated by that inner light, that, shining upon the soul, changes the character of man. Had he not already basked in another illumination? Had he not in observing the friar, seen another great secret of fine living and one that suggested a happier cause? The limited nature of an opera star would shrink back from expressing renunciation on our always disturbed plane of limitation. Stigmata or no stigmata, Saint Francis overflowed with irresistible spiritual illumination; and this was the miraculous vision the opera star saw amid the most shocking disaster. Detached, as she was from all earthly help, God seemed so near, that she ob-

tained detachment from self, that was the secret fascination of Saint Francis of Assisi. It influenced all nature. It was a similar consciousness that made manifest the spiritual purpose of the symbol of St. Francis as evidenced in the song the opera star had sung.

Pursuing these scenes, Shirley recalled the glimmering crosses and the dark clouds of smoke and the wayfarers marching from flaming doom and the dismantled city and the powerless dread with which refugees sought the creeds of youth and the dissimilar paths that the city's denizens found to the sand dunes and to the Ocean's rolling waves, mighty as of yore; and, then, suddenly, as if waking from a dream, he dwelt upon the melancholy pleasure he found in watching the leaves flutter and reflect the flaming rays that shot towards the sky, and the smoke like that of a lower nature that restricted the sun's brightness. He also thought of the sense of mortal isolation that gripped him, as he returned to his room in the St. Francis Hotel, and took what he could of clothing that he might go to the home of a friend, whose residence was on the west side of Van Ness Avenue, a fact that permits its existence today. Thoroughly exhausted, with his reason confused regarding the Final Cause, he concluded to permit mystic phenomena to classify their own manifestations. That thought led into the next world. Nevertheless, thought he, something of the Divine here stopped and prevented further destruction. The fire, at this spot, was subdued by the will of an unknown Being, be it an expression of occult spirituality, or a revelation of Divine Power, or of Divine Truth. The tremblings of Mother Earth were laden with seriousness. The silent quivering of the innumerable blades of grass on the sand dunes was heaving and beckoning and bowing in an inspiration of grace, to this unknown Cause.

"Who can read the mystery between the quiver of the lovely blades of grass and the carved and curiously veined earth?" he asked aloud in his solitude, as his human consciousness fell into the cessation we designate sleep; but, which he perceived is a herald of the physical cessation, we call death—just as our shadows are the counterpart of

ourselves. Everything we see and do not understand contrasts like love and sorrow.

Awakening next morning, he found the flames still moving on in the direction of his temporary domicile, accompanied by the populace of the burning city who were harnessed to mattresses and to all kinds of vehicles—conveyances, containing a few of the things they considered most valuable or of absolute necessity—dragging them, they knew not where; it being impossible to see fifty feet away in any direction, owing to the density of the smoke. There was no water to be had, even for drinking purposes. The owner of a magnificent establishment, across the street, had opened large quantities of wine; the servants, carrying it from the cellars, were handing it out to the fleeing inhabitants. Shirley joined the concourse, emptied his suitcase and replaced its contents of clothing with the food a Japanese servant gave him for his journey. Then, with a bottle of wine, he betook himself in the direction of the sand dunes west of the city. There, he decided, should the flames extend to the Golden Gate, he would swim to eternity rather than go there through the fire route.

Shirley's course on Van Ness Avenue had only led him a few blocks, when he met a revenue officer who was giving the happy information that the government was taking refugees on a cutter from the foot of Van Ness Avenue to Oakland Mole. He lost no time in getting aboard one of these marine service steamers which shortly plowed its hasty way through the dense smoke, that had settled over the bay, and was safely lodged at Oakland Mole. There, he caught an inter-urban, which, to his astonishment, was running, loaded with fleeing humanity. Its first stop caused his first normal idea since the devastation. He found it necessary to cast about for a place of abode. Being directed to a house in the immediate vicinity opposite a park, he lost no time in joining other refugees sheltered there, who, like himself, had outlined ready escape to the safety of a plaza in case of another disturbance. This residence was a refuge for a number of young men and women, among whom, was Nano who had arrived from the South a short time before.

In an impressive dream, an incident in the mystical life of Nano had for her, an unusual message. It visualized, that within a brief space of time, she would meet her life's companion; that, by way of confirmation of the accuracy of this dream, she would, later, be further warned of the proximity of the event by the falling of a bough in her path as she passed through a park; also, that this later incident was to demonstrate an additional sign of an approaching catastrophe which would make possible this meeting and its subsequent result. Consequently, when about noonday of the morning before the disaster that befell the City of the Golden Gate, when the sun was at its zenith, and Nano, in company with a companion, was disporting herself in the park, a tree surgeon, operating concealed, severed a bough, whose branches and opening leaves made a shield for the operator; and this bough falling in front of her, blockaded her path. She, instantly, linked the accident with its associating memory of dreamland. It enlivened her imagination. With an outburst of laughter, she recounted the dream to her companion and also to the apologetic landscape gardener.

Later, in the evening upon the urgency of this companion, Elizabeth Johnson, who had learned to know Nano possessed the power of vision, she repeated the story of the dream, and its confirmation. Noting the effect on her audience, Nano maintained a mood of exultation, amusing those whose sense of propriety was outraged by what they were pleased to term the "Superstition of her race." While she did not call herself a spiritualist or anything of the sort, she was mystical enough to know there was no accident in what had happened. To her, it was something that occurred by design. That secret influence instructed a certain few, she knew to be true. The prophecies are to be unintelligible for the wicked. (Dan. XII.) That day, with its incidents, passed as do all things. Next morning brought destruction. Like lightning and tempest, it came to shake material spheres. The fire was still consuming the metropolis of Saint Francis. It was also leveling the hearts of its inhabitants. Thick, black, deep smoke engulfed

everything; ascending; then, descending, the billows of smoke obeyed the moods of the breezes from the sea. Occasionally, a glow saluted the horizon with flashes of flame; and, then, bent to the valleys, to the woods, to the isle of Alcatraz and its Coast chain. There was nothing left untouched—all touching the threshold of heaven. At moments, this thick, dense, form called smoke, encircled the earth; and, later, it arose sometimes with flame to the heights to which all things finally ascend. In the midst of all this, Nano thought, "No wonder souls discover each other, overpowered, as all are by God." For to refuse spiritual help in such physical manifestations was to her mind the superstition of the human family. Was not God in the smoke, in the fire, in the sea, in the breeze, in all life of the sea, in all trees, in the mountains, in every place, in everything? Was not the likeness, and the only image that was a likeness of God, her spirit, and the spirit of the sea, the spirit of the flaming city, the spirit of the breeze, the spirit of all nature, was it not life, the only life? Was it not in and of all things? Could it not go through smoke, walls, subterranean passages; ideas, hopes, sorrows, joys—everything? Who can fail to see Spirit—or God, or life, or mind, or whatever term one knows Him by, in all phenomena? If one did not recognize life—God—in the external manifestation, who, then, could scoff at those who could see God in spirit? Then why fear fire, destruction, earthquake, poverty, loss, sickness, or death? "Ah!" she soliloquized, "these traitor thoughts, fear, and disbelief; they ruin man's power."

Amid this devastation, Nano found great pleasure in moulding her opinions according to her faith, which she associated with all things. Her heart would kindle and grow dim at the revealed joys and pains felt by her in such comparisons. A human grief sprang up in her mind, when she thought of the life of an old clergyman, whose existence was responsible for her sojourn around the bay. She feared, on account of his incapacity, he would be burned in the holocaust then raging. A flame of thought flashed upon her. She decided to go to the burning city from which all humans were in flight, and deliver

this old gentleman; or, as the case might be, assure herself of his safety. Yielding her action to this impulse, she happily found it unnecessary to approach what was to be the last earthly domicile of the object of her concern. The aged and beloved clergyman was beyond the conflagration; for, Providence had caused it to cease, miles away from the sanitarium that nursed him in his infirmity which became absolute three years afterwards.

So great was the confusion everywhere, that no one missed Nano from her Piedmont home until bed time. Then, urged by responsibility on the part of her companion, an unceasing search followed, which resulted from Elizabeth Johnson's serious concern as to Nano's probable whereabouts. Another day and night of anxiety passed. During the time, the story of Nano's dream occurred to some of the searchers. The idea that it might have developed into immediate marriage under such mental stress was not considered at all unthinkable. In this state of affairs, they argued anything could happen.

When Nano did arrive, or rather appear (for they saw her as an apparition), the coat of Shirley Lydon was hanging on a rack in the hall near where the searching crew, whom Elizabeth had enlisted, were seated expressing their individual beliefs concerning her disappearance. Continually, they linked her departure with the dream, the repetition of which to some of her male friends was evident proof that something was queer. The thought had taken form. Abruptly, she appeared. They looked upon her as if she were a ghost. She surely was a spectre. When she saluted them, she exclaimed pointing to the rack upon which Shirley Lydon's coat hung.

"There's the coat of the man I will marry."

Mr. May, an importer, native of Hawaii, who was one of the searching party became so overcome by her remark that he could not associate it with any mysticism.

Noticing their excitement, Nano's ingenuity to combine ideas with ludicrous effect impelled her to search, as if bewitched for the man. Meanwhile repeating enchantingly, "There's the coat of the man I will marry."

Her audience was now hushed and remained dazed and in a state of expectancy, and Elizabeth said, "Nano, hush, he is in there," pointing towards the parlor.

"Well said, my friend and fellow mourner," responded Nano, retrospectively which was a subterfuge, for she, in turn, was shocked to find a man looking on, doubly bewildered; for, since he had gone through the earthquake, he was hardly capable of withstanding another preternatural manifestation.

Meanwhile, Nano now found herself compelled to play a different role, which she promptly did by sheepishly withdrawing to her own apartment, where she mused amid new visions of love.

"It is true," she soliloquized, "we leave a little of ourselves in everything. Perhaps my prank has entwined a circle of love thought around his presence. It certainly started something in me. Were his big, grave, gray eyes made large by my antics, or was he entertained by my performance. Could it overmaster and enlarge his eyes?" Such were the engrossing thoughts that lulled her to that restful unconsciousness, sleep which she often thought must be a taste of the pleasure of eternal peace.

Four weeks passed before Nano was again thrown in contact with Shirley Lydon. The next meeting was as impromptu as was the first. It happened that she had a relative who was visiting in Rome. He cabled an urgent inquiry concerning her welfare, when he heard of the devastation that had befallen San Francisco. Due to the general confusion, its delivery was tardy.

VI

An instant before, Nano was engaged in repartee with Mr. Mays whom she knew to be versed in many tongues. Naturally, upon the delivery of the cablegram, the conversation lulled. Mr. Mays, in the meantime, disappeared. Thinking he was still back of her, Nano held the open telegram over her head and said, "Please translate this; you, of Latin tongue."

Receiving no response and still holding the message upright, she turned; and, in doing so, beheld Shirley Lydon standing where Mr. Mays had been a few minutes before; but not noticing her.

The unusual always allured her attention. Noticing he wore cloth-top shoes, she again shocked him by contemptuously exclaiming, "I'll marry a count or a man of no account." Whirling in front of him with a sense of contempt and shame, somewhat as she would maneuver past titled individuals in the old world, "Who," she asked sarcastically, "ever saw an American gentleman in cloth top boots?"

Those acquainted with the incident that led up to this outburst enjoyed it. Consequently, in a conversation of the deaf and dumb sort with her confederates whom she met before the fire and who happened to be present, it was told her that this man would complete the dream. They made eyes and all form of suggestive facial and mental moves. Finally, then, suggested a walk around Lake Merritt. Amid the most melodious harmony of love larks, the jaunt was undertaken by the refugees in this Piedmont domicile, all of whom joined in the silent nods and signals, just mentioned.

"A life beginning with love, and ending with ambition, is the one I choose," said a fellow refugee who was considering a joyous theme.

"Well said," responded a matron, promptly, "as long as we have ardor, we are amiable, when it dies, there is a vacancy for ambition. A mediocre mind would not enjoy an active life. The more mind we have, the more noble the passions are; since they are thoughts of

the mind and belong to it. The imaginative mind has a suppleness which knows and holds to the things it loves."

Chatting constantly in idealistic strain, which soon led to the cause of our existence—love—, they traced it as the source of life in its Divine form. They traced it to inspirational influences in its astral form. They pressed Nano for a definition. She said, "In fragmentary order, I recall some treatise of my school days upon two kinds of love. It explained external love, which people, without religion, confuse with internal love. Their sentiment, it told, is an external, or human love. If further, we possess phases of sentiment, or minds as you say," she reasoned, nodding in deference to the matron of metaphysical faith, "namely internal (spiritual) and external (physical) and combine both, its possession is full of strength and flexibility. Without knowing what is occurring internally, love enshrouds us. Our disposition to love develops in proportion to the perfection of our minds. The possession of both minds is very pleasurable in love," she added. Then, in serious mood, she concluded, "When we descend to the depths of life's misfortune, we return to God, love, life; and, there lies the proof of religion. My religious opinion ever places heaven and happiness on earth, so I paint life and love into every scene."

Nano was distracted by her companion, Elizabeth Johnson who was designing escapades of her own imagining and whose plot was made difficult as it had to be worked out through facial symbols and nods which were not always understood by her fellow conspirators; and, who, in order further to confuse Nano, inquired, "What do you see in the day's passing glow?" To which, Nano replied reverently, "That flame that salutes the horizon is a heavenly messenger. Its flaming power inspires thoughts of immortality," she continued, oblivious to the disappearance of her audience that followed Elizabeth; who, purposely, was taking an opposite course with the intention of separating Shirley and Nano from the party. Gracefully bending toward the edge of the lake where they stood and facing the region

of the sky's thickest outline, she continued, "Behold the cloud just now touched by the life substance of light; while, yonder, it is impregnated with fire as if the spirit of Being had rent and consumed it in part. Thus, out of the demoralization of matter, arise canticles of praise and love. In that flashing light, the fancy of me can see, in imagery, the astral bodies of inhabitants; who have departed from this terrestrial sphere." "Really"—she said, turning to address her vanished audience, "All the world is a drama and all of it, thank God, is mine, and"—she did not finish her philosophy of nature as her eyes in sketching the immediate vicinity in search of her companions, impelled her unerring judgment to guess the intention that prompted her friends to leave her without warning. With reserved merriment and in a tone of intended action, she exclaimed, "They left me in my idealistic strain," hesitating amid a tender play of expression upon her features; she said, taking Shirley by the arm, "Can we surprise them by beating them to their retreat; and, perhaps, spoiling their further design?"

Accordingly with brisk step and jaunty manner, they hurried over the highways that led in the direction of the Piedmont home where the group were evidently intending to go. Nano now chatted merrily, while Shirley engaged himself in delineating the events he was going through. It exhilarated and enlivened him. He found himself concerned regarding the belief Nano espoused; and, as soon as the conversation lulled, he asked what she read along spiritual lines.

Nano replied, "In school, I read a little book and memorized its contents. It was the New Testament. I also knew, through and through, a smaller book called Catechism—Then, I read the Lives of the Saints, and many beautiful stories and essays; as well as little classics, so frequently, that special passages and their inner meaning lodge in my mind and prove a constant source of delight. Often, I find myself quoting passages of the passion of Christ which have a special appeal," she concluded with pathos. "Perhaps it represents the unconscious dolor of my life."

"Your aspirations," he answered, "are tender and mysterious, your contemplations are unique."

"There is no other choice," rejoined Nano, "except the future and its activity. The hidden germ of all religion, all true literature, all logic," she concluded with the clearness of the elect, "narrows down to the high dawn of that eternal mystery; that, in moments of insight, touches, 'Thy Kingdom come.'"

Nano and Shirley reached their destination where, through the echo of voices and outbursts of mirth, they were made to realize that their companions had arrived.

Thwarted in their preparation for whatever escapade had been planned, the friendly conspirators became quiet, as Nano, apparently disillusioned, bade Shirley, "Good-night" and adjourned to her own apartment, where she found Elizabeth in bed and silent; which, also was unexpected. She did not remain quiet long enough to give Nano much time to muse. Instead of waiting, she exclaimed, turning around in bed, where she was dressed ready to play her act. "He kissed you?"

"No," responded Nano, unwittingly, "but, if he does not propose tomorrow, I will die."

The other conspirators gathered in an adjoining room planning ways and means to culminate the dream of this mysterious, merry, unfathomable girl, they were learning to love; and, at whose idealistic trend, they never ceased to wonder.

Always making the best of given situations, Nano stood distracted in love,—her spirit, full of emotion, entirely beyond her control. A murmur behind her and a dim light streamed at her back.

"Hush! Hush!" she exclaimed buoyantly, as she thought of the plot among her friends now verging into humorous proof. Turning, she swept to the door; and, in the moment that the conspirators confronted her, all the love she possessed passed into her soul. Her cheeks and her eyes lent the luster of fire and words warm and wild surged from her heart. "Your whispering humor," she said with

extraordinary tenderness, "and rejoicing must involve all things that pass and repass and must involve all who worship me to whom you are so devoted. I know you want to aid me in my love unabashed; for, whatever is holy, we can always avow. In truth, I have traversed the deep sea. Its tempest was rough; yet, calm, when compared with this paroxysm that assails me now. It is surging and shocking. It is headlong and foremost. A pilgrim in the land of the free—no more my soul in solitude will be."

Encased as she was in the center of the group who were making merry with her; and, who, having caught her spirit with the most curious instinct, turned into song her utterances whose chorus echoed through the house—.

"I am mad, I am glad, I am sad," sang they.—"This Yankee dazzles the sight of me. I vision an idol that is blind. It is an idolatrous symbol to me. I can trace nothing original or brilliant in his face, nor do I see," she said understandingly, "a broad path or a brilliant career. Sure, Cupid, my dear, we are just pilgrims that trust to the muse. We pluck the gifts that are high, and are deep; Ah! love, meteoric, for which I have waited impatient so long, I clasp you," she murmured, delicately kissing the group of friends individually,—*"Where could I find you but in the long promised land of the free?"*

Continuing in his reverie, the serious Shirley Lydon, unacquainted with lightness of mind; especially, since forced to retrospection to which he had grown accustomed, sat where he spent weeks and months without seeing anyone. His favorite place to lounge being a big velours chair in front of a blazing or flickering fire. Perhaps, it was pleasant to hear the street noises or to enjoy the screening boughs over his apartment; or, perhaps, there were hours and days of regeneration. However that might be, he seemed to enjoy wondrous delight and smiled happily as he continued to crystalize these sentiments into the scenes remaining in his memory and he thought of another evening when Nano had an unusual caller in the person of an eccle-

siastic of the highest office, excepting that of Pontiff, who happened to be in California, unheralded, and on an unknown mission. In company with the grandsons of a South American president, who were attending school in the United States, this churchman called to inquire concerning the whereabouts of a relative who had wired from Rome some days before in regard to Nano's welfare. His eminence arrived in San Francisco, the night before the fire and had been domiciled with a French priest in the Latin district where the Cardinal had relatives. In his search for Doctor McMahon, the Cardinal found Nano; and, upon his establishing his identity, she asked him to dine with her that evening at the Piedmont refuge.

In his reverie, Shirley thought of Nano's intense interest in the Cardinal and her joyous expression of pleasure as the Cardinal accepted her persistent and earnest invitation. Still clinging to this recollection, he remembered her face showing respect as she swept by him to urge a few of her most brilliant acquaintances that they accept, in haste, an invitation in order to honor such a distinguished ecclesiastic. Among those whom she asked, was the well known author, John Manchester and his physician, Doctor Olds. Another author, of French origin, accepted the invitation so that she might meet and pay her respects to the unusual guest whom she knew of old, abroad. Other guests included a couple of ladies of spiritual and social recognition. Then there was a somber change in the manner and deportment of the Piedmont refugees; who, while they, like Lydon, had curious ideas concerning anything that had to do with Nano yet would gladly postpone their own dinner in order to listen in at the other, if good behavior allowed.

What was that charm which she diffused? And, yet, she tormented Lydon's own friends, who called later that they might look her over. And, then, the memorable incident of the evening, when his friends were seated in the room that opened into the dining room where the contrasting personages of Church and literary fame were dining in company with certain persons by no means so distinguished:

—as, for these personages; especially that strange prelate who wore a beard and looked more like a rabbi, except for the red that showed Roman Catholic. He was jovial when recounting his own experience throughout the catastrophe; and, then, the memory of that plague of a boy, Jensen, who, not knowing what was occurring, but seeing others seated in the reception hall, joined them. Considering his brief stay at the place, he had an established reputation among the refugees. There was something irritating in his personality which tormented the physician, as it had so many others.

Mistaking his curiosity for intrusiveness, the doctor, with an emotional value that would be a lesson to any actor, stood still, turned pale; and, attacked the intruder, saying; "There are riddles and types; but, young man; there are degenerizing properties about your presence which I cannot stand. Whatever it is, it surges upon me and maddens me. Either you or I have to leave."

And then, Nano rushed to defend Jensen, an interesting and unforgettable incident. It was because Nano had an understanding heart; that, with all hospitality and with the audacity of the wild colleen, she went as a darting comet to the defense of the intrusive Mr. Jensen, before he realized what it was all about or just what had happened. Nor did she, in this amusing predicament, fail to encounter and challenge the disgust of Lydon's friends who were about to leave, one of whom gave expression to their disapproval of the exhibition of intolerance. There, in review, Shirley saw his friends standing aghast, while waiting for their hats—and one of them menacingly asking, "Are all her friends like that?"

"No," responded Doctor Olds, with an odd gesture, pointing to himself, "her friends are not like that, nor like this," he added, looking benignly upon his patient, the author, who was well known to have no hankering after adornment. This fact was proven by his amazingly ugly clothes.

Nano, as primitive as her earlier ancestors and as steadfast as a star in heaven in her defense of the weak, rushed to the defense of

the young Mr. Jensen; and got him away, before he knew the deprecations that were about to fall upon him.

A new imagery arrested Lydon's spirit as he clung to the scenes of that not too distant past and recalled the spirited manner in which Nano described the infirmities of his friends. How she could, in that hasty move, so quickly detect the minor deformities that tormented them was a thing that awakened and held Shirley Lydon's interest. He knew her to be equal to any plot evolved around her or against her. "Even in her wilfulness, she shines," Shirley Lydon soliloquized, as he now visualized anew his friends, waiting for their wraps, and heard Nano, in comic picture, capture the hearts of her auditors by particularizing them individually according to their special peculiarities. Once more, in that colorful mixture of distinguished guests, he saw Nano enter the room and voice her observations: "Proud Brow, Frozen Face, and Frosty Eye would dim the worship of my fancy. I am a pilgrim that trusts to the Instructor that in spirit dwells. A love made in heaven and clearly mirrored in a dream cannot be crushed, for it is an echo of a voice unseen."

Lydon's face glistened as surging thoughts implanted his old sentiments. Anew, he viewed himself putting action into what Nano's looks directed—handing his friends their hats. Incidentally, he chuckled aloud as he considered her coup de theatre effect upon her return to the dinner; when, with certain notes and ripples in her voice and dramatic directness that proved the French in her manner, she said:

"Your Eminence and my friends. This is a matter that concerns a wound of the heart unless my nature changes, or that dignified gentleman broadcasts his esteem, the injury will be too deep for the mending skill of our physician—whose outburst," she added roguishly, "enables me to uncover my heart for your consideration."

In unison, they toasted to Nano's heart's triumph; to which she happily responded. "I wonder where all my friends come from. I think the world is full of wonderful people. Sure as the fairies live and caper, they send me friends without warning, even when I am

standing on the brink of a new career." It was, of course, to be expected that the others in this Piedmont home would not let the matter drop; now, that Nano and Shirley Lydon had met, and had had a little conversation. It was too good a chance to test the value of dreams and premonitions.

Accordingly, they resolved that the affair be brought to a conclusion without delay. The time chosen by the friendly conspirators was the next morning at breakfast; but, as Mr. Lydon did not appear, the place intended for him, next to Nano, remained vacant, and the occasion was postponed until dinner. At dinner-time, all were present and seated according to arrangement. Opposite to Shirley Lydon and Nano, sat the one who was to spring the question; and he did.

At a pre-arranged signal given from the head of the table, general conversation quieted down to silence; and, looking directly at Shirley Lydon, the friendly conspirator sitting opposite very distinctly asked, "When are you two going to get married?" Nano said nothing, wondering what Mr. Lydon would say. He said nothing, for he did not realize the question was for him. Silence for a moment, and then the question was repeated with unmistakable directness. Shirley Lydon, being a man of quick decision, a habit which he has followed throughout his life and exercised in all matters, whether serious or trivial; and, being now confronted with a question that did not bring with it materials for debate, replied without hesitation, "I will marry Miss Nano the first day she will marry me." This put the matter up to Nano and she, not desiring postponement beyond the present month, gave her decision; "I will marry you the first Wednesday in June." And, even so, it was.

They were married the first Wednesday in June.

To those who knew of the matter at the time as well as to those who later heard about it, this very unusual matrimonial procedure became an incident to be cited when any one had the temerity to assert that foresight and visions are without significance. To Nano, as might be expected of one imbued with folklore and tradition and

consciously possessing mystic powers and qualities; this, her strange manner of betrothment, was one more proof and example of the fact that outside of and beyond ourselves are forces that make for us the events of our lives; and, that, when we get a glimpse of that which is to come, we call it a premonition; and these premonitions from their mystic source having validity, must of course, come true.

This memory opened new fountains of recollection that brought him new gifts of happiness to which his mind had not time to anchor, as friends calling, explained that they had just proceeded from Langdon's who had left their home for the evening that they might hear of folklore, patriotism and pilgrims. "Or of the Glen," added Mr. Touhy, who said he knew Nano before she was born and said that he could repeat legends and tell narratives of her cherished home that he was certain she did not know because she had never heard them related.

"Warn Mrs. Langdon," whispered Shirley Lydon, "and tell her not to be surprised at any picturesque outburst as memories agone capture Nano's imagination." It happened that all of the party that called upon the Lydons were important business people whose financial efforts would have classed them in other parts as blooded aristocrats. They touched quickwittedly upon many themes; and, when their scattered talk drifted to and focused upon the heart story of Nano who had been called away, an atmosphere of human interest that corresponded with the vision and throb of Celtic thought and its scenes was easily traceable in the intensity of this evening's informal meeting.

"Irish legends contain such pitiful incidents, although they are so true; that, even with the license that is permitted the story writer, they would seem to be utter exaggerations, if written as fiction," said Mr. Touhy in a typical way with a knowing kind of wisdom in his large blue eyes.

VII

One crisp evening in the late fall of 1889, in the parish of Clontarf, County Mayo, Ireland, a tall figure was seen going from cabin to cabin, in the village of Cross, one of the hamlets of the parish.

The form of the Master was well known to the villagers, many of whom followed him to the hut of the Widow Frany, where a small assemblage of men were gathered. In his hand, he held a proclamation which he read. It was an address presented to the King of England at an earlier period begging him to suppress industry in Ireland.

"Wherefore, we most humbly beseech your most Sacred Majesty that your Majesty would be pleased in the most public and effectual way that may be to declare to all your subjects in Ireland that the growth and increase of the woolen manufacturers there has long been and will be ever looked upon with great jealousy with all the subjects of this Kingdom." "The King complied, Parliament completed it and a means of enforcing this economic law is now being devised in the gilded, glittering hall of the Landlord Matty's palace in the upper part of the parish," said the Master, crushing the paper he had read, in his clinched hand. "Oh! the lamentable misery of it, while we meet in this cabin held together by four walls of mud, with its roof of straw and rolled sod, its meager turf fire giving small heat to our barefooted, famished gathering. There, too, is that force of Constables which public indignation has branded 'Crowbar Brigade' who demolished the cabins of five thousand families in the last three months. Yesterday, here in this village among our own dear people, I saw fifteen cabins in conflagration. Our entire population is degraded by the spectacle of those who go about begging and those who die of starvation. No one can go through the country without feeling that an enormous crime has been committed by the government, unexampled in any land. But, alas, my fellow villagers, here is the most heart-rending feature of all in this tragedy; that, every year of this condition, or famine, the soil of Ireland itself yielded produce in

sufficient abundance to supply three times its own population. In one day, there came from Ireland to London 11,050 quarters of grain, 1,200 cows, 3,500 sheep, 2,000 pigs, 2,000 quarters of wheat, 211 tons of meal, 308 horned cattle, 5,400 barrels of flour and oatmeal, 7,700 firkins of butter and 2,000 fletches of lard; while, from New-ray, there were shipped to England, in the course of a few days, eleven vessels laden with wheat; not to mention the steamboats that start four times a week carrying cattle, butter, eggs, etc."

"How can we stand such horrors? Their bayonets and clubs can no longer restrain us. We must organize the marrow and bone of our people for conflict. We have a freedom won that is the natural fruit of Irishmen's efforts. These efforts of resistance, made by the people, were expressions by the people against the robbery from them of their nation—but, alas, they have not been continuous. With the union, came upheaval. Irish government was transferred to England. The Anglicization of Ireland began with Catholic emancipation, and the right it gave to Irish representatives to sit in an English parliament. Again, through British diplomacy, the national spirit was invaded, to the end that the English language became the language of education and fashion; and, here is the subtlety of propaganda aided by the National Schools; and, in the beginning, many imported teachers were chosen because they could not speak the Gaelic. In company with this peaceful penetration, the Gaelic language died when the natives had adopted a new language, and looked to England for government; and they gradually learned to see in English habit and life the culture and models on which they fashioned their own. Ah, poor Ireland, the gifts you got through Catholic Emancipation (which was part of the plan of English diplomats and propagandists), land acts and such, while not as destructive as evictions, such as we now are enduring; yet, they helped in the demoralization system, or process. These privileges wrung from England, no doubt brought helpful changes, but, alas, the people formed a habit of looking to a foreign government and authority; and, finally, as was so well known to the

British Empire builders, they came to lose their self-respect and self-reliance; and, with it, their natural strength. This system taught them to turn their backs upon their own country. Ireland became the beggar of rich England who robbed her. We nearly lost our national identity." Here the Master paused, his black eyes shooting sparks of light, as if they were on fire within him; as he said, in a mysterious tide of vision: "We will have to use the freedom we have now to achieve full freedom. We are on the only road to complete the work begun centuries ago. We must restore Irish history. We must educate our countrymen to a national ideal. We must renew our strength and refine ourselves in our own Irish culture. We must become again the real Irish of our own distinctive race. We must make real the freedom of which our old ballads sing; and, for which, men fought and died."

"A bare few know the truth of Ireland's yesterday, so skillful was its concealment for the benefit of the Empire builders. Who can guess what tomorrow will bring to her? Indeed, few appreciate what is happening today. May we live to see 'finis' written to the domination by the British."

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THE MASTER—RENE AROU.

The Master, now more affectionately known as "Rene Arou" was an Irishman by adoption and marriage only. He met his wife, Maria McMahon in his beloved France when she there attended the seminary of the Madames of the Sacred Heart. Later, they settled in Ireland, where they built a cottage of single story stone and white-washed; made of rock from the mountain side and named it "THE GLEN," for it sat between two hills, either one of which the visitors would have to cross in order to enter the hamlet. The Glen differed from other cottages in Ireland, in that it was not nestled in a village; and, instead of a thatched roof, it had a slated one. It was not finished when Rene was appointed National School Inspector, an important gift of the government. He was quick to catch and communicate the

flash of sympathy that puts souls in harmony. This faculty endeared him to the Irish. He soon found that the name of every village told a story. "There is poetry and legend in and about these people," he would say. He read O'Curry, whose works he had great difficulty in getting. He found the people did not read much. It was as perplexing for them to get literature as it was for him to secure O'Curry's books. The policy of the Crown saw to that. What the people love better than anything else is the tales they tell when they sit around the hearth in the long winter evenings. So, he studied Gaelic, in order to catch the real meaning of the legends he learned to love. He knew mother-speech to be the vehicle of the tenderest intimacies; and, without native speech, ancestral lore loses its charm.

He would counsel with his opponents concerning what they were pleased to call the revival of a dead language; and, with pithy points, resent the suggestion that the English language should mean commercial prosperity; the garment of the soul is the language of its people; and Ireland would be poor, if it were robbed of the spirit of its Celtic garb, in speech. So Rene sat in and busied himself, in company with young Irish patriots, studying and adapting Gaelic to the needs of modern science, so that the Irish might think contemporary ideas into their vernacular. The story conveyed to the mind by the old tongue charmed him. Take the County of Donegal, Dunaan-Gall—the Fort of the Stranger. That tells the story of the coming of the Danes, their absorption by Ireland unto herself, as she did the Normans and the Saxons, who came later. He liked to trace the sympathy of the Lancastrians for the Celt and enjoyed the grumblings of Cambrensis who noted the relation between these kindred people—"Man is Mona," he would say. The Celts applied it to the Isle of Man; it refers to the Sea-god, Mac Lir; again, Dungloe-Dun means a fort. The word gloe means forgotten strife or confusion. Fintown, is a memory of the Great Fionn. He was known in Ventory Harbor. The Rock of Sybil Head—or Korin Unflac—The jaw of the Raven; the rock looking like a wild bird. Change the name and that

bit of observation is lost, "and this is my grievance," the Master would comment against English, "It takes away the poetry of the race." He would say with a delightful flare of gesture, "Listen to this tale of history: Every town beginning with the prefix Cahir was a fortress of stone; while Armah—means the hill of Macha, who was a queen in the long ago; Balleyferriters, or town of the Ferriters, and then the memory of Pierce Ferriter was suggested, and the story in poem that he wrote about the harp, following his persecution by the government."

In this way, Rene learned of the dim forgotten far off things and battles of long ago; and he decided to help keep alive the ancestral spirit, as the finest gift a Frenchman can give to the land of his adoption and the home of the McMahons. He always associated the name McMahon with memories of French revolutionary times.

So he would sit, entire evening, around turf fires in inns; or, at the hearth of the villagers, listening to the tales and the desperate despair of battles fought against the most unreasonable odds; which would be won, at times, through the quick wits and strategy of a spalpeen. Deprive a nation of its liberty and you find being developed a talent unsuspected, which finally leads to triumph. This truism, the Master would argue, made the Jewish race the financial brains of the earth. They could not own a foot of land in any country, so they accumulated wealth. The Irish cannot rule their own land, so they are among the rulers in every land; and, between these two races, is this chord of understanding and sympathy. Powerful combinations are they. Persecution means destruction and brings it to its executioners, such is the law. The Irish, deprived of national consciousness, knows its necessity. The Jew, deprived of ownership of land, masters the art of accumulating gold.

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In a jaunting car one late winter evening, Rene drove in a listless musing mood along the hedged roads leading from the village of Aherlow; where he had been in inspection of its National School.

When suffering from chill, it was the custom of his time, to drop in at inns, heat a mug of porter with hot irons provided for that purpose and sip its contents. Admitted to the comfort of the public-house, Rene threw himself carelessly on a stool near the hearth, faced the door with his back, and leaned against the fireplace.

A High Sheriff was drinking half-and-half with a stranger. They were discussing almost inaudibly the Independent movement.

"By way of contrast of races," said the sheriff; "England was quick to see that the Independent movement would have a thorn in its side by injecting religious difference of opinion. Truly, it was apt tactics for the Crown to place the Scotch in the North. Their Presbyterianism made fertile soil for Irish contentions between what is known as the north and south."

"Yes," agreed the stranger, "does anyone believe that England is not using the National Schools to forward the Empire's interest? There's the Master sipping his hot porter. What does he think of it? For instance O'Connell was a—"

Rene caught the challenge before the stranger finished his sentence and with a solemn dignity said: "Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak. You were about to discuss O'Connell, in connection with your contentions. He was a product of this sinister menace and perversion—'PROPAGANDA.' He was stirred, for the moment, to national consciousness by the teachings of Davis. He urged national liberty, doing nothing to win it. He feared revolution or any movement of the sort. Himself, a Gaelic scholar, he ate the British propaganda and adopted the English language; so little did he suspect the subtle evolution being enacted by English agents in the shape of teachers; and, sometimes, clergy, who were also unsuspecting. O'Connell's aim was to see the Irish people a free Catholic province of Britain, prosperous, of course, without national distinctiveness. In reality, he acquiesced to a condition which was bringing about Irish spiritual decay. The people can prosper without being materialists. They did so in the days of yore. Ireland was among the most spiritual

and prosperous of the inhabitants of Europe, in past times. But, since the Isle has been swept by destitution and famine, the spirit of the people has come near to extinction. The needs of the body being more adequately satisfied, the spirit will reach out to its own higher things. We want such natural welfare as will give the Irish spirit its freedom. We are now crushed into such destitution that we are living, practically, the lives of beasts. With such unsound economic conditions, the spirit also decays. Alas, poverty and ignorance are mortal, deadly sins."

"As for the use the Crown has for the National Schools, I have no delusions; nor am I unmindful of individuals, selfish and ruthless, who use their official connection and so conduct affairs that they serve their own special ends. This propaganda," said the Master with a cold fury in his black eyes, "is beyond all sufferance; but, thank God, whatever man shall do to men, the Supreme Judge shall do to them."

"The caution of the older people of this age, or of the O'Connell age will not determine the fate of Ireland. If it would, we would be nothing more than a Crown colony. Our youth must continue to go out into the bogs among the heather for shelter and vow never to lay down their arms until we are a free people."

"He fears not to speak," said the High Sheriff, gasping as if he almost had apoplexy. "We had better not be found in the company of a fettered rebel, even by his own consanguinity," he concluded as he tightened the "Bobby's Cap" firmly on the side of his head, as if to shut out the crisp frost air, they were about to enter.

The bar-maid vainly attempted to ape the High Sheriff when he left the inn. It was a brief burlesque, which was handicapped by the entrance of a skirmishing youth; who, following a quick glance around the quarters, said with the customary reverence of the times; "God save all here," bringing the usual response, "God save you kindly," in unison from the occupants.

The visitor was Rory O'More, scout of the young Ireland movement. "Bad 'sess to yourself," said the bar-maid, "I thought you were a red jacket."

"Arrah! faith no," was the quick response of the scout, "but, bad luck to them, they're near enough. They're on their way from the barracks, headed for Clontarf parish, with eviction processes to serve on poor Peggy Frany, and are fifty in all. Begory, one of them, said they're afraid of Maria McMahon, because she likes Peggy so fondly. Sure, if I were a banshee," he, glancing at Rene, "I couldn't be after bringing a worse piece of news or a more gloomy feeling."

"Another soul lashed by the whip of tyranny," sighed the Master, as he left the inn. Mounting his side-car, he drove along hedge-fringed lanes, taking his course to the right. As he reached the Cross Roads, he made his way through a few villages before he reached the cut-stone school of Cross, in which he first taught. "Ah! verily," he spoke, as if it were a moan, "I am come to the end of the antique world, County Mayo."

The report of revived evictions spread in the magical way that such news goes in Ireland. Men, women and children from all the villages for miles around the Glen were at the Cross National School. Everything was silent, save the croaking of frogs in a near-by pond. Rene sensed some oscillation that forced him to enter the school, where he found the gathered villagers. All the inhabitants of the villages seemed to be present, except his wife—lovingly known among them as Maria McMahon. She was the only one missing. She was at the hut of Peggy Frany, busily engaged making Indian meal porridge, commonly known among the villagers, as "spatter-the-hob" an appropriate name, if one observes the habit of Indian meal when being cooked; this being the ridiculous weapon she decided to start combat with. It was all they had.

Peggy was sitting as outlook on the stile; her baby tied with a Paisley shawl, ready for the road. Hearing an irregular sound of footsteps in the distance, she saw approaching her mud hut the strangest procession that the parish of Cross had ever witnessed, composed

of barefooted young men and young women; the men carrying black-thorns and the women and children carrying stones.

"Arrah! Maria Machree," roared Peggy, running into the hut, "It's the tinkers that's coming, sure; they're better than the Red Jack-ets. They won't kill you entirely, anyhow." Girls bred in Ireland are known after marriage by their maiden names. Consequently, the Master's wife was to the natives, the same Maria McMahon of girlhood, regardless of her marriage to the Master, Rene Arou.

Maria made quick movement towards the roof of the cabin, and was soon on the outside looking eagerly down the road.

"Oh! Mon Dieu," she prayed, mixing her English with French, a habit of hers, when awed, "It's my first vision of the YOUNG IRELAND MOVEMENT; and, thank God, there's my own, Nano, with her apron full of stones. God bless her little spirit;" and then she brushed a tear away from her eyes, that were as heavenly blue as the rajah's sapphire. Smiling sadly, she thought, "what will Rene think when he hears this?" Her fears concerning his judgment in the matter were justified. He, realizing the futility of combat in this fashion with trained constabulary, tried to dissuade them, but, alas, without result. They would march, in their simple way, ahead of the red jackets; if for no other purpose, but to show their scorn.

So, on the sod roof of Peggy Frany's cabin, stood the wife of Rene Arou, in a black velvet gown, the only one she had. She was beyond the power of adjectives; when, straightening to her full height, in the most exquisite grief, she sang, "God Save Ireland," the air of which the approaching villagers quickly caught and joined. There she was, sphinx-like—singing an aspiration, for she saw Her Majesty's soldiers approaching with bayonets unsheathed; the setting sun's rays casting a strange glow, as if bloody and on fire. It was a terrifying scene, and her first impulse was to drop upon her knees; instead, she sang her prayer. The simple villagers stood between the cabin and the constabulary, who seemed amused. The command, to proceed, being ordered by the High Sheriff, Maria, still singing her prayer, raised

her hand in gesture, quieting the rising exultation of the souls of the Young Irish Movement, who also sang as if their spirits were on fire. The crickets were audibly heard in the cabin, so calm was the hush as Maria, in an inspired, fixed, voice said:—

"Soldiers of the Crown of the House of Hanover: We would be peaceful if possible; but the tyranny of your majesty's agents has turned us into warriors—crude—it is true, but we are in the making. Our weapons are few, yet deadly. The constable that enters the hut of the Widow Frany will be maimed for life. That you may pierce us with your unsheathed bayonets—already is well known to us; but you will have, on this occasion, to kill women and children first. You have been doing so, in a subtle way, for a long time past. Now, we propose to lay you naked before the world. You have looted our land. You have made us beggars to enrich England. Now you can murder us to enrich heaven." The Chief Sheriff, turning abruptly, savagely renewed his order of eviction.

Maria, with outstretched hands, defiantly concluded: "For God and our country, we will fight unto death. The children take the first line. Mothers present the lambs for slaughter."

With tears of determination, and a can of steaming porridge in her hand; while her co-patriots had a goodly supply of red pepper, she defiantly added:

"We hope the first magistrate will be man enough to take the initiative." The High Sheriff stepped forward, as if to act upon the suggestion. Little Nano, pulling at his red jacket, lisped: "See the wren. He pays no rent and is content."

"So, this is your weapon of defense," said the First Magistrate, lifting the child by the ear and making a movement as if to bayonet her. Ann Waldron, the inn-keeper, in whose public house he was a patron in the early day, responded, while thoroughly dousing him with porridge, "No, but I have the privilege of introducing you to the defense." "It's damnably annoying, you beggar," he roared sav-

agely. Turning, in military manner, he gave command to the brigade: "Burn them up."

The advancing constabulary were treated to a deluge of red pepper. The first skirmish of the **YOUNG IRISH MOVEMENT** won.

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Cromwell, in a former period, ordered the remaining progeny of old Ireland, to "Hell or Connaught," so the law, "Like produces like" may be visioned by the reader in this lineage.

The irresistible aspiration of these heroic people for an absolute separation from the British yoke forever lives in the heart of all their descendants; and the desire is never long absent from the mind of Erin's children, on whatever shore they may have found refuge, that the wrongs endured by their antecedents for seven hundred years be righted.

Weapons of oppression are used by the landlords—that alien population, foreign in race as well as religion, planted on Irish lands, confiscations of Elizabeth and Cromwell, evictions for political reasons, evictions for religious reasons, evictions for no reason.

The press was suppressed. Newspapers of England paid by propagandists published its lies to the world, while the brain and sinew of the land were thrown into prison. They would be cowardly slaves had they not drawn the sword that is seven centuries old, and flash it once again—so the morning sun saw the defenseless Irish ready to fight the old fight for justice and freedom. Ireland found her soul again. Through some mysterious fashion, the villagers of the parish of Clontarf barracks, sensed the turn events would take. Consequently, many of them headed for the Glen, hoping to find their beloved Master and family there. Instead, they found all members absent, except little Nano, who was sitting on the lap of a hermit whom they all recognized, but never knew of his visits to the cottage of Rene Arou. His record was one of legend. It was he who taught

Nano the fitting sentence she recited to the High Sheriff before the eviction, "See the wren. He pays no rent and is content."

He was now having her recite a new verse:

"The sun has its own time to set,
The moon to wax and wane,
The stars to come and go;
The rain to fall,
The winds to blow."

The interior of the house was dark. Only the blaze from a reek of peat lighted the room. There was a breath of welcome warmth everywhere. Peggy Frany was sitting in a chair beside the hearth. She had taken Nano home after the eviction.

"He has something in his look like a monk," said one of the villagers, "Does he speak English at all at all," said another. "Me thinks he talks with the fairies," said a third. "Arrah, he has lushings and leavings of English," answered Peggy. "Doesn't he teach Nano every kind of poetry; except the Harp, that wanst. He looks like a farewell," sighed the first commenter, discerning, in his appearance, a prophetic sadness. "Faith, his look reminds me more of Ammen," said Peggy, "Look, across his gray face, are eyes of black, I'm watching him for a long time. They look like a sword of darkest steel. They are deep, and black, clear and level. They seem to pierce me through; surely looking down into my soul and reading my hidden secrets there. Troth, evil people can behold in his look everything they lost, and can never regain again. His gaze has a depth like the sea and force that would frighten the bobbies."

A cold wind was sweeping across the barren moor and over the mountain tops, where process-servers were searching for Maria, who was lurking somewhere pending a strategy of escape to France, planned by Rene. Exile being the only way out for political souls, thus sought. They were often taken prisoners and deliberately butchered.

In a cabin searched by constables looking for Maria, lay a couple of men, emaciated, lying at full length, actually worn out. In the most resigned manner, they complained that the only aid they wanted was food, when questioned by one of the brigade. This response provoked the searchers, one of them then bayoneted one unfortunate starved man. The wound was fatal. The victim lay moaning as Rene passed the cabin. Fearing that the agonizing, feeble moan had some connection with the discovery of the whereabouts of his beloved Maria, he entered the hut, where he, too, was stricken by the same ruffian. He lay there, with the other men, in pain for hours, until found by a scout of the Young Irish Movement, who was taking a message to Maria in her secret, isolated quarters.

An improvised stretcher was made of rushes covered by a sheet, upon which; the barefooted, but sure footed, villagers tenderly carried the weakened body of Rene Arou to the Glen. There, a bed was placed before the open peat fire, with the tenderest hope of cheering the fast fading spirit of the Master. A kettle, hanging from the crane, sang a hushed murmur in accord with the soft responses to the Litany for the dying, which was being said by the villagers who surrounded the death bed of the Master of Clontarf, their beloved Rene Arou. A glance around the room showed its walls plain, except for a crucifix, the only solace anywhere in view. Soft rush tapers flickered here and there, adding harmonious shades to the withering grief felt by the supplicants.

The pitying stars looked down upon the master scout, who was dispatched to the hiding place of Maria, with instructions to bring her to the Glen. Little she knew the tragic anguish that was about to ensnare her; when, dressed in the disguise of a beggar, she was led to the bedside of her dying husband. She, who knew so well the persecution and suffering endured by her people, had now a new terror; but, in the wildest flights of thought which flooded her quick mind, she little knew that the withering anguish of bereavement had touched her own very life.

When she, with the scout in close pursuit, passed the hawthorn bush that stood outside the stile, she saw it covered with a sheet. It was the prearranged signal of death—a sign understood by the Young Irish Movement. A sepulchral terror gripped her. She paused—dead—for an instant; and, said as if she saw the Christ, which is the impulse of the race:

"Christianity has been called the religion of sorrows. If it be so; then, this is Calvary." A murmur of continuous prayer, accompanied with a chorus of sighs from breaking hearts, told the pitying story almost before she entered the house. Then, she saw for the last time the scholarly, gentle face of her human companion. Standing tearless over his bed, she spontaneously uttered her own last words; "Oh! Compassionate LORD JESUS, grant him rest in peace."

The murmur of prayer, together with the stir of all living things, seemed to cease, while the recluse took little Nano in his uplifted arms saying: "My double orphan you are a product of the west of Ireland, the holy land of our day."

"The sun never sets on our sorrows," moaned the scout, looking at the seer, as if in search of an explanation. "If there is a GOD, how can he look upon this wretchedness," he added, pointing toward the now "laid out" bodies of Rene and his wife, "and not stop it."

No one made reply. Every voice choked, except the voice of the recluse, who still gripped and held Nano aloft as if he were a piece of marble, as motionless as the bodies stretched before him. He said in the most intense calm:

"This sable pall conceals the best boon that God can send. Love is too rare a sentiment of the soul. The mistress could love but once. The torch blew out. It was too bright a flash to last in this mundane, choking, every-day life. It is a burning spirit. Human love will burn in this sphere and warm life's happenings. The white flame, SPIRIT LOVE, flickers out. Our life here is a schooling. The master spirits have graduated to heights beyond this plane. For time, at last, sets all things right."

The seer remained at the house of mourning throughout the days and nights that passed, mingling silently and quietly with the mourners. No one noticed him or thought of his unusual stay, so stunned and shocked were they.

Whenever Nano was not in the care of Peggy Frany, she was near the recluse; to both of whom she seemed to be especially attracted. The second and third days of grief and mourning passed. The people could not bring themselves to set the day of burial. They wanted to hold the bodies indefinitely. The ballad singers, with concertina accompaniment, throughout the villages poured forth their souls in magic wail; the moan of which made heartstrings vibrate and filled all eyes with tears.

BALLAD—OF HIS TIME.

In the quiet church-yard shade,
Among the country-men with whom he lived,
Is laid the remains of Rene Arou,
Beloved by everyone whom he knew.

The nightingale's requiem chants a prayer.
The whispering trees respond in aspiration there.
Sure, an eviction cannot wake him now.
Content, he lies in the homage of Erin's eyes.

A bunch of heather, fresh from Clontarf's hill,
His child's tribute, a memory keeps;
Where the shamrock grows, and the primrose scents arose,
Alas, there our French co-patriot's remains repose.

Sure, fairy voices there a knell do sing.
Stranger than fancy's thoughts have ever trod.
Forms unseen caress the sod and a dirge is sung,
Where our co-patriot's remains repose and the wild shamrock
grows.

As usual, in all individuals of silence, legends grew out of all proportions concerning the Seer of living in the bogs of Clontarf. When he came; or, from whence, no one knew accurately. It was said he lived on sea-weed and herbs, nettles and dock. Others claimed he ate nothing but bill-berries, sloes and haws. Some feared to speak of him, lest an unforeseen disaster should overtake them, so mysterious was his personage. Now, all eyes were centered on the Glen, where the hermit was known to be constantly, since the tragic life of the Master went out. The mystery of the man interested the inhabitants of the barracks. He was known to have an extraordinary tide of vision. That it was spiritually correct the villagers vouched for. The occupants of the barracks scoffed at the idea. The lure of the stranger prompted the High Sheriff to dispatch an investigator to the spot—with instructions that he should dress in civilian clothes lest there be international mention, if further murder was committed—this thought being the product of the reported foreign appearance of the mysterious man. It was feared that a constable in uniform would enrage the mourners; and, perhaps, the unknown individual was there on secret errand. The Y. I. M. was known to have friends in America and in France. Perhaps, he was a representative from those lands.

So the constable approached the Glen with an air of courtesy and politeness, bordering on respect. He had to pass through small groups of villagers, journeying back and forth from the house of mourning. Once at the Glen, it was not a difficult task for him to detect the seer, who sat silently at the foot of the loft. He wore a loose, pink robe that nationalized him immediately as a Hindu. Ah, thought the officer, the Y. I. M. have friends in America, France and India, as well. Turning with the suggestion that the thought of India brought to his mind, he remarked to a bystander, "He's set down as a mystic," with the hope of detecting a motive for the stranger's presence in the bogs of Clontarf.

"Yes, the enticement of him is queer. He does speak strange English. Sometimes, he looks like a monk; reading his breviary. I

often do be pitying these converts. It takes them a long time to get onto our ways. He has such a fondness for a life of sacrifice. I suppose that's why he's in these sacrificed quarters," throwing a look in the direction of the seer, "He looks like a resurrected, mediaeval friar."

"He sat all through the last nights of the week's wake watch, with eyes levelled straight at nothing. He was as still as a statue. Even his eye-lashes were immovable. When we would chant the rosary or the prayers for the dead, he'd sit throughout without a quiver. Faith, some of us thought he was dead. He didn't eat. He didn't talk. He didn't look. He didn't listen. He seemed petrified; but, when Nano cried and ran to him, he took her on his lap—where she, like himself, was without motion and as still as the corpse and just as quiet."

"Is he a friend of the Y. I. M.?" reflectively, queried the investigator. "Faith, I think he'd be friendly with anything that is right," was the prompt reply.

"A good Englishman is the best friend one can have," suggested the officer in a half whisper.

"Ah, yes, friends," said the bystander, "partners in the common good. Never as rulers. Look how England interferes, when the soul of young Ireland asserts itself."

"Did I understand you to say he's a convert?" queried the investigator, hoping to detect a religious as well as a national bond of common sympathy.

"He must be considering it, or he wouldn't be among us. His meditations are something like our own. Father O'Tool has nothing to say against him. Troth, I hear they are very harmonious. They understand each other. John Duffey says they are chummy and that the stranger doesn't disagree with Father O'Tool nor does Father O'Tool have any religious scruples in discussions with him. He told the Father, 'As you are now, so was I; and, as I am now, so will you be,'—that was quare; but the Father just smiled and left him. The master

and he were the closest of chums, and the master, God rest his soul, was a good Christian."

"How long has he been here; and does he say when he is going away?" further ventured the detector.

"They say he says he's from the Himalies, and that he'll never come here again after one year. This is his twelfth month."

"Where will he go, after the year is out?"

"He doesn't say, but some of us think he means he will go to heaven."

"How would he go to heaven, if he is not a Catholic?"

"Arrah, he's better than lots of us. He won't fight, even for his rights. He lives like the lives of the saints, who knows but he is a saint of the Church?"

"Does he go to Church?"

"Whenever you see him, he reminds you of the Church. You feel like genuflecting before him, but no one every saw him in the chapel, nor has anyone ever seen him anywhere but in the bogs and here since the night the master was murdered."

"Does he bemoan the deaths?"

"All we heard him say was when Peggy took Nano in her arms and cried and cried and cried the first, long day. He was sitting as if his face was chiseled out of rock—seemingly not looking at them; but, he must have been, for he said to Peggy: "It is a bitter cup to drink from which the mortal well doth shrink; yet, tears cannot conquer grief nor grief mend a broken heart,"—and laying his hand caressingly on Peggy's shoulder when she didn't seem to be listening, he ended; and hasn't uttered a syllable since—"Lose yourself in helping others dry their tears." "Strange language—that," said the questioner, levelling his gray eyes upon the mystic, "I'll have a chat with him." Stepping in front of the ascetic, he opened up a conversation with the remark: "These simple people unreasonably bewail the death. Between their incantations and tears, it is a bedlam."

With utter serenity, the mystic replied: "The bread of heaven is but chaff to a man who cannot understand the spirit."

Stunned by the rebuke and spiritual force of the man, the constable ventured by way of apology, "There's some pity in their anguish, when one thinks of the orphaned child. What disposition will be made of her?" No reply was forthcoming from anyone, though everyone wanted to discuss that most absorbing problem.

"Arah, that is what touches us all," injected Peggy, as she gathered the child in her arms and flung an ugly look at the questioner, whom she had ferreted out as one of the red jackets and defiantly added, "The only one we will ever swear loyalty to is Nano Machree."

Amid the deepest silence and with a look as if he were seeing into immortal depths, the seer replied: "There is a home in a green valley where a mistress—the Princess Novitiate, will give her lessons in eternal happiness and peace; for she has sipped of human pleasure, and found no peace. Everything you are fighting so earnestly for, she discards for peace. She, of the royalty, has withdrawn from hopeless battles. She is free from these illusive things. Her soul is at liberty. She has sensed the Fatherhood of God."

"Pray tell us more of this Princess of royal blood," ventured the constable. "Is she a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"A conversion, eh?" injected a bystander.

"Yes," responded the mystic.

"Tell us the story of her life, that we may know," requested a mourner.

"She is of strong heart, true faith, and willing aid. She, whom human greed could not kill. She has trampled to dust sorrow and sin."

"What is the identity of this wonderful Princess?" asked the constable.

"A cousin of the reigning house of the Empire, who, after the death of her prince, forsook the world and entered the novitiate of a consecrated life to God." "Good prophet," said the investigator, "tell us of the novitiate."

Usually in all homes in Ireland where death has occurred, a night watch is kept by the mourners, during all the time the body remains in the house. The litany is intoned and prayers for the dead are reverently and almost constantly chanted during these wakes.

So, between prayers, into the eager ears of the mourners this mysterious man poured his story concerning the life of the Novitiate and tutor of the double orphan, Nano of Clontarf.

By degrees, as if a picture of deep enigma was unraveled gradually before him, the mystic began his story of the Princess Novitiate.

An unexampled awe exaggerated by the hush of death lent a mystery of incomprehensible character to the ascetic. That his nature betokened a hidden knowledge the mourners believed. His construction of sentences as well as his style of expression further entranced his hearers.

A light not dazzling, but calming, seemed to radiate from the Sage. The holy atmosphere of his soul cast its enlightening influence amid the now silent mourners. Peace lay over everything. The soft sound of his voice went up as if in prayer, when he cleft the peaceful silence with clear voice.

She of royal blood, bent on developing spirit light, caught a glimpse of infinite vision. Not desiring the things of sense, she gleaned the freedom of spirituality. A flame in garb of richest royal hue, gently she pressed towards her convent goal; wafted there by grievous longing to be like Him.

A waiting sister admitted her into the superior's presence, where there glimmered a streak of faint, red light like dying pain.

"And you, the Princess Novitiate, why come you here? Your position is that of the highest; why seek you poverty, obedience and chas-

tity within these convent walls?" And the Princess Novitiate replied, "In every pleasure of life, I have walked: in all lands, I have been; the heights and flattery that wealth give I have gained; all things the world holds dear are within my grasp. What humanity has suffered I know not. Disappointments and temptations I have had. Let me enter into this cloister that the hardest of your tasks I may pass." The Superioress said: "The carnal mind will reach the greatest depths, but it can and does also reach the greatest heights. Prepare yourself to take the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience."

A guiding sister then entered and led the way, and, when the Princess Novitiate in proper garb had been clothed, she again stood before the Superioress, who said: "No Sister Novitiate can enter this life until she has mortified the flesh. Go, Sister Novitiate, and search until you know you renounce the world, its works and its pomps." The guiding sister led the apostate to a chapel; there the low lights were burning soft and mellow like the lights of early morning. The stations of the Cross, portraying the journey of Christ to the Cross marked the chapel walls. On the right hand side of the altar was a large statue of the Sacred Heart with a flickering lamp burning faintly before it. In this chapel, the Princess Novitiate found herself alone, where she remained for several hours. She read the stations of the Cross, and sought out the meaning of this life. A revelation came; she thought: What little good gilded walls and the flattery of mankind bring. How she had known knowledge, truth, pleasure, love, beauty, freedom, home, fame and equity. Her heart spoke full sadly and answered: "It is not there." Her reverie was disturbed by the chanting of the evening vespers as the initiated sisters filed into the chapel for their evening prayer. She listened thoughtfully and reverently to the chantings of the nuns; she thought of the mysteries of the soul, of life, of death, of immortality; the mysteries of man with every other man, and with God. A comforting peace fell upon her, and she found herself saying:

"Lo, within these convent walls,
Sweet peace has come to me at last."

The next day, the Superioress wrote the name, "Sister Mary Paul"—Paul meaning conversion as the Princess was a convert to the Catholic faith; and, in the record of the cloisters the Princess Novitiate was henceforth known as Sister Mary Paul; the Superioress saying to the Novitiate: "Now, Sister, you may go forth and search until you have proven that you can give up the world with all its works and pomps, with all its joys and friendships."

The guiding sister led the Novitiate to a place where she was shown how to scrub the halls, stairs and do the most menial work conceivable. There was a glow of faint mellow light everywhere. The walls were marked with religious pictures; here and there a statue of the Sacred Heart, or of the Mother of Jesus, with a flickering light burning before the statues. The Princess Novitiate worked and prayed throughout the day. Many such days as this passed, there being no change in the services required of the Novitiate. At the lapse of six months, one night in the Novitiate's cell, a sister entered and said:

"My sister, pardon me for coming at this unseemingly hour; but, before you get acquainted with this life, I come to warn you that it is one of slavery and misery; so I have come to save you this humiliation, if not your life. You are the victim of environment, if not of a cruel plot. Look at your beautiful hands, how torn and rough. The other nuns are jealous of your wealth and position, and are boasting that you will never leave this convent alive. You can escape with me; and, if you want to lead a simple life, why not do so as the Princess thou art, instead of leading this life of servitude? Now, when you have gained all you wish to learn, I will return; and, by an unknown way, will lead you forth that you may go in peace and comfort." And the Princess Novitiate said: "Sister, am I within these convent walls to learn the wiles of vile hypocrisy? No, Sister—God hates deceit, and I am here to do His will. Deceive these nuns; not while God leaves me senses. I will be true to my vows; to God, and to myself."

And then the tempter left and the Princess Novitiate was alone; and, in a little time, a white-robed nun appeared and said:

"Princess Novitiate, well done. This is the trial cell of deceit and hypocrisy," and then she led the way, and Sister Mary Paul stood before the Superioress who came forth and said one word: "SINCERITY."

Again the guiding sister appeared and led the way to a luxurious room, and bade the Novitiate rest. But, thought she, I could not rest. My tempter upon me presses hard. Would that I be permitted to go on and learn my lessons all. With all my trials, I must be victor over self. And then again, the guiding sister led on; and, in a cell gloomy as the grave, the Princess Novitiate was left alone and thus she spent months in this solitude; and, at a midnight hour, as the novice slept, two nuns with flickering tapers came in; one spoke and said: "Dear Princess, our hearts are grieved because of your suffering in this dreadful convent—and we have come to show you the way to liberty, as once we, ourselves, like you were obsessed with the idea that through these weird, unnecessary ways we could attain heaven, but our better sense, in a happy moment, left us undeceived; and, making use of our will, we determinedly broke away, and learned that all these practices are corrupt and that these nuns are not what they appear to be. We pray you, sister, come break away while you can. Accept of freedom, while you may."

And the Novitiate said: "How dim your taper lights flicker! They feebly portray the light you bring; but how have you gained entrance herein? The convent walls are strong, and the nuns alone could let you in." The tempters replied: "Within these convent walls are hidden ways; and, we, as nuns, have spent here months and years."

"And then," said the Novitiate, "you are traitors; and, as such, are fiends. Who would trust him who betrays another? Behold, nuns, or demons, whosoever you may be, your words nauseate me. Could I pre-judge these nuns who live here with me, turn traitor to myself, and then, when you confess your treachery? No, by whatsoever way you came, return. My soul prefers the darkness of this cell to the unsteady flickering of the dim taper you bring. My spirit rules; when my novi-

tiatè is done and the testimony and the life of these cloistered women are known to me, I will decide. No one can judge for another, neither can I judge for you; so leave me in this charming peace; for, while the cell is dim and damp, within my soul, shines a light surpassing any I have known." Then the wily tempters left and the Princess Novitiate was again alone.

Whereupon, the white-robed nun appeared and led the Princess Novitiate again before the Superioress, who came forth and said just one word: "JUSTICE."

And the Novitiate was master of prejudice and treachery.

And, after months of scrubbing floors and halls, cooking and bathing children who were pupils at the convent, the Princess Novitiate was again led by the guiding sister to a chamber rich in furnishings and illuminated with rare and valuable lamps. The general colors were blue and gold on the ceiling, furniture and walls. Its shelves were covered with books of master minds; the paintings and the statuary were of the highest art. The Princess Novitiate was entranced with all this elegance. She read the sacred books—the lives of the Saints and sought the meaning of life; and, when she was absorbed in deepest thought while reading the conversion of Paul, a nun drew near and said:

"Ah, sister, you are highly blessed. What a glorious place. Few women have reached such heights of fame. Now, if you do not waste your life in search of the mysteries of GOD, which you can never comprehend, you may be founder of an order that will insure you endless fame. Why seek for heavenly light within these convent walls? Your philosophy is far deep enough. Go walk with life, think with the world and it will honor you; and, who knows but this weird life and novitiate may be myths and your faith but illusions of the hour? I would suggest that you renounce uncertain things and choose the course that leads to fame." In this way, the Nun-tempter spoke with such sweetness hoping to lure irresistably the Princess Novitiate, for ambition is a sturdy foe to combat.

So, for three long months, the Princess Novitiate struggled and wrestled with herself; and then won the fight. Faith was triumphant. Ambition fled when the Sister Novitiate said: "The wealth, the honor, the fame of earth are but an hour. When our short lives are wafted out, our bursting ambitions will be buried with our bones for they are of the carnal mind. What we accomplish for our selfish selves will make no record with God; but the good that we for others do will become a strong support upon which the soul may climb to wealth, power and fame. It is God's own kind of ambition which cannot pass away." Lifting up her eyes to heaven, the Princess Novitiate said: "Dear Lord, give me the poverty of the poor; the consciousness of duty well done; the approbation of my God. I thank Thee, dear Lord, for this hour. I ask not for my own glory but to serve mankind." And again was the Princess Novitiate called to stand before the Superioress who said but one word, "FAITH."

And the Novitiate bowed her head and went her way.

And now, many more months passed and again the Princess Novitiate was led by the guiding sister to the hall of mirth which was luxuriantly furnished and replete with all things a human heart could desire. The choicest dressed meats, wines and fruits were on the table and servants with gay attire served with cheerfulness, and many men and women of the Princess Novitiate's former acquaintances were there. They sipped mirth from every cup and hilarity ran high. The novitiate watched the happy gathering and then from their midst a character known well to the Princess Novitiate came to her and said: "Happy you would be if you could sip, like the bee, sweets from every flower. Ah, the wise one is he who can find pleasure; for the span of life is short, and then we die and go, we know not where. So why not eat and drink, and get the joys of life for death comes on the way? Alas! it is but foolish to spend a life for our fellow men. Who can know or show forth gratitude from the grave where we all lie?"

But the Princess Novitiate made no reply to her tinsel acquaintance, for among the guests she saw a man who showed in face and

hands the sign of toil and want. The giddy throng found joy in abusing him. They would jostle him against the wall and laugh sarcastically at his discomfort. A poor woman, showing in her face and form the mark of shame and sin, was jeered and driven from the hall. And then, a little child, timid and hungry, came and asked for a morsel of their bread. But the merry dancers heeded not and she was driven out unaided. And again, a pleasure seeker urged the Princess Novitiate to join in their mirth; but she declined saying: "How can you think, while children cry for bread and those in sin call out for sympathy and light, that I can join in your hilarity. I cannot see myself apart from that poor man you so scornfully jostled against the wall; nor from the little child whom you drove from your midst into the cold, bleak winds of the night. You have insulted God in your hall of mirth—I will go out and find the child, the woman, and the man. Your mirth is but a phantom of the night"—and while the Princess Novitiate spoke, the white robed nun came in and said: "The Superioress waits for you."

Again just one word was spoken; PHILANTHROPY.

The Princess Novitiate again conquered self.

The grounds around the convent of Summerhill were rich in statuary, monuments and shrines. Here the Princess Novitiate walked and meditated much.

This was the beginning of the third year of her novitiate. She had learned that none had power to bind the soul; for the desires that bind are of the carnal self, being forged in fancy's shop; they are also welded into illusions. Her novitiate had proven to her that, if we could but stand erect and use the free will given to us by God, our selfish selves would be unchained. Fear to conquer is the chariot in which we ride to death. And now the last year of her novitiate was at hand.

And again, the guiding sister led the way to a chamber which our novice viewed with awe. This room was so restful and harmonious.

There was no place or palace the novice had ever seen so beautifully furnished. Here she sat in silence inspecting it quietly, when a man of entrancing manhood appeared. He did not seem to notice the novice, who sat so quietly musing with her own thoughts. He moved to the organ and sang a song of love, then quietly left the room.

The novice was entranced; such manhood she had never seen before. Such music she had never heard. She thought for days, and thought of nothing but this man whose angelic music thrilled her soul. She longed to see him once more. So months passed; and, finally, he came again and laid his hands in hers. For a time, she forgot the life she had chosen, so thrilled was she. Very few words passed between them. Again she was alone—Alas! the heart of the Princess Novitiate was touched. She had to bear the sorest temptation of her life. A love flame was kindled in her human heart. She could not rest nor eat. Thoughts of the man came; they would not go. She hungered for the companionship of such happiness. She thought; "I have conquered every carnal thing, every obstacle I have overcome. Shall I now be conquered by this love; shall I forget all other creatures and give my life to this good man who is the highest type of manhood, purity and love?" Her soul to its very depths was stirred while she wrestled with this idol of her heart. The impulse of her life—consecration to God, was almost lost. The very thought of this angel idol thrilled her with delight. His voice was a benediction to her soul—she wished to fly to him and be content in his love. But she thought; "I have a task I have assigned myself, to do. I know that this emotion is but a spray that rises from human loves, and hopes, and fears." "Alas!", she sighed, "Perfect bliss cannot be ours until we conquer these—these tears flow from the heart of flesh—the Spirit never weeps. Ah, for the day when griefs and selfish love and hopes and tears are wiped away—my fear is but a reflection of this mortal self."

So when he came again and offered her his hand she said: "Dear One, the world is craving for love—a love that I have vowed to give. I would fly with you. Your voice thrills my human self. I will be

victor over carnal love. We must part; you will go but our spirits, even here on earth, may not be apart. You, too, in the midst of things, can minister in love and win the hearts of men to better things." And when, in anguish, her idol left—the Princess Novitiate was alone—and instantly a new light blazed within her soul—she had conquered the sorest earthly impulse—carnal love. Her reverie was disturbed by the choir of nuns' voices singing a new, sacred song. The Superioress appeared and said to her just these words: "DIVINE LOVE." It is complete—love wedded in its own spiritual belief.

And the seer ended, his deep, black eyes set, but looking at nothing in particular. The Princess Novitiate was consecrated to her God and will be known to the little Nano as, "Mother Mary Paul"—and, as his eyes took on a new depth, he continued: "The subconscious as well as the conscious influence of this godly woman will leave its imprint on the soul of the orphan Nano; and, she, surrounded by what the world calls Hell, will be conscious of this early influence under the greatest stress. Alas! poor child, her battle begins when she leaves this convent home, which she will be so genuinely anxious to do."

And the villagers wept bitterly as this stranger of oriental habit left without visible emotion.

When childhood days have long been past,
And other scenes our minds engage;
Some early recollections last,
Forever bright on memory's page;
And these, in time of storm and stress,
Will help to keep our vision clear:
Inspiring memories to bless
The day that is most dark and drear;
And then, the best the past can give
Is when it puts before our sight
Those who have taught us how to live,
Who tried to lead our steps aright.

VIII

Midwinter found Nano leaving her home and its surroundings of legend, on her way to school. The morning of her departure witnessed another demonstration in Clontarf.

The jaunting car in readiness was not pressed into service, so large was the group of villagers that wanted to give her "God-speed." The sad cortege of neighbors and little children extended nearly to the railway station. To several playmates she gave "keepsakes." These tokens consisted largely of pieces of statuary or holy pictures, relics of patrons of the Glen. The children of the hamlet, in turn, brought to Nano their very best gifts. A little playmate, Ann Casey, stood peering over the hedge. Near her, stood her best gift, a bridled goat—all she had, a memory for Nano. Of course, it could not be taken to school, which proved to be a sad disappointment to the little Ann of Clontarf. Another junior classmate gave a gosling; her only very own possession.

A few paces ahead led the procession past the barracks. A guard on patrol arrested the attention of Nano who made an ugly face at him; and, with a childish courtesy of derision, as a leave-taking shot, said: "We'll see your rabble trod from our sod, please God." Other than this incident, the going away of Nano evolved the reverent feelings of love and grief so common to the inhabitants of this kindly land of the triple leaf.

Every other thing and everybody was kissed "good-bye." The billberry and haw-bushes, the heather clusters, the geese in the run eating water-cress were squeezed as well as Ann and her goat; the hawthorn bush, the horse and the jaunting car, all were patted and touched caressingly. She scratched the clusters of heather along the land from the Glen to the road with her petticoat or apron. Now, she paused in awe, for here was the favorite fort of the fairies where Shawn Duffey was filling a creel with fagots from the wildwood and meadow, which the gallivanting of the fairies had strewn about; for beyont the be-

yonts, there was a place for everything, barrin' robbing the poor; and, be ye from fair, weddin, spree or wake, close around the screek of day—when wan ought to be in the pristy [bed], the fairies would dance and sing and play; nera time would you see them at any other time but the screek of day. "Arrah, Nano agraph, God speed you," prayed Shawn Duffey, dropping the creel of fagots from his back,— "Sorry we are that the name and fame and title of you is going. 'Tis a wonderful history your dad-da and mam-ma is lavin. For looks and loveliness, they were the patterns of the parish. They were wise, able and witty. Troth, the constabulary knew that; and, while crickets sing and grass grows and water flows, we'll neither have paice, aise nor content until you live in the Glen again."

"Wirra, wirra Nano, agraph," retorted Peggy, "never come to the Glen again; not that we'r ashamed of the Glen; its only the slavery we'r in. You'll be takin the right road in rale earnest when you push to the land o' liberty." Poor Peggy, with hope shattered, trod along close to Nano, whose hand or apron she would clasp from time to time in the tenderest manner. At the train, there was more hand clasping and kissing. The mystic whispered in a chant, "Peace, P-e-a-c-e, P-e-a-c-e," while Peggy lamented; "Alanna, alanna, alanna, agraph, machree—Nano, ashore. Nano—no more." And some just heard a murmuring moan; a gripping, unconscious, deep, primitive thing; a groan unheard before.

The out-going train puffed away. The villagers stood silently watching it, until all trace of its smoke was lost. Dick Grady, monitor of Cross school, was the first to get out of the silent daze that fell upon the gathering. He missed the mystic, who had slipped out of sight; as did the train.

"What aspiration did he chant?" queried Dick Grady. "It was p-a-c-e, p-a-c-e, p-a-c-e; when there is no p-a-c-e," responded Ann Philips, who was one of the villagers within the hearing of the voice of the recluse.

"Is he a cloistered cleric?" ventured the monitor, who had not been impressed by him before. "Is it the ravin that's comin over you," injected a third villager, "He's no cleric—He's an occultist from India. Faith, he chants like Father O'Tool; but he's like Father Doud, when he cries, p-a-c-e. Father Doud says to turn the other cheek and let them hit that wan as well as the other wan, and the stranger says: p-a-c-e, p-a-c-e—wurra. He said, wasn't it ye'r own Master Jesus, says turn the other cheek. Arrah then, says I, to him, the finest act Our SAVIOR made, in the way of helpin pace, was when HE skurged the money changers out of the temple. Faith, Our Dear SAVIOR would be rushed here if He drove the rapsCALLIONS out of Ireland; and we'd be all sittin up against the walls of heaven, when the blackguards left."

The strange, intense and mysterious intelligence of the mystic obsessed the monitor, Dick Grady. Homeward bound, he dropped into a wayside sheebeen [tavern] for a swap of tidings concerning the whereabouts of the stranger. Everyone knew he lived in the bogs somewhere near the Glen; but, search as they did, his abode remained a secret. A singular fellow; as far as proof revealing his mode of habitation, none existed. His only shelter appeared to be the wayside heather or a sparce hawthorn tree. For company, he had none; other than his contemplation and visions, which everyone knew to be real. His knowledge was not physical. It must have been a spiritual enlightenment.

The story he told of the conversion and life of the Princess Novitiate was retold in the sheebeen, amid unshed tears. It was verified, in all detail, at the abbey where another villager took the pains to check the matter up. That Mother Mary Paul was none other than a cousin of the reigning head of the islands and a convert, there was no doubt. She was the Princess Novitiate described and existing as superior of the Athlone seminary, that Nano was to be tutored in. The whole populace, if interested at all in such matters, knew her story and life. So exemplary was it that it was chronicled throughout the land. There were other royal conversions; and they, too, chose the

veil, but the example of the Princess Novitiate held a dynamic grip on people's minds. They, who were at all spiritual, tried to adopt her simple life and paid her the greatest compliment, by imitating it.

So profound and impressive was the esteem in which the tutor of Nano was held, that the sting of the tragic deaths of the master and his wife and the departure of their child, Nano, to school were lightened—due wholly to the uplifting example surrounding the faith and assurance Clontarf villagers held of the Princess Novitiate's superiority. There was an adjustment, a cadence even in political sorrow.

Nano entered school about the crisis of her childhood, at the development period of six years. No one could criticise the school. The children of the Island's best families were tutored there. In short, according to British parlance, it was a private school for gentlemen's daughters, comprised mainly of military officers' children, successful tradesmen's daughters and some few of the issue of importing and exporting stockmen.

Religiously, it was non-sectarian; though most of the pupils were of the Roman Catholic faith. Hence, spiritual training was confined exclusively to that denomination. Protestant children were not required to attend religious services. Here that subject closed. The thought of sectarianism was never discussed or thought of.

Athletic exercises were confined to horseback riding and brisk walks endured for an hour at regular periods. There were general exercises during recreation periods for the juniors, of which Nano was one. During the first period of play, she sat down. When the teacher asked her why she didn't play, she truthfully told her she didn't know how, so the games handed down for thousands of years; counting in and out, playing "jacks," determining who was "it," and "tag" were introduced to little Nano who was taught that recreation was prayer, as it rebuilt wearied spirits, nerves and muscles. In the hope of distracting her mind from home, she was told play need never be serious—just recreative. Between play and study, the difference is in the spirit—there is none other. "If you are a teacher when you are a lady

and suited to your position, you will find as much pleasure in your work as you do now in finding out who's 'it,' " the Sister in charge of the playgrounds told her. "You are drawing lines on the flags," the teacher said to another little playmate, "to play 'hop and jump.' Raphael drew the Mother of God. We call it the Madonna. All good work comes from what your soul loves to play. Value exists in spirit only." Nano thought this matter out, in her own way; and, some days after, was found drawing "red-jackets" which she explained were those who evicted Peggy. She would throw stones and dance on them during the entire recreation period, and found glee in killing the entire constabulary, many times before she was disciplined out of the habit.

Otherwise, she would play seriously. The only time she appeared to forget herself was when listening to instruction; which, no doubt, brought her back to the fireside stories and its memories. Found crying, one day by the teacher, during instruction on the advantage of wholesome play, she told the sister that all stories made her think of home. She was then told that story telling is the beginning of literature; that the Arabian Nights was written by Burton from her own West Coast and were told around the hearth for years and years before their publication. Stories are always a delight to children and are sure to interest them. Whatever material imagination provides, either in amusement or fancy, may be developed into life's activities.

Before many years passed, the force and current of heredity shone forth; which, together with the lessons thus learned by Nano, bore fruit.

Variable instructions were given daily. One mid-week subject was the discussion of Greatness. The Sister instructor said, "In our school, we exact the most obvious greatness of institution as well as natural greatness. Greatness of institution is the right to honor certain positions, and then mark them with respect. Church dignitaries and nobility are of institutional greatness. This is so because it is the wish of society or men. It is the oldest form of institutional greatness. Before it was instituted, it was an indifferent homage. Since it has been pleas-

ing to society, it must be respected. Under our government, the nobles are honored. In another, the ordinary citizens; the first is the oldest, the second the youngest. This is so because it pleases the people of the respective lands."

"Natural greatness is different. It exists independently. It is the real, effective qualities of soul or body; such as knowledge, virtue and health. Respect of different sort is due these two kinds of greatness. Institutional greatness demands ceremonies which should be reasonable, these being just a recognition of the justice of this order; but do not necessitate discerning any real quality in those who may be placed in this position. We bend knees in the presence of nobility of church and state. It is considered baseness of spirit to do otherwise."

"Contempt and aversion may be felt towards these same dignitaries, when natural greatness is lacking. Homage and esteem are consistent, where natural greatness exists. It is not necessary because a person is Pontiff or King, that one should refuse to salute them. We owe this courtesy to both of these gentlemen. They are ceremonies merited by their quality as Pontiff or King. We render them the homage attached to their position, by men, through birth and office; be their office temporal or spiritual. If they are base of mind, they may merit internal contempt. This, children, is the justice of duty."

"Where natural greatness is, there is esteem. Society has not attached any external preference. Pontiff or king might not permit your standing before them without going through certain ceremonies, such as bending the knee or uncovering the head. Should they wish that you esteem them and are not able to show cause why you should do so, they would have to produce qualities that merited it; or you would not bestow it upon them, be they what they may—Pontiff or King."

Nano attended many such instructions, always upon new subjects. Following which, the Sister instructor would throw the classes open for question.

"If there are two natures to the Pope, how could he be infallible?" asked a senior pupil.

"Insofar, only, is his Holiness infallible as his decisions concerning faith and morals are concerned. A comparison may be made by considering the Pope in the same position as the Supreme Court. When that body renders an opinion on civil matters, the question involved is a closed issue. There is no higher appeal in civil matters. So, too, in ecclesiastical law, when the Pope gives a decision in spiritual matters, there is no higher court of appeal on these questions; and all good Roman Catholics, like all good citizens, accept that judgment as infallible."

"Does he ever commit sin?" asked another scholar.

"We are told that a just man falls seven times a day," responded the teacher.

"Was there ever a bad Pope?" queried Nano.

"Judge not, lest you be judged," replied the teacher.

"Alas! ah me, I'm a rambling, warbling ballad maker," said Nano, understandingly.

There was a certain sublimity in these instructions, not without result. The proof of which soon became manifest in Nano.

She especially remembered that her early instructor told her that value existed in spirit only, and that story telling was the beginning of literature. Somehow, her understanding grasped the force of this idea and fitted it into a rhyme that suited her fancy and earlier experiences, the depth of which startled the instructor.

Some time, there will be no work for gain.

Some time, there will be no work for fame.

Some time, there will be no renters to tame.

Some time, each one will do what their souls want to.

At the age of eight, Nano could compete with girls of fourteen. This was noted by her teachers who pushed her ahead, according to her fitness rather than her age.

The officers' daughters introduced a form of class distinction, which the Superioress opposed, branding it, "nonsense of the upper classes." Regardless of the strictest suppression of this attitude, the daughters of the military behaved with stiff dignity.

The shop-keepers' daughters being of a different sort, grouped themselves accordingly. All wore uniform. Nevertheless, there was a style about the military set that the shop-keepers' and rural daughters lacked. They were not so graceful, lacking the purity of motion. They were considered boorish by the "upper class," who were reprimanded by the tutor, who explained that a certain element of boordom would be possessed by rural children and another by cosmopolitan girls. Children of cosmopolitan experience had to be fitted for domestic life. In case they became mistress of a home and had to cook and clean, their muscles would be used unnecessarily and awkwardly—so; in order to train this mental element of boordom out of cosmopolitan pupils, dry-rubbing and polishing the waxed floors of the dormitories is prescribed and must be practiced by the scholars, who need this discipline. In after life, manual labor will be graceful and easy; should it be found necessary. The same spirit must be evoked in the needlework classes. Darning must have special attention and be neat and proper. This will train in natural motion and constitute conscious effort.

Grace, mentally defined, is a natural subconscious action. At an interesting task, we can work endlessly. Drudgery exhausts.

Pupils having the advantage of travel, with its varied educational outlook, as the daughters of military officers have, will possess a form of grace that others may lack; yet, rural children forge ahead; so, lest the normal in study be lost in athletics or play, we must fortify ourselves, if we wish to excel; and do disagreeable work also. Develop an activity that has no strain; and, in which, the whole soul is involved through manual effort, as well as mental. Our country girls must lose their physical lack of grace, which is due to inordination of muscle. If wrong thinking and action becomes habit, its elimination takes a longer period. We read the lives of the Saints and the Imitation of Christ;

but, we also give living example—vividly portrayed in real life. It is more efficient. Play can be made prayer and is such when considered intelligently. Muscles are organs of the will. The temptations of life need strong will. Fly from temptation. Never dwell upon it. If you do, you are lost. It requires instant action to avoid the occasion of sin, or we are likely to go wrong. Avoid sin by prompt action, as you would instantly decide a dexterous movement in the games you play. Execute quickly. Acting this way when tempted, you will be a moral person.

"Play is a method of education," Mother Mary Paul told a pupil, one day, who was acting the bully. "You are doing the usual thing taking the game away from a junior—never cheat in play—or take away from another. There is real danger of questionable habits of life being formed that our science of morality cannot eradicate."

"Always play fair. If defeated, try again. Come back with a smiling face and avenge your defeat. Then, in after life, public behavior will be good."

It must now be obvious to the reader that there was more Christian doctrine and culture floating around Athlone's school air than there is in many churches.

Pupils were instructed not to work their minds from books. All such knowledge is relatively vague and indistinct. They were taught that friends are the greatest acquisition of life, and we cannot afford to neglect them on account of class distinction, society, learning or money. Part of the system of education taught was friendliness and companionableness.

A knowledge of biology was observed in the life of plants and birds. There were varied trips to ruins; where art, waterfalls, and landscape effects were studied.

Nano was of simple taste; and, if permitted to do altogether as she liked, would have slighted all effort in appearance. So a great gulf divided her from those who thought much of good mien. The chil-

dren of the military had gone about in travel through Europe, while the other girls had visited mountain and seaside resorts. So the former could tell of multitudes of elegant girls; polished, and exquisitely dressed. She only knew of the most humbly clad of her own sort. Nano listened to the rapturous tales of elegance and grandeur recited at periods of recreation; but, the wild land of County Mayo, with its bogs and Glen, always found waiting soil in the memory of her. She never forgot to associate Peggy Frany and the mystic with the thought of Clontarf. She felt more suited to a life there, than to this which engrossed her in school and the study of the military set's tales. She would hold the juniors during recreation, imitating the English sentence building and airs of the officers' daughters. They would form in childlike fashion in march, and mimic the constabulary. Yet, there was one pupil that she loved very dearly—Ann Gilmore. She was the daughter of Commodore Gilmore, stationed then in Orange Free State. She was a senior. It was her first year of seniority. In this respect, only, was Nano like unto her. Due to this association and friendship, she really was entering into an understanding of the ideas of her school-mates. She sketched the character and looks of pupils who interested her. She mimicked them so frequently that she developed several characters in herself. She was as many sided as each pupil. Each one brought out a different character, if she noticed them at all. To her own set of intimates, which now included Ann Gilmore, she would be natural. She was merely different with different pupils. So, when Mother Mary Paul noticed this, she called it understanding. It seemed she understood everyone and every subject read or studied.

The more people she mimicked, the more she understood and was understood. The officers' daughters, or "upper set," remained aloof and unbending. Even, among themselves, they never relaxed. They could not play, or be natural. Nano discerned the misery this one-sided view of dignity caused, so she developed a bit of the burlesque to offset it. When the scholars discussed her, each one had a different opinion of her character. They always told on themselves; for, it was

known that she could meet any one on individual ground. The more sides we have in our makeup, the more we can understand and pity our fellow men. When one of the "upper set" discovered Nano imitating her in a derisive mood, she resented it in somber dignity and accused Nano of being a "Jekle and Hyde." To which, she aptly retorted, "If I were devoid of dual personality, I would have a life as slim as yours. A saint cannot mingle with the common run of humanity; neither can a book-worm—and understand them."

For years, she took account of everything the teachers had to say and depended upon them for her opinions. Other than the observations quoted above, she lived a detached, individual scholarship. Mother Mary Paul, she instantly loved and watched the inflection of every syllable, as well as her slightest movement or gesture. In this way, she began to form new ways and ideas and wrought them into novel points of view. She would accumulate the ideas, canvassing the conjectures anew; and, then, discuss them with her own group and find among them contradictions that counteracted her own ideas.

Nano, through her school association, found herself entering into the belief that intimacy with any class led to a sympathetic understanding of them. It was a complete upheaval of her preconceived notions. She was unconsciously equipping her personality, the very strength of which was a natural barrier to worldly things.

Theatrical training was also given, productions being shown yearly to the gentry and parents of the children in attendance.

Such a performance was scheduled before the Christmas vacation period. The drama of the Plantagenets was presented. The audience being composed of the Army and Navy set who had children taking part in the rendition, and their aristocratic and fashionable guests; among whom, was Sir Roger Russell. There were also the wealthy merchants who had their offspring in the school, as well as wealthy people from the countryside. Nano was the lone representative of the professional issue. She had neither blood relatives nor friends in the audience, nor had she ever heard from her beloved Clontarf, during

the entire seven years she had spent in Athlone seminary. Many a heartache this loneliness provoked, especially around the holidays. Try as she did, Mother Mary Paul could not drown the grief portrayed in the countenance of Nano, who expended all her affection upon the Superioress—truly, indeed, was she her mother, both in spirit and sentiment. In return for Nano's outbursts of profound, simple love; the great tenderness of Mother Mary Paul only exaggerated the child's sorrow.

The Mother would send her to the market places on shopping tours. She would have her help decorate the chapel and school for these festive times every year; but, alas, there was always a gaping wound in the soul of Nano in these periods. She could not be made to forget her orphanage, which was always associated with memories of Peggy and the mystic. Why they did not write she could not understand.

All others got word from home and their families. Nothing came to Nano. No one came to see her in her first performance. She was lost in these thoughts when it was time for her appearance on the stage. Dazed she came forth for the part. She knew that the dignitaries of Church and State attended these performances, but this was the first time she faced them in exhibit. She lost herself analyzing the difference in appearance, spirit and poise of her audience. Then, in terror, she realized she forgot her parts. All efforts were lost in awe when she looked on the anxious face of her beloved Mother Mary Paul, whose lips were moving as if in prayer. The Superioress was, in reality, trying to lead her by prompting. Nano's heart missed a beat. Her mouth went perfectly dry. She had to hold her chin to keep her teeth from chattering. She could not think of the name, De Welskin. Still speechless; but, as ever, impulsive, she faltered—De—de; and, swallowing her breath, amongst hilarious uproar, burst out—"Devil-skin." Encouraged by the applause of the audience and her classmates, there developed new mischief. The classes were undeniably depicted before her. It appeared she could not get away from it. Everywhere, was class distinction—so thoroughly abhorrent to her. When the laughter ceased,

she scornfully said, "I'm from the bogs and backwoods. I'm so plain that I want to blaze into wholesomeness."

"Bravo, Bravo," shouted Sir Roger Russell, standing on his feet and later on his toes. Turning to Mother Mary Paul, he begged, "with your permission, Good Princess, may she not tell us what is in her heart?" The mother reluctantly nodded her consent, for she knew Nano's heart, and feared others might not understand her. She knew her aptitude for quick, spirited speech. She had only to run against some obstacle to rise to a genuine basis of imaginative excitement. Under emotional influence, she was unlike any other person. Suppression of the early effort of the evening gave her a new descriptive power. She courtesied and said, "I'll tell you how you all look, if I'm permitted to become personal."

"Bravo, Bravo," again consented the audience, led by Sir Roger.

"Ann Casey, you look like the blow-out of dawn."

"Jane Grady, you opened your mouth and forgot to close it."

"Ann Divine, you're a bewilderment of freedom from all concern."

"Ann Gilmore, you look like a plant broken in two."

"Mary O'Grady, (a stockman's daughter) you look like a sick herdsman."

"Nancy Morley, a girl of substance with a dull mind."

"Margaret Divine, (the richest girl in the school) you look alert from dread of growing poor."

"Bee Doud, sorrow in your wasted face."

"Sister Mary of Jesus, (a nun) your name is like a fire to all damned souls."

"Ellen Costello, your eyes color like burning sods."

"Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, (a nun) Indissoluble Sacrament."

"Kate Whitmore, (A leader of the upper class) you look as though you want to crouch upon a roost and cluck and cry with glee."

"May Lee, (an officer's daughter) you look as though you would sell your dignity for seven and six pence."

"Peggy Howard (upper class student) you look as if you see some unimaginable evil."

"Ah!"—she exclaimed, "His nibs here"—looking at Jane White, who was acting the part of De Welskin—"Behold!—She has broken out into a rash."

In a guileless manner, Nano attempted to hide her own amusement. Jane's face was truly covered with red blotches, from excitement, no doubt.

"Miss McGovern, (a teacher) you give the breezy look of the Arctic Sea."

To the Matron, who was the only person ever known to administer physical punishment, she turned in an attempt at scorn. Her voice took on a disdain, "Flipperty-flapperty there—looks as if she were threatened with violent death."

"Mary Dunn, it's astonishing what your face don't tell."

"Father Smith, (a priest) you look as if I were an explosion."

"Sir Roger Russell, your eyebrows raised until they disappeared in your hair. And, Sir,—your collar must be stuck to your neck or you would have unbuttoned it twisting to look at the pupils as I told on them. At that, Sir, you're less twisted than any other titled personage I have seen, for I would not look at any of the rest of them."

Pacing the platform amid its stage setting, she looked up quickly as if the powers of suggestion had aroused in her some new impulse. She was too guileless to attempt to disguise what she saw in the gaze of Major White, who was in discussion, in a muffled voice, with Commodore Gilmore. She paused for a chance of enlightenment, which did not reach her.

Nevertheless, the movement of the Major's lips and face of scorn betrayed his distaste of her contempt of his set. Returning his steady gaze with an equal intensity of attention and flushed hostility, she assumed a frown, not unlike the one he wore and said, "Major White,

one can see what nature achieves when she matches the countenance with one's thoughts."

In a calm, murmuring tone, she reverently lisped, "Sister Mary Magdeline, (a nun) I'll run, before you are upon me with your prayers."

Her play produced by this time a tense attitude, which was endured only because it proved a gift of sincerity. The last link of her defiance to military authority snapped when she flung herself from the stage; and, kneeling at the feet of Mother Mary Paul, exclaimed in the most exquisite grief:—

"Oh! lovely flower of God's own garden, sent here to shame the greed of luxurious life. In your presence, I enter into spiritual sanctuaries—only there do I find solace. Only there, the military cannot blow my soul into atoms. In fragmentary part, at least, good flower of celestial growth, accept my magic gift of contrite caprice. Teach me to know your God of infinite hold. In spirit, let me glimpse the truths eternal you have extolled; in the sight of these pitiless warriors bold," she moaned, looking towards the officers, "My soul is ruthlessly rent; until, by magic gift, I know the evidence of Christ rests not in force, but in weakness; not in wisdom, but in childlike faith. Earthly kings shed the blood of others to save their thrones. Christ shed His to save our souls."

Mother Mary Paul remained as motionless as the statue in the oratory. Nano noticed this; yet, albeit, she pleaded: "What a port after a stormy sea! All animals come home to Mother. Larks, crickets, geese, crocodiles, bears, elephants, and wild lions come home to Mother. My fancy tells, though I have passed through this excess—this breathless adventure—I now can come to you, my soul-restoring, restful mother. What a maternal bosom. It is eternal truth," she argued, without response from any quarter. "Going home to Mother is hard to define. I cannot explain, or understand. It is universal in experience. It is a sloughing off of non-essentials and the shifting of spirit into deeper channels. It is an enlarged glimpse of truth and eternity. From the first gray dawn of time, through all experiences and begin-

nings, we first know mother." Closing her eyes, she whispered, "and we shall finally touch mother earth. What riddle am I?" she asked, looking at her comrades, when again she faced the audience, who were in awe enthralled.

"An astonishing bit of wisdom to be evolved by a convent girl," said Sir Roger Russell addressing Mother Mary Paul, "Its embodiment is of deepest truth."

"Going home to Mother," she pleaded. Approaching the setting of the statue of the Madonna, "My Oratory!" she prayed. "You do not repulse me. You are the tower of David, in which we are kept secure from all our enemies. You are the burning lamp, enlightening our souls and inflaming us with Divine love. My Oratory of atonement. My refuge, in which I behold God in you and you in God."

Our young actress appeared engulfed in a mighty sphere of ecstatic sight; when, with uplifted face, she cast herself in kneeling posture at the foot of the statue, as she had done at the feet of Mother Mary Paul.

"How well I feel," she soliloquized. "It seems a light has invaded the darkened recesses of my being."

"I see the Infant God love first given to His Mother."

"I see the Infant God cast His first look upon His Mother."

"I see the Infant God first smile upon His Mother."

"I see the Infant God first extend His uplifted hand to His Mother."

"I see the Infant God first step towards His Mother."

"I hear the Infant God first lisp 'Mother.'"

"I see God, the Father; and Mary claim the same Son."

And then, as if by inspiration led, she slowly raised her body from the reverent posture it had held. She stepped into a setting where the Madonna in life-sized marble statue stood holding the Infant Child on Her right hand. Entwining her arms respectfully, yet caressingly, clinging to the memorial form, she slowly and reverently faced the audience; her arm, now rigorously, entwining the neck of the Madonna mold.

Ominously, she paused with ardent gaze levelled determinedly upon Commodore Jones. It was plain an idea was forming in her mind. She was playing a startling role. There was unmistakable evidence on the part of her audience of a desire to view, in act, a subject with which they were not familiar.

Mother Mary Paul knew this, and decided to let her, in full degree, satisfy their thirst in this respect; knowing, as she did, the heart, motive and impulse of her pupil—Nano of Clontarf. The spirit of youth, vying with the storm of emotion, left an inspiring and daring mark upon her young face. She had a terrible determination tucked away behind her childlike act. She stopped dead for a time, then said with triumphant and argumentative tone:

"Your lordship," addressing Commodore Jones, "You see so dark. Burden not your thought with such grim fancy. Discard the idea that we adore this molded clay. Our tutors teach that it but portrays an external likeness. What immature imagination could fail to see an infant love defined in this marble memory—this mold of clay; just a memorial of symbolic inspiration. Such was the intention of its sculpture. Such is the intention of its display. Such is the picture it portrays. More kindly entertain and more keenly gaze upon our doctrine. You think you find our conduct idolatrous; that our pictures and shrines are idols we adore; that in frenzy we trace visionary goals. No warrior, on action bent, could entertain towards so gracious a hostess as Mother Mary Paul, the grim thought that you impose. Your interpretation corrodes. Do not settle these marble trophies of spiritual boon, as you would ruthlessly hasten your sovereign's enemies to their doom."

The internal truth Nano so deeply felt was tragically; yet, forcefully demonstrated; for, when aghast, she stood, the head of the statue was in her hands. She had intentionally rent apart the mold, in her anxiety to prove they did not adore the clay. Then, lifting the head in sacred display, she pleaded reverently: "I did not want to mutilate the likeness of our chaste, inviolate and dignified vessel, Mary, the cause of my joy—the Mother of Divine grace. It is not frenzy, it

is but sacred awe." With pleading piety, she embraced the detached head in her hands; and, placing it upon the platform of the oratory, she fell before it, and pleaded, "Mary—Mary, the cause of my salvation, how often have I turned to you, my Mother of perpetual succor—the singular vessel of Christ. During study, your marble tower aids me into a devotional state of mind. Here, depicted in statue form, I found the seat of learning; the seat of wisdom; the seat of my refuge in sin; the hope of me and of all mankind. I would be a worthless waif without you. I would be a wretched assassin without you. I would destroy the constabulary without you. I would hate the military without you. I would rend apart this order we call kingdom without you. I would assassinate the Commodore without you." Her petulant moodiness made the audience, in grim horror, stand aghast. "Ah, gentle Mother, I love to be near You. I delight to tell You of my sorrow and distress." She wistfully pleaded, "Lead my stumbling fancy aright. I want to ask and accept all gifts from You. If I have shocked and thrown my audience into the abyss of disdain and horror, I fly to You, my Patron as any child does to its mother. The Lord willed to provide us with You. He decreed to become man, only through the consent of You. Behold! Then, since I fear Him, I have You—His Mother—as Mediatrix; and who can fear his own Mother!"—She wonderingly asked; turning, with outstretched arms, towards her audience, many of whom were on their feet.

Poor Nano, now completely overcome, did not regain her composure for some moments. When she did quiet herself, she walked back to the last seat in the hall and remained there; until Mother Mary Paul confronted her. She was sobbing, when she looked into the jubilant face of her teacher. "My heart melts, my tears begin to flow when I am drawn to look upon your unfettered brow. No withering surge nor wild gale's roar; no threatening force, nor even my wavering being can perturb the harmony of your own ideal. Mother," she pleadingly wailed, "I never— never knew you to wear a look so heavenly bland. No anxiety, no thought of wrong nor emotion strong can shatter this atmosphere purged by your forgiveness of my wrong."

IX

The drama and the farce were over. The guests had gone. With them were their children homeward bound for the holidays. For now, nigh seven years, Nano was left the lone pupil without relatives or friends with whom she might spend the Yuletide with its "wren boys" and their mirth. The only memory she had of Christmas, outside of the convent, was its association with Clontarf and its frolic with flute and harp by the young and beloved "vagabonds" of the villages, known as the "wren boys" who, in masquerade, serenaded in the roadways and hamlets. These wandering minstrels were never forgotten by her at the Christmas holiday period; and, probably, never will be. The songs they sang would reproduce their melody in the soul of her. Often, in the years of her convent school life, she sighed her gladness when the holiday season closed. Its memories always renewed old sorrows. The present writer knows Nano, now grown into matronhood, and she tells me that no Christmas has since passed that the carols and ballads of the "wren boys" of Clontarf do not chime anew in her memory at these festive times, accompanied by a strange glee when holidays are passed. So strongly was her subconscious memory impressed, that it affects the thought processes of her maturity.

According to a visitor at the production of the dramatic festivals of the year 1898 in Athlone seminary, made notable by the riotous and dramatic episode; unheralded, yet produced by the Miss of Clontarf, we have the interesting information that the Hermit appeared near the Glen and kept the villagers informed of the progress Nano made in school, which accounted for the seeming neglect of her by its inhabitants.

It did not appear at all unusual to these good people and was admitted as a fact, beyond doubt, that the light which occasionally illuminated the heather hills was not of boreal origin, as some supposed; but was an illuminating of the way for the recluse of Clontarf, who would come and go, at times, with tidings concerning the well-being of the orphaned survivor of the Glen. He always talked with Peggy

Frany upon these visits. There was nothing more interesting chronicled in inns than the stories of the visits of this man of legend to the home of the Master—Rene Arou. True, the lanes which led to the house were green with heather, yet the cottage was kept in reverent repair. The valiant deeds of its residents were chronicled on rocky crags a short distance from the place where the hermit is reputed to have disappeared; and to have later achieved his reappearance; and, where credulous travelers, of occult faith, can see and hear from him to this day. The legend of the recluse is an article of faith among the surviving villagers of the land of Clontarf.

At the reopening of school, a new pupil from Clontarf was enrolled. She, like Nano, mused on the narratives of the mournful tragedies of her birthplace, the tales and tides of which, to use her own expression, she "invoked," during periods of recreation, to her classmates. Little did they dream that Nano's was the hidden life of whose misfortune, Margaret Higgins told. Mother Mary Paul, alone, realized that the stories were all stern reality—the retelling of which kept her still reminded of sorrows which she would have gladly forgotten. The enduring record was alluded to, by the new scholar, as the "mirror of horror of the inland defense"—a valley of pain and pang with its moorlands, having a spiritual atmosphere that never became keyed to failure or despair, even in the famine years of '46, '47, and '48, when the inhabitants lived on water-cress, docks, sloes, and haws; and remained steadfast in spite of this pestilence, she would say in the warmth of memory. Mother Mary Paul, in turn, listened in astonishment and found herself hoping the time would soon come for these people to plead their cause; then she would smile with a happy sense of elation; and, with the intuition of spirit which reveals all things, she knew that the unconquered island would be reconstructed according to the spiritual standards of its people and of the deep universe. For, by this tranquil reach of the Shannon, with its lush pastures and cultivated slopes, then ambered with the tones of winter, the Princess Superior learned to discern the co-ordination between the legendary

and folk lore knowledge, and its kinship with the mental and spiritual aspect of another sort of beauty that devout minds fashioned according to the glory of their faith. She knew that the faith which could keep pictures of beauty shining, regardless of human disfigurement, would, curiously enough, repair the ruin which lack of faith had caused. In the fairy tales, she glimpsed an engaging, illustrative quality; limited only by the hearers' imagination and the buoyancy of their souls. In fancy, men and women take shapes which are not seen by most people upon this earth, but which do exist to the perception of those who are mystics. There is in Ireland, the land of far desire, the consuming figure of the unseen, the beautiful, unfamiliar form of the invisible soaring above the love of faith that is not found in any other land. The Princess Superior penetrated beyond the crumbling mind of human disfigurement; and saw, and understood the Irish in their higher rebuilding of the imagery of the soul.

So, to them, Mother Mary Paul came over the channel and through the dales and the brush and the briar from the land of Shakespeare; where, in separate course, she drank, with them, from a single source, whose beauty and root was the heart of deep eternity.

As Superioress in principle and in spirit, she knew that thought, alone, was not sufficient for the attainment of success; for, it is only an unborn seed placed in a mental bin. In the field of human action, it has to grow before its yield is garnered in; and the reaper sacks the seed and the scales of justice weigh the good and evil deed, at the close of day.

In the development of their folk lore, the Irish wove a spell in all directions; mentally and spiritually, all inclusive; and, when they realized this, it produced a consciousness of freedom, whose triumph their faith would culminate. Here, they did something to the subconscious mind; for the gentle essence of their spiritual life encompassed them and closed out the terror of their torment. True, they are a minority; but they are strong enough to send out hopes and visions across the world, and their impulse flares forth because their night is so dark and their spiritual vision so clear.

In this atmosphere, Nano was too ascetically tutored to have any curiosity about the physical. She believed that the purification of a body was revealed spiritually. Consequently, her physical well-being was in retirement. On this basis, she accepted, in simplicity, her temporal necessities which were supplied as to the "lilies of the field."

Accordingly, when Mr. Higgins, a quaint, watchful man, took her to Dublin to the home of his sister; and she overheard her hostess ask, "Who is managing her education?" she courtesied in; and, excusing herself in utter simplicity, said—"That is done by one of God's own loveliest miracles," and then retired, as Mr. Higgins slowly explained, as if recalling the versions he had heard: "The best lore I know is that told by the hermit on one of his visits near Craggy Rock. His witnesses made the same inquiry, to which, he was said to have responded, 'The Princess Novitiate has furnished all things according to her light.'"

Next day, Nano, Margaret, and their hostess started on a sight-seeing lark. Poor Nano tried feverishly to adjust herself to the surroundings. So foreign was everything, it required a complete revolution in her racial tradition. The life, the streets, the shops, the public houses fairly shrieked to her. The bustle was all opposite to anything she had ever known. They rambled, together with their hostess, through the market places and there found fish-women who held them, as their numerous progenitors held O'Connell, in his day; when he frequented their stalls and swapped parlance with fish-women of gone-by times, with whose pertinent speech, he always vied in happy repartee. These replicas, always ready with replies, are still, as they were then, more alluring both to native and to foreign visitors, than was the fish they offered for sale.

The convent girls stood shrinking at the edge of the stalls of the market, watching the women fish merchants strive adversely with each other in sanguine hope of trade. In their effort to defeat each other, they were constantly compounding a jarring mixture of roguishness and dialect of sufficient logic to be understood. In this Babylon, an

overwhelming feeling of revulsion made Nano contrast her convent home with the turmoil of her introduction to this commercial world.

Just then, a fish-woman, in blunt enlivenment, held out to the college girls a cockle; and, while duplicating their shrinking manner, said: "Your shyness and shillyshallying is hindering many a hapenny from our cribben, and begad! Misses Wonderment and Bewilderment, if ye buy this cockle and break the shell, ye may flatten yer own sissifications and give yer wits a jog." The acclaim of noisy mirth which observers abounded in, when their perception, in turn, observed the innocent confusion and captivating attractiveness of the bewildered objects, made digression necessary. While their hostess was about to withdraw them to other points of interest, the fish-woman added, with the usual acumen, "Huzzat for biology with an apulogy? Begad! if yer vertigued by nerves," she concluded, in wholesome gusto on noticing their poise slip, "It's not the ptomaine kind, that the cockle shell binds."

In this exposition of life, with its countless outpourings of human effort and its numerous varieties of character, each was on his own errand hurrying to and fro, lingering about, or enjoying the fish-wife's trite discourse. Each vied with each of the others in cars, and phaetons of wealth mingling with the slow wains laden with provisions or merchandise, the demands of epicurean diet, or the productions of art. The streets were lined with inviting shops, and gay customers gleaming in fitful mirth; and all sides of the thoroughfare were planted thickly with every conceivable structure, while the air was filled with a ceaseless, monotonous din, which penetrated her very soul, and kept ringing in her ears even without her own conscious thought; and, over head, God's day enshrouding this sullen toil. In this catalogue of pursuits, aims, anxieties, amusements and indulgences—all occupations of man; here, were offered goods to sell; there, they seek to borrow money; here, you are offered small tenements. There's food for all, and luxuries for those who can pay; medicines for the credulous, and literature for the inquisitive.

Passing on to the periodical stalls, there was news of debates in Parliament: collision of rival interests; reports on the money market, provision market, and metal market; word of ships arrived in port; gains and loss, export and imports, frauds and their detection.

Along the street to the next stall, they arrived at discoveries in art, in court, and royalty, the entertainment of the great, peculiar amusements, like fights, racing horses, strange offences, trials, accidents, escapes, exploits, adventure, ventures, and many other wonders—in all, a curious, restless, clanking, clamorous, panting thing.

"So, this is the world," exclaimed Nano, as the pervasiveness of the atmosphere penetrated her soul. "There," she continued, turning to her hostess, who was suggesting tea, "is a display of the luxury that the officers' daughters portray. See, that chic, metropolitan, up-to-date dame, leaving her carriage with just such creatures as the upper-set are."

Here, for the second time in that day, her thoughts drifted back to her quiet convent home with its heritage of peace. Everything gripped her. Its excessive error was stamped on everything. Just as all of the military set are alike in social habit; all trade is in its own disguise.

These visits led her to many conclusions. She thought of the trades-people who had not been educated, who had not learned the manners nor caught the tone of good society. They had no share in the largeness of mind, the sense of honor, the correctness of taste, the consideration for others; no share in the gentleness of her instructor, the Princess Novitiate, now Mother Mary Paul. Oh! hers was the highest type of excellence. "Their outward extravagances of trade are base vulgarities," she spoke out unthinkingly; as a vague, intangible stream of comparisons was fighting within her mind. She could not be at peace. The Babel of trade interested her. Every class seemed to be the same. Their artificiality and limitations gripped her. She began to remold her opinions according to those of her teacher.

On leaving the market place, the chill of the winter evening was very penetrating; but, not any more so than the plaintive voice of a child ballad singer, who stood under a dim light offering flowers for sale. Here was a merchant whose plight she understood. Her story was told in her countenance. The stress of her appeal could not be unheeded. The two shillings Mother Mary Paul had given Nano, when leaving her convent home, was made the property of the little flower mendicant, whose wail captured the soul and imagination of her new customer. The pitiful, little merchant handed Nano every flower that she possessed in return for the two shillings, while the force of the spirit of the flower girl very much affected Nano; who, instantly, discarded the hood she wore; and, with hair blown in the chill of the dying day, offered in song her purchase to those who heeded. Her soul sang forth this supplication:

Underneath the gas-light's glitter,
Stands a fragile girl,
Heedless of the night-wind bitter,
As; around, about, the world.
While there are hundreds sad and weary
In this dreary world of ours,
"Oh," she cried with tearful pity,
"Won't you buy my pretty flowers?"

From some corner in the gathering, a concertina joined in a few stanzas. Later, some urchin added an accompaniment, playing a mouth-harp.

This melody seemed to throw out positive electrons of sadness far beyond the radius of her voice.

"Where are the wren-boys," asked a foreign appearing gentleman who began to push through the crowd in the direction of the voice, as memories pale and lifeless took on for him the Yuletide colors. "Alas! that voice has the lilt of the wren boys. It is of my own village—so, too, is the Yuletide carol being sung. It has the wail of Clontarf. We

have never had melodies like those which are warbled by the Clontarf carolists. They are the troubadours of my land—of the bogs and of the highland."

The stranger's utterances caused the usual throb of perception which was caught by the crowd. He gazed about, molding his own opinions of the vivid anxiety enlivening the market. His face would grow dim and kindle, as the joys and pain, caused by his emotions, betrayed his thoughts. Now, that he saw the youthful ballad singer, all he could recognize was the subtle soul of her; and its subconscious link associating his own childhood with that of hers.

"Yet," he soliloquized, as Nano, having disposed of her purchase, in leaving the flower stall, moved so gracefully, "there is something drawing about that plain child." And, taking a card out of his pocket, he wrote upon it, "With triumphant thanks to the little flower-girl," and enclosed a crown which Nano, in turn, handed over to the happy, little ballad singer, who shared her sympathetic soul.

"Who is that tall, bearded, gray man pushing his way through the crowd?" asked a constable who was showing, in this inquiry, a suspicion lurking within his consciousness. He knew that the stranger was under surveillance, and his comprehensive vision revealed to him that the offense was political.

"He has a military pose, is brave and mighty looking. His hat is part of the uniform of an American soldier. Watch the people make passage for him, as he steps, in military fashion, toward the ballad singer. He's a personality," the constable concluded.

The conversation was addressed to a Scotland Yard functioneer, whom the spokesman, in some natural way, detected, just as a device would indicate the course a ship pursued.

"He is of Clontarf, that nest of revolution. He took passage in 1861 on a British man-of-war; and deserted, when he reached an American port. If he wants to serve his United States in his old days as he did in his youth, he had better stay there alive and satisfied, or we are bloody sure to substitute his treacherous soul with a carcass."

"You think he had better stay in America; where, in case of another war, he will be on the spot to save it. That is your idea, eh?" queried the traffic constable, meaningly.

"He grossly deceived, even the crew; the miserable, old hypocrite. Instead of being under observation, he should be here in irons." "He needs medals," said a young merchant menacingly. "Give the American medals," he yelled defiantly, as he was hastened from his stall to the barracks by another visitor, presumably from Scotland Yard.

There is activity among the inhabitants of Ireland, whether practiced in political strategy, en fete, or amid market stalls; an inner sensibility, felt by travellers; but, not understood, although it enamors them. It is a creative thinking, an internal impulse; which, the visitor is unaware of, yet feels. These forces quickly formed in attempt to protect the unknown American, who, their perception told them, was in danger.

Alive to these impressions also are the fishwives; who, if ready to laugh at you, are also ready to laugh at themselves. One of them caught, with vivid interest, the matter of the moment; and, noticing a decoration on the American, as proof of this basic insight, exclaimed: "Arrah! begad, ye niver saw a diplomat without a lot of decorations, or medals, or distinguishments; even when gazed out of countenance, entirely, by blaguards from foreign yards."

"An will yer service to the Crown," she asked with looks; which, if they could burn, would blister the detective, "permit yer honor to tell us what the difference is between a-leg-of-honor (Legion of Honor) and a tug-o-war, or something wound around and around in a red handkerchief for presentation to royalty or to loyalty of the spying kind—that deceives even the select?"

"Or yer compliments, or offerings so that an accidental indignity may not befall ye," suggested a man in the jostling throng, which was a disturbance created as a mode of escape for the jeopardized stranger, should he choose to make his egress. This, the stranger made known, was not his desire, by the stinging retort:

"A good offering would be a necklace of animal's claws."

"He'll have a life sentence," said a man whose remark and appearance proved he got his knowledge in another corner of the globe.

"No," challenged a native characteristically, "it will be a royal salute."

"Begad, that would take too much powder and sure then, it would not answer the concealment of intent," reasoned another, who had previous experience.

The captivating stranger was now being advised, as well as jogged, by Shane Fleming of the Young Ireland Secret Order, who warned:

"While I make entertainment, by turning a hand-spring, you spring out of the market, and be lost in the jostle. The Cock Robin yonder (Scotland Yard Man) may kick yer ribs out by accident on purpose. He's tellin' the Constable that he has a ruction to fight, and he might be applying the maxim of Donneybrook Fair, (whenever ye see a head, hit it.) Don't move an eyelash, until Larry there, swings a clout on the nose of the Scotland notable who is thinking of his victim. Then take to the strand and jog along to yer choosen land o'liberty. Yer man-o-war is waiting in the quay. The road may be hard, and the make-away whimsical, but there are benevolent villagers clustered in the wayside who'll flay them alive, with their naked fists, if they grab you. Begad! their effigy is written; if yer life, be accident on purpose, is taken, for that's the phantasy they play in the snuff-out of a naturalized shred of freedom. This information is to be confined to yer self, at all event. Nary a microbe, even to have a chance glance at ye's secret. For, if they knew our concealment, their indescribabilities would be on exhibition, and many of us would look like rows of coffins. Now, I'll start an outlandish yowling. It will draw out a bounce of humor, as well as a commotion and a variety of push that will permit, with the good use of yer wits, a voyage."

Whereupon, he pushed himself against the crowd and yelled discordantly, "Where are ye going at all, at all, walking all over me?"

All joined in the purposeful clamor, as the throb of its purport dawned upon them. "Begad! It takes a gathering like this to compete with the likes of that," spoke a swarthy man who was, accidentally on purpose, jostled into the arms of the jaunty, sneering, Scotland yard—would-be assassin, whom he lambasted with a stunning knock-out-blow below the belt; for he was one of the boys from the man-of-war, and had overheard the ex-parte comments.

* * * * *

Nearly half a century had passed since the mystery enshrouding the disappearance of Jerry McMahon had been lodged in the breast of Clontarf inhabitants. That the "press-gang" (a detachment from a ship's crew to force men into the British Navy; now an illegal practice) got him, had never occurred to the villagers. Yet, that was his fate. The first stop, a Canadian port, offered Jerry an opportunity for justifiable abandonment. He did not hesitate to take advantage of it, since the obligation was an imposed service. With extreme caution, he made his way, as sprightly as possible, to the United States, where he imposed upon himself a service which he never abandoned. Considered always as an interesting character in his service throughout the Rebellion, his pronounced intrepidity won him the highest honor attainable within the gift of his superiors. His ancestral inheritance of centuries fitted him with a trans-Atlantic mind. The unthinkable event of his life was the idea of his return to the home of his childhood. Deserters rarely indulge in such felicity. Never had he expected to visit the Glen again. Consequently, his blissful perplexity confused even his own emotions; as did his appearance on the moor, the sole occupant of the Glen, Peggy Frany, now almost an anchorite. She was turning a corner of one of the gables; and, amid a lilt that ceased, when she noticed a man standing on the brink of the hill, where he stood as a fixture on the turf sod; where the hermit had appeared to her so often in the dusks. As the mystery of the scene projected itself upon her, she mused:—"It's the spirit of Jerry McMahon."

Peggy, who had seen so much misery and lost so much, stood mystified, as if struck to stone. Years, heaps of years, had passed since she saw Jerry McMahon. What could have brought him to Clontarf? No one lived there now but a few old women. The younger generation, like Jerry in his time, had gone to America. She was now the only occupant of the Glen. All her own kin had joined the pilgrimage to the United States. The lonely two-toned song of the cuckoo aroused her to a similar reverie, followed promptly, as only the Irish heart can be, by the opposite feeling of love and hope. She decided to speed towards the object of her observation—her subconscious self still insisting it was Jerry McMahon, transformed into an American spirit, if not of the flesh. The closer she came to him, the surer she became of his identity. Finally, she burst into welcome, followed by prophecy. The view of him and her enthusiasm illumined her worn face; when, in endearing tone, she greeted, "Cead Mile failc." (a thousand welcomes). Hesitating, lest he was a disembodied identity, she sobbed, "You are the crusading spirit of America, come to set the world right." Then, extending her worn, rough hands, both of which he clasped tenderly, she realized, definitely, he was in body, for she never had been able to approach the hermit in handclasp. "Alanna, Mahree, how did you get here?" she whispered, amid tender embrace.

"Like a migratory bird," responded Jerry McMahon in a mellow, lonely tone, his countenance assuming a pathetic look. "I have returned, in the season of solitude, to accomplish a wish concerning Maria's child, Nano. What became of her? For the past few months, wild dreams of her have set and stemmed my march to this spot. The tribute on the rocks," he added, noticing Peggy's vigilant look now directed there, "has not been eaten away by storm or time."

"Arrah! tell me," said Peggy, in her most wistful brogue, after a considerable pause, caused by a flood of memory which filled her soul and eyes to overflowing, "Are ye Jerry McMahon?" She knew he was. Consequently, did not await his ratification. "Nano, Alanna," she continued in lamentation, "God bless her! is in a school near where

the rambling, sparkling Shannon flows. There, soothed and strengthened, I hope she will leave her anguish under the Shannon's rumbling flow. The hermit, himself, who stood there; where you were settled, when first I saw you reading the name, fame and appeal of Rene Arou, says that her genius takes the place of experience, she is such a wonder in her age." Then, in grieved intensity of conflicting emotions, she wept profusely.

"So you weep when you should greet Jerry McMahon," said he, in futile effort to suppress his own tenderness. "The lads and lassies of Dublin, likewise, treated me to a regaling welcome promptly followed by a shabby farewell accompanied by a sort of a petit coupe (a small mask)," he beguilingly added, while drawing a flesh-colored disguise from his pocket. "The presentation party advised that, without it, my corpse would be held as an edification for the human eye, so that all patriots might regard it with care."

"Sure, as there's sounds in the moor that we cannot hear, and rays in the sun we cannot see," deduced Peggy, "there are fancies in the minds of men that foretell that sort of peril. Myself had a feeling like the freezing of my marrow bone, when I thought of a McMahon at the Glen again—the surveying you would be under—not to talk of the squad."

Here, due to a chance glance, she paused; silenced, for a moment, by the changes in his expression; as the Celtic scene, with the incursion of memory, threw on his features an atmosphere of varied force. The moor with its rocks and dripping verdure, the swans gliding into the moonlight on Lough Gara caused a mellowing, sad, yet tense play—a shadow-like panorama upon the strong, adventurous and daring features of Jerry.

Peggy, sensing the strain of thought under which he labored; in an effort to lead his mind into gayer realms, suggested that he view the boreen and colorings in the dells, also beside the boreen [pathway], pointing to the long string of emerald green moss, upon which sparkled fallen berries and the vanished year's autumn blossoms, that

are everlasting. The streams and rills were everywhere singing songs of abandon; unconcernedly, crossing through paths and fields, and on, into the rumbling river that emptied, in turn, into its destination—Lough Gara.

"That stretch of nature," said Jerry, calmly, as if in meditation, and curative treatment of his own and Peggy's musings, "depicts the Celtic mind. We sing songs of hope and abandon, and they, in turn, twinkle and form, and unconcernedly they develop; and, finally, like all suppressed things, they yield to internal pressure and rumble through highways and fields—sometimes of blood-emptying, always into the Loughs of self-direction; be its dominion found in America, France, or in unknown parts. How the soul of Irishmen yearns for that first Principle of God—Independence. How foolhardily our tormentors endeavor to repress this guiding spirit of all nature. Like those unhampered streams, we ramble throughout the world; made sport of here, mingled with there, shunned here, honored there; life and hope and mirth and the abandonment known only to freedom of spirit; yielding, always, to the eternal and internal impulse of all mankind—Independence—free will—the gift of the most high Sovereign. The faculty and factor He has freely given men, even in their wishes towards Him. What mortal folly it is to try to curb the twinkling, murmuring stream supported by the Divine Order made clear in the teaching of nature whose inmost tendency is to be free by joyously returning to its Source.

They were standing near a cluster of heather laden with red berries. A woodchuck burrowing in the sod, together with Jerry McMahon's blackthorn revealed a broken root beneath. A gray squirrel scrambled in fright through the heather.

"Troth!" exclaimed Peggy, "that sport of scene also shows our race on the run. I be thinking, sometimes, it's like vivisection. The poorer and weaker animals have to suffer for the stronger and richer animals. Betimes, they kill and eat the little ones and rout them entirely."

"Under all circumstances, the wrong-doer pays. If they eat the animal, it becomes part of them. If they kill the animals, disease and odor penalize the assassin. If they rout them, their menace is scattered. There is no getting away from the consequence of injustice or from the award of justice. Among the first Colonial rebels of the United States, were British subjects who did rout and would, with zest, dissect their former kin. Such is the law of our Heavenly King. He is avenged by the very instruments of kinship that earthly sovereigns use to destroy their dissenting fellow men."

The cadence of his voice, soft and rippling like the rhythm of nature, amid which they discussed the phenomena of human consciousness seemed to rise and fall, as if in unison with the swell and descent of the flow of the rills and streams; as he, inductively, continued, "The onslaught and misery of Ireland leads to the advanced spirit of its inhabitants. Name it what you may—life's superstition—if it pleases your own suppressed desire—spirit, if your own progress proves it to be—soul, if you so choose—personality; if such, the 'I am' of you discloses it to be—simplicity, if it becomes your humanity—subconscious, if such is your psychology—whatever picture your mind may see, only foreshadows the frame of your mentality. The first principle the Creator bestowed upon humanity was freedom—of will. Nature is buoyant and free. There is crime whenever mankind is robbed of that dignity."

They unconsciously turned away from the Glen and were walking in the direction of Cross National School, on the broad stone steps of which, Padraic Kearny was sitting, enjoying his clay pipe; he, also, seeing high imagery in its smoke. Following the Dublin incident, Padraic was christened guardsman to his invading comrade, by the ship's crew, since he, also, was of trans-Atlantic origin; the obligation was accepted by him in high spirit.

Peggy, insensible to everything, except the presence of Jerry, trod along wherever they led—entertaining the Americans, all the while, with the narrative of the Glen and of the family she loved more than

she did her very own life—Rene Arou, his wife, Maria McMahon—and Nano, Alanna, the latter an endearment of speech, she never applied to any other person except Nano.

What invisible ties stretch across the Atlantic! What unforgotten themes their pathetic links connect! Much as the emigrants love Ireland, they love their adopted land more, for their pre-vision engraves a process of evolution, sensitized and developed in the word, "Republic."

A few days were spent by Jerry disporting himself amid the places of his youth, and the scenes of the tragic struggle of his kin which was retold by the villagers who were flocking from far and near to give him cheer.

The afternoon of the second day of his stay found ten Grand Army of the Republic men from Ballingar, Westport, and Sligo, registered in the hamlet of Clontarf awaiting the "God speed," they were about to wish him when he again left his native land.

In loitering through the moor that led to the Glen, Jerry passed Cross National school. An awakening flash suggested the fitness of the appellation, "Cross," undoubtedly acclaimed by the inhabitants in the mists of memory, induced by the last utterance of his heroic sister, Maria. For a time, its meditating consideration of horror held death in his soul. Beyond this, no other unpleasant incident beset his stay.

The early forenoon of a clear, sharp, Celtic day found a goodly crowd at Cregan station, awaiting the homecoming of Nano. The few young people left in the neighboring hamlets, all of whom were there, danced and sang away the time of the train's delay.

Peggy was the first one to meet and greet Nano. Jerry McMahon's strength almost failed him, when he recognized her as the ballad girl of his Dublin experience; but who now appeared to have put away childish things. Explanations, with the ever accompanying illustration of impulse and action, made everything clear. A night of frolic followed, a night of bands, whose music of the throbbing, chanting sort,

brought melody of an appealing, praying, unconquerable symposium. Bonfires aflame, amid patriotic song, story, and the ever-present, mysterious spirit of hope and patriotism, lent an atmosphere to this festive island gathering, made memorable by the presence of ten men of the Grand Army of the Republic of America, an additional narrative for the future epochs of Clontarf.

The stars seemed closer, though the moor winds were crisp and cool; when, about dusk, they talked of the contributions America had made to the world. A Grand Army man, who journeyed from Sligo to attend the reunion, opened an enduring discussion when he announced the discovery in the files of his father who was rector of the Episcopal Church of Sligo in the year 1776, of a news item which announced, "Advice is received that the Congress resolved upon independence the Fourth of July; and, it is said, has declared war against Great Britain, in form."

"Who would have thought of this birth notice being the most far flung episode in the history of mankind; an event which affects every government in existence?" queried Peter Philips, a naturalized citizen of the republic.

"Faith, it is a wonderful assertion of Divine truth, a positive proof of the tenet of freedom," injected a villager; who, by some peculiar paradox, mirrored, in thought, the genius of the spirit of the Document. "For, after a stretch of freedom extending across the Atlantic," he continued, "we won't have to be peering out over the boreens for enemies that come no more."

Journeying along the road in a two-wheeled cart, so desolate against the blue mists of the hillside, approached a man. The picture he presented gave a pang like pain. He was coming from the direction of Galway, and proved to be from that saintly nest, Aran, peaceful Aran, the Island of the Blest. There they contend against the winds and rocks and sea. They defended for centuries the western extremity, Dun Aengus, the last defense. Who would have suspected that Aran would have a delegate; whose famished inhabitants caused neighboring people

to believe that the Isle was supplied with manna, that its people might survive. They were unlike their countrymen of the mainland. In general embodiment they were shadowy like an apparition, dark and garbed exclusively in hue of cosmic blue, like the haze that stretches over the distant hills. On account of their piety, it was not expected they would contribute to the Grand Army, even in its resistance against slavery.

"Can it be," asked Patrick Hough, also of the ship's crew, "that the natives of Aran are the progeny of the sea-swept Atlantis of legendry?" He had heard of this bit of mythology in other ports. It corresponded somewhat in manner, to the method by which he identified the man approaching who seemed languishing, as he was, from the effects of his austere life, coupled with his service abroad. Irishmen of imagination, who had heard the narrative of the Isle of the Blest, could identify a resident without further introduction. Saintry lives produce but one type. All run true to form, while they are in the flesh and have mastered it. Hence, the identity of him was felt by the group he was approaching. His face, festooned with ribbons of haze from the sinking sun which laid lightly upon him and over all things made him appear like a shadowy patriarch, who had passed the gray clouds and reappeared in the gold before its owner claimed the spirit. He had, in his eyes, the depth of the fast approaching eternity. Saluting his co-patriots in resonant monotone, he said:

"Comrades of the Isle of the Sea, whose ancient history stretches into eternity. Land of memory, still set in mediaeval abode. This reunion coaxes such gentle fantasy. As I jogged along, I likened the chorus lilt of the song you sing to the darkies' pleading harmony, as we marched, amid its melody, to meet Lee. So, in contrast true, I could see your murmuring, prayerful sentiment turned into a triumphant hymn; just as it happened with them."

"Then, my soul was illumined afresh; when, in magic, I saw that spiritual, slim patriarch of men, the emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, that ally of Heaven, that picturesque encasement of clay who was tortured and slain; when, in supreme bloom, he did thwart the avarice that would enslave men."

"I think," he continued meditatively, "it was Blessed Grignon, who said, 'There are secrets in nature by which one is enabled to obtain wonderful effects in a short time,' so also there are secrets in spirit. Supernatural operations shed brilliant light on the ruffled voyagers of this human misery. Abraham Lincoln was such a select spirit. He was a sort of intermediary being between man and spirit."

"I believe his look could illumine and console the whole suffering, tortured, terrestrial sphere. I verily feel he is near us here."

"The Nation asserted itself before his time. The text of its Declaration, like the spirit of free men, was created in the Divine Image. The great truths of its proclamation were in the air like the secret spirit of life. The people breathed it. It is called "Declaration of Independence." It is a spiritual document. Its elements we cannot touch nor see. Equality, liberty, self-government, the rights of man, faculties untouchable and unseen—ideals of Divine Mind, they belong to the spirit world. Its great mystery justifies its edict by the text that we are created in the Divine Image, all partakers of the Divine Spirit.—It is the Imitation of Christ. It is His government. A Christ government. It is sanctified and rests in the authority of God. It must be accepted throughout the world, for it is eternity's will that all nations proceed to a point; where, with combined reformation, they will be ready to act in unison to check back the injustice and depravity of the old decaying things. The American stage is set and will bring to earth souls fighting for their loved ones at the same time introducing spiritual forces of patriotic nature, such as Lincoln who will continue to inspire spiritual progress. The Republic of the United States is a government of the people. It proclaims their will. The real life of Christianity depends upon the heart of the people; the everlasting life of the government of America depends upon the heart of its people. It is there we look for results."

"What an everlasting privilege it is to live in the first, the only true Republic of the earth. It is our obligation, as it was the duty of the fishermen who followed Christ, to spread its gospel to all the na-

tions of the earth, not by force, not by threat, not by competition in commerce, not by hate, not by revenge, not by mobocracy, not by autocracy; but, in the spirit of Him who, from the cross, said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'; or, in the spirit of the greatest man the Republic ever knew, Abraham Lincoln, who to those who would not see that human slavery was a dangerous malady, when applied to any portion of the human family, and who would then destroy the republic if they won, said, 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gave us to see the right, let us strive on—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.' All that union with God implies is perfection. All that union with the republic implies is perfection. Surely, some secret link must have been connecting its framers in visioning the new heaven and the new earth."

"America, the Bethlehem of earth, you are as necessary to us as is our breath, as is our life, as is our food, as is our spirit—but we must not let you grow out of your clothing like all youth, for alas! tyranny does not stand by and permit this sort of vicarious escape. It makes a new God to whom people turn in supplication, often a politician, who takes the soul and summons Satan and then, in foolish rapture, goes to battle with men and weapons whose form is hate, greed, covetousness and then propaganda—all prerogatives of Satan. They chant piously of patriotism before the knave, making strange and curious alarm which we, of the old world, know ends in death to the Republic. Unless there be detached from on high a soul lumbering through the masses, another Lincoln whose mighty spirit men will support, the republic cannot hold the high place won by the first or second struggle. Even now, she must not snuggle in decadence. The immortal Lincoln knew this when he expostulated, 'Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty.'"

"We have lived in this great republic which God has raised to illumine every land, the new heaven and the new earth wherein the Creator has made it possible for a section hand to become Presi-

dent of the Republic as it was possible for Peter the fisherman to become head of the Church, a farmer boy to become governor as John became the favorite Apostle, a rail splitter to become Supreme Justice as Luke became an enlightenment to the world."

With a serenity lighting his visioned goal, the man of Aran, the Grand Army Man of the United States turned in delicate acknowledgment of the naturalized visitors of the land of Lincoln and chanted, "Lincoln, the protector of freedom, we, like lambs of that patron, cluster around his feet finding solace in the words he spoke and the inspiration he left; as, in spirit, we journey to the point from which he withdrew; so, in spirit, we will rejoin him anew; and, there again, cluster around him and enlighten and guide the Great Republic to be the Super-Republic."

"Glory be to God," prayed a villager, "That is an encouraging hope." "And back of it is the joyous chant and the reverent piety of a native of Aran, the Isle of the Blest, who first spoke with God," rejoined another.

"I often figure that way myself since Padric Drury one day in the front of July raised a ruction by reading a paper he unrolled and called Declaration of Independence. Says he, 'It is a government of the people. It tells their will.' Just as he uttered that syllable a skut of a spy, who had a stronger friendship for the Crown than for the truth, grabbed poor Padric, muzzled and guzzelled him. The maulin he got riled a cleric who was listening, and says his reverence to no one at all but himself, 'God has an escape for mankind according to the mood of the masses.' The ruction ended by the skut taking the two of them. The layman lay in jail. He's there yet for all we know. The cleric was charged with pessimi example (likely to exert pernicious influence) and he was slipped to the land o' the free."

"Well, if his reverence could not talk, faith, he could write," so says himself when he writes to Padric's mother (Kate herself.) "Irishmen have to suffer so they may know the first doxology to rim the earth in external object. Irishmen are constitutionally free. They be-

lieve in reflex happiness. They know their greatest joy and freedom comes from what they give others. That helps them in every thing, even in war, where they give themselves. Their suffering teaches them how to distinguish the real from the imitation. They recognize the spirit of freedom even when masked in the spirit of man, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln."

"Arrah! wasn't it a quare thing," injected a listener who was reasoning from another angle, "a ruction over the blacks." "No, no," retorted Nano, whose imagination was a steed that bore her to the enchanted land of the free, "they fought for the principle of freedom. As long as there is a single slave on earth, there is danger of the enslavement of all of the people. America will uplift the world. Spiritual gifts are not severed into parts. Happiness is born a-train. Free a race and you begin to unwrap the clay of mankind that embraces the God of free will."

"Very young people sometimes know very big truths," said the visitor from the Isle of the Blest as he sat in the feast from which Peggy withdrew pleading that the "last supper" held a spring of lamentable events that this festive gathering kept afresh. "Oh, glorious is the memory of those who were signers of the Declaration of Independence, who are of our blood, while we also glory in those who were the sons of Ireland's outcasts, an exile given them by England. While Ireland gave them birth, America gave them rebirth. These truths obliterate the scenes around me and give me limitless courage," concluded the visitor from Aran reminiscently.

The glistening dew of the next day's dawn saw Jerry McMahon and his comrades, Nano and Peggy, leaving Clontarf, the very trees bending and spreading their shadows in acute adieu. Ann Waldron, the inn keeper, was aroused from her fitful sleep by a subconscious sort of confusion. Concernedly, she peered outside. The sight of the American Army men who had fallen into military step from habit consoled, saddened, and made her poetic.

"The rays of Lincoln have reached us," she sighed. "To nations, he has been a friend, yet somehow, home hearts teach us the knowledge on which we may depend. Regardless of the paths we may roam, the love undying is the changeless love of the spot we call home."

Later that day, they reached the place of embarkation, where the sea's mists seemed grayer than the ribbons of haze that shut out the Glen when they crossed the breen where the long strings of green verdure grew, and the dew of new day dropped a pearl on the ambered foliage which kissed the young boughs and streams singing their anthems of freedom and abandon, as they dashed off to the anchorage they knew; just as emigrants do through the inspiration of the trans-Atlantic stream in its visioned course to the bountiful land of Promise in its course of freedom.

From Erin's night, we haste away,
Across a stretch of stormy sea,
To reach the light of freedom's day;
America, we come to thee.

Oppression of the past we leave,
And ancient dread and fear and hate;
That, in their stead, we may receive
The freedom of a better state.

As pilgrims to some holy shrine,
We come to thee with love and prayer;
That freedom's light on us may shine;
And, in its blessings, we may share.

From Erin's shore, we haste away,
A visioned course across the sea;
To change our darkness into day;
America, we come to thee.

X

These graphic memoirs, retraced by Mr. Touhy, furnished not only an accurate biography of Nano Lydon and her parents who were defenders in the incidents and events of Irish history in which they participated; but, also, disclosed the engaging points in Nano's school life in that old world spot of beauty and quaintness where she mastered the rudiments of education, surrounded by knowledge that is not of this world; and, where, she was required to restrain her iconoclastic zeal that led beyond the tranquil joy that flooded Athlone Seminary. It was with regret that the not easy to be forgotten story of remarkable and intimate events came to a close. The recital occupied the entire evening. These were exploits of a generation whose glory alone could be found in the love of the Lord and its own kindred. To Nano, who had quietly appeared upon the scene, patriotic love was not strange, when the blood of her forefathers caused her to sit throughout these reviewed events as still as the heart of the dead, holding to outlived days; while Mr. and Mrs. Langdon and Shirley Lydon, all felt that the past with its treasure of legend and history had been brought very near to them.

Especially were they impressed by the force of patriotic utterances whose irrepressible record communicated the devotion of Irishmen to the ideals that animated the founders of the American republic. Hope became strong; that, now having become American by choice, they would be able to do something to carry forward to greater heights of achievement the glorious principles of their present heritage, the ideals of Washington and of Lincoln, whom they revered as their patrons in relation to their obligations to America. Despite what is loosely alleged to the contrary, emigrants in the land of their adoption have a clear obligation to study national affairs without partisan bias; and, then, to champion whatever agency is most likely to promote patriotic currents in this their own nation that will nourish the principles, ideals and ideas and the unchanging and unchangeable obligations of the first unit of patriots who laid the foundation of the inspired republic

that is to be. This is the republic that had its Valley Forge, and "ragged regimentals," forces that assailed slavery and expressed, in every act, its foremost aim—FREEDOM—a unity of humanity in accordance with its limitless life force, the essence of which gravitated to its first ideal, the morning star of all lands in its unfoldment of freedom, a faithful exponent of fundamentals—the United States of America. A statement worthy of the most enlightened thought of every human being, equipped by nature with the means to contact with and appropriate the life force whose capital is energy, intelligence, truth, love—in a special adaptation harmonizing the numerous and various types evolving toward the goal that draws every patriot from each and all of the countries of the world into pilgrimage to the dynamic energy and mental influence which leads to its affinity and imparts practical values in human relations that will make the whole earth resolve to conquer intolerance, that destructive influence that made the rulers of the old hemisphere say to their subjects, "Get up and fight for Mammon"—; creating for themselves idols that brought epidemics of hate and its grim director of chaos—prejudice that seared the souls of men and made it impossible for Christian doctrine to function in its human relations. This spirit caused the crucifixion of Jesus years ago, as it does today. The idol Mammon and its attributes; greed, intolerance, propaganda and ignorance cannot destroy the unity of the American nation, for our citizens know the heritage of the past.

From this phase of general conversation that followed Mr. Touhy's inspiring narrative, in order to destroy negative passions and renew certain characteristics of benevolence in that patriotism which was so largely a part of the millions of pilgrims who are in need of the land of promise, in need of a shrine of humanity whose lightbearers were non-sectarian, non-political and non-racial; it was decided that a visit to the Shriners' hospital for crippled children be made, and the time agreed upon for that visit of benevolent investigation was the very next day.

Upon the highway, there is a spot where travellers must pause before they pass. Before them stands what seems might well have been an Old World manor house of some magnificent estate of former days. Strong as it is, its strength is for the weak. Built by inheritors of a glorious past, built by those who hold a fellowship of the ancient and symbolic craft that wrought in stone; here, before the travellers' eyes, a place of helpfulness invites their close attention and profound respect.

Thither the imagination is directed before the pilgrim leaves the Boulevard and winds around slopes that lead to the place where mothers may come with their crippled children. At this handsome memorial raised by the spirit of brotherhood and designated "Shriners' Home for Crippled Children," is an institution that intensifies the wayfarers' veneration; for it is here that brotherhood makes good its claim to the spirit of Christ. Moreover, it is a sacred spot; for, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." It is curious to note the different localities where the spirit of pioneers is joined by its next impulse, the desire of sacrifice. Even in these days of materialism, it is certain the majority of travellers will be inclined to penetrate this manor of Christian delight whose outward path leads to a massive home of benevolence.

"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid;" and, in the outward formation of this institution, as in all things of nature where nothing is beautiful alone, the charm that this Masonic structure diffuses opens new fountains of absorbing reverence, whose inner sense stirs the spirit of the wayfarer. In this habitation in the heart of nature, that mistress of sovereignty and its achievements, there radiates one of the miracles of America, where the noble deeds of zealous men brighten the triumph of their purpose.

These fine developments, here placed in an environment of natural surroundings have a tang and spice of mother earth; and, in what is done, there is that delightful simplicity by which true beauty is shown; and, from which, beneficent fruitfulness springs. In this isolated retreat, the friendly birds recognize the sympathetic taste of their meat and drink, for they hop merrily and taste the simple adventure of the

mother earth from which they feed. So long as the memory of this mother to whom we shall one day return stirs within us, there is nothing mean or unworthy in the vague disinterestedness of simple things. Mother Earth, like all mothers, holds the weak and common things closest to her breast.

It is certain that even pilgrims who have lived too long with the goddess of plenty and have stayed too long with the merchants of greed will not simply go their heedless way along the marts of soul-starving, sterile commercialism without pausing to consider a brotherhood that produces such examples of strength and helpfulness.

Here, the wayfarer will find time to muse on the innermost nature of man and behold the overwhelming genius of conscious goodness, and recognize forces outside of himself.

Even though travellers have lost their faith in dogma, many of them will be forced to retain their belief in the profound functions of the brotherhood of man. Whatever is left of the pilgrim's religion will be salvaged in this ritual of helpful experience. Gradually, it will dawn upon the visitor that the immortality of life, that fire of love—call it freedom—call it religion—call it faith—is a certain conscious thrill of adjusted relations with the universe and with its Source.

"Here they seek the fellowship of God," said Mrs. Langdon as she looked yearningly upon a child, atrophied from birth, who was in a cast looking comfortable enough, as the party of tourists approached the hospital entrance.

At that moment, there were emerging from the building dignified gentlemen whose spirit, for the moment, seemed not dependent upon the physical, mortal covering. In passing, they left, unaware, an influence, which the sensitive, mystical nature of Nano Lydon felt and associated with supernatural memories and scenes. "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," she ejaculated with reverence; for, in these men, she envisaged the light of Christ and knew they were carrying on His labor.

They are the directing board of this hospital of which there are ten such branches in the United States and Canada, and these hospitals are a revelation, in their essential features, of the effect of the beatitude; "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." They are characterized as Shriners of North America; and, while they are a division of the Masonic Order, their achievement is a contribution peculiar to the northern part of the Western Continent. They have been admitted to the hidden knowledge of freemasonry and believe in its secret ritual. "There is something in their theme similar to your vision," Mrs. Langdon said as Nano advanced towards a picture that hung in a reception room, around which was printed in old English, "All things bright and beautiful; all creatures great and small; all things wise and wonderful; the Lord God made them all." The Infant Child Jesus is depicted in the center with angels on both sides laden with testimony in abundance of fruit and flowers; while squirrels, lambs, deer, birds and children are pictured as they would appear in life's happy ways. Nano Lydon stood gazing at the picture with a far-away look in her eyes. As the mental meaning became clear, she smiled happily.

"There is a hidden tradition in your moods," said Mrs. Langdon, who took a singular interest in the emotions that beset Nano Lydon since she heard the narrative of her perilous past. "A something that my intellect detects as occult. This mystic lore, or sort of doctrine, that appears hidden in the imagery you feel and esteem and enshrine; and leads into a life of service that appears haunted by an invisible presence and seems to leave a fantasy, a reflection on your personality, —an exact relation to the phenomenon of beatific appearance of the leave-taking members of the board; a sort of transcendency that made them appear as if they had disclosed their own highest aspirations."

"All in this outward growth operates towards the making of some form whose outward mold works towards the divinity within," said Nano. For the religious nature of her perceived the distinction that marked the differing point of view in this delightful habitation of

Masonic benevolence. Nothing is more natural to man's soul than the Truth of God. Consequently, as soon as Nano Lydon's soul communicated with personal sacrifice, she recognized it as her first and old acquaintance. She also knew that God reflected his beatitude on the visible varieties of this temporal world, and she saw the resemblance and grade of spirit comprehended by these builders of shrines; blending, as it did, the present and the past, as when the Shepherd of men walked the earth. Her own orphanage added a distinct remembrance and brought far away scenes and sounds of old voices and pictures of familiar faces. This was the explanation of the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children. It was the explanation of the dynamic, unseen influence left by the departing Nobles; an influence, which, like the sunbeams, did not only heat and enliven but embraced the sanctity of the great ideal they founded.

Such ideals take upon themselves bodies known as organizations; and separate themselves from selfishness and prejudice. They are bodies of men who found out for themselves the purpose of life and bent their minds to an inner inclination which could not be satisfied merely with life's mirthful and material accomplishments.

It continually told of a particular discipleship that thrilled them throughout their experience and led to results marked in broad human influence and personal sacrifice. Surely, the Great Architect in His Unseen Temple regarded the cause of the Mystic Shrine, since the Mystic does not merely possess knowledge, for the Mystic is with and of knowledge himself.

As long as we live, there is stirred in us an enchantment whose gleam, like the lamp of Aladdin, throws shadows over the true-to-life scenes of far-away range—a kind of understanding of the essence of all knowledge. A something so intimate that it might be considered a quality of the Way, Truth, Life and Light of the World—all functions of the Holy Spirit. Only gradually, did Mrs. Langdon learn to see the ministering spirit that hallowed the elusive moods which passed over the conversation of her companion, or even perceive the remote

associations of her remarks; for these attributes of spirit are revealed by subsequent reflection.

The whole scene, depicted in simple and personal interest, was almost too realistic for the hushed emigrant, Nano Lydon, as a woman of rare selflessness turned from the great staircase and walked in the unconscious disclosure of a spiritual baptism. The figure of a child alleviated, in part, of physical deformity brought other remembrances of suffering whose living evidence she associated with personal experience. There came an interval of silence. Each one was continuing her own thoughts, apart from the other. It was an interesting study of dream-like atmosphere to which the superintendent added a happy vision of other ministering disciples; who, like her, were concerned with the spiritual adventure invisible.

The definable aura encircling the head of the Christ Child and the Angels of the picture that captured the eyes of the visitors immediately upon entering the hospital, revealed a sort of magnetic illumination whose waves of thought sent the mind of Nano Lydon to the text, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In this mist covered universe and its invisible life, Divine Energy fashioned the Unseen, but spiritually discerned, and thus made the concept of the Lamb of God. That parental vision, seeming different to different minds, transfigured His workshop and made impersonal the pathway to religion.

The portal of individual religion is an aspect of reality that is beyond science, for it ceases to be when science dissects it, as it is one of the expressions of the human spirit developing. It may be more intellectual in Mother Mary Paul, Nano deduced silently, more emotional in myself, and practical in the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children. Regardless of what experience predominates, religion is the making more real our communion with the Divine.

Contrasting silently the religious interpretation of others with this living evidence; and, associating both with other models of victorious lives that lightened the burden of other souls, Nano broke the hush;

when, with the emotion of prayer in her voice, she said, "This place seems like a new picture of the life of Christ. Our paths seem apart. Thank God, it is only a fragmentary part; for, since God brought His Son to our humanity, this following in His path of life means what following Christ meant in the beginning."

Deep below sunken memories are the early impressions of the smiles and tears of childhood. What we see in childhood becomes a part of us for cycles of years. In this undercurrent of ideas with its associating impressions and emotions, a life stream of religious ideals contending with the coarser mixture of human, religious activity is between myself and God; but a religious sentiment may pervade a whole society. An article of faith may bind a race like the bond of blood. A religious rite may be shared by all the people. The social aspect of religion is a source of strength, for it implies the existence of an encompassing God. "Thou hast beset me behind and before." The emotion of love is correlated with religion and is the source of sacrifice. Civilization brings opportunity for virtue and for vice. In this economic growth, a moral culture of physical ethics and of first Christian virtue contributes to the sublimation of love.

There is nothing in all the world quite like the Shriners' Hospitals for crippled, friendless, orphaned children. For, while the sudden awakening from the nightmare of racial and religious supremacy may be unpleasant to the small-minded, the history of the project as related by the Superintendent, who possessed unusual qualifications, is most interesting. Particularizing, she explained that the idea began in an Imperial Session held in Indiana in 1919. Benignly smiling, she fashioned a quality of individuality in her person that transformed the narrative into one of tenderest interest. "Although, she related, the Shrine was founded purely for social and fraternal purposes and concerned itself mainly with pleasures coming from its own activities, it seemed to many that its existence and continued growth could not be justified entirely upon that basis. Certainly, the Mystic Shrine was capable of some great altruistic and charitable work upon an extensive

scale to which its members would give their loyal and faithful support. Since, after men have experienced most of what life has to give; have drunk deeply of its cup, finding it both bitter and sweet; have burdened under its sorrows; enjoyed happiness; battled against odds to win, they become conscious of the fact that they have a tremendous personal and individual responsibility to all those about them. They begin to have a sympathy for the misfortune of others and to understand them. It was, she stressed with a quality of benevolence, the belief of thousands of members; and, it was this sympathy and understanding, inspired by the desire to render permanent and lasting service to mankind, that prompted the members of the Imperial Council Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine to establish the Shriners' Hospitals for crippled children throughout North America, enabling crippled or deformed children, who are without means to pay, to enter for treatment, without regard to race, color or creed.

The Superintendent paused a moment, and, then, as if an impulse disclosed a wordless inquiry, she turned thoughtfully and proceeded towards the wards where charming little messengers of sunshine were on the way to recovery or undergoing healing processes. There were other visitors chatting among themselves and visiting the children who were surrounded with all sorts of ingenious inventions to help speedy recovery. Mrs. Langdon, whose eyes grew calm, exclaimed in the most compassionate speech, as if she discovered herself neglecting some treasure, when she greeted, in the corridor, the wives of the Board of Governors of the Shrine, "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice." So undeniable was the bliss that this favored spot diffused. The Superintendent smiled glowingly as she discerned, wrought within this habitation, even by benefactors, a further desire to solace the afflicted. Still smiling, she turned her eyes to a cot where a child lay stretched on a bed encased in an invention to help recovery. It was plain to see that the Superintendent loved this child. Yet, awakened to the delicate harmony, which corresponded to the atmosphere, she was reminded of the fact that outward emotion

in public struck deep into the feelings of others less favored. Instantly, she fashioned her discipleship according to that understanding; with which, all parts of the great universe work together, an order of service also proving the spirit that comes to us with tidings from other regions. "Inasmuch," she said in a deep, idealistic manner, as if dwelling somewhat on the powerful design of thought constantly strengthening us in our imperfections, if we but manifest an insight to the glory of that which belongs to the Source of all, "as charitable work of such magnitude at its inception was new to the Shrine, progress had to be with care; and that was true, although the forward movement had been an inspiration to those who witnessed it."

"It was during the Imperial Council session held in Portland in 1920 that a Noble, through the Life Force that is constantly urging things into existence, experienced an unusual incident which can be explained only as supernatural. This fact, in its mysterious reality, operated to make Portland the birthplace of the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children. The brooding spirit of Emmanuel—God with us, does not cease, even in rollicking mirth; rather it tempers the gaiety," she added, with considerable truth. "It was a desire on the part of a Noble to sacrifice some of his personal ease and luxury that he might better the conditions and alleviate some of the horrors afflicting the poor and helpless, that inspired the considerations and changed the melody that revelry had set to adventure."

"Truly a novel obstruction," she commented. "Conscience calming gales of pleasure. The Noble, overwhelmed with the genius of Divine foresight, could not resist the consideration of his stewardship. He could not desist from yielding to this emotion. How he used the money and social influences he possessed was a matter of deep concern. His mind, invaded by the influence of the Divine Spirit, became fruitful in spite of forceful opposition. Emancipated from the volition of pleasure to the choice of service; next day, when there was before the convention a special order of business for the afternoon session; he, who had this project in mind, having nursed and fostered the Shrine Hos-

pital idea; and, so admirably directed its leading representatives, began to realize that the majority report was in jeopardy. He had lived the hospital idea so deeply into his heart, had aspired to it so much, had promised so much to it and had visualized its successful operation as a great charitable and humanitarian institution so far beyond the thoughts of the others, that the effort of a small majority to alter the basic plan was very discouraging."

"Another Noble, revolving the day's events in his mind, returned to his hotel late and retired for the night. As he dropped off to sleep, he had been thinking of the Mystic Shrine, its activities and ambitions. There were other members deeply interested in the recommendations before the Imperial Council session. A wide variety of ideas and plans for the creation and establishment of the Shrine Hospital became evident. There were those who believed in a large central hospital, as originally suggested. Others favored hospitals located in such strategic cities as would enable these institutions best to serve all parties concerned. Opinions upon the subject were greatly divided and some debate for all groups seemed imminent. As our Noble dropped off to sleep, hoping that an inspiration would come from something or somewhere that would enable him to make an effective appeal for what he so clearly saw as his and their opportunity to do good, his thoughts were of the kind that Eternal Consciousness turns into realization."

"Down in the street, a Shrine bandsman was returning from a night of revelry and fun-making. There was music in his soul; and, having his horn, he could not help expressing that music. Its resonance rebounded in tone and produced an echo. The fun maker's spirit spoke through the music. Our Noble's thoughts merged into what he considered an appropriate rhythm for such an occasion and such an hour of such a night. It broke the stillness with its influence. It affected his mind and soul, connecting him with his old habits. The refrain played was, 'I'm forever blowing bubbles,' and this, our Noble knew too well. The muffled dawn of the next day found his willing

soul intoxicated with a psalm of far sighted love—for he had a revelation of abiding, self-sacrificing help; of which very ancient annals tell the angels sang. The transposition, like the change of melody from one key into another, found no halting place; when some personalities; hard, like the tone of a horn; and others; impressively soft, like the high notes of a flute, fore-shadowed the friendships and enmity among members like chords and discords at the Portland Auditorium, when the hour of actions was at hand."

"Every impression of the rhythm and form and identity produced upon the mirror of his soul remained impressed, as the concert of his dream. Our noble realized it. He raised his voice. It was like the sound Moses heard on Mount Sinai, and his words were absorbed in external plan as the symbolic horn gave a vision which revelry had set to music. And then, it was in making his now memorable address that a dreamy look came into his eyes and his countenance became radiant; for he received the unearthly joy and rapture that caused him and the Mystic Shrine to quit 'Forever blowing bubbles.' "

"To the magic echo of the unknown Shrine bandsman our Noble dedicated the inspiration and vision which came to him in what was so clearly the Shrine's opportunity for human service. While, on that day, the Most High cleared a path for him into the world unseen and his revelation washed away the tears of many dolorous mothers; for he realized that treading the path of sacrifice and love held a mysterious echo interpreted by the prophets and poverty stricken seers, as allowing the soul to shine. It was this illumination that marked him."

"It means," concluded the Superintending Shepherdess, "that, behind all effort, there is the Will of God. A divine guidance, perhaps, a divine aspect." "Seeing is believing," suggested Mrs. Langdon, who, no doubt, remembered the magnetic effect of the Noble's personality which unfolded, like a flower, in the enrichment of his being.

Nano was viewing a panorama of patriotism that would contrast the naturalized citizen's opinion with the dark enigma of human nature and its attitude when intense economic pressure, and the more

subtle mental pressure, propaganda,—hung like the tyrant's sword over the pilgrimage of these citizens who journeyed resolutely to the United States, that they might witness the furthest-ahead Republic of the world and get away from the strong force of the original authors of economic, political and spiritual oppression; and its subsequent attribute—propaganda. Such exodus was a prerequisite for the future equality of opportunity that America was bringing to the world. All her faculties merged like small streams into the great ocean of freedom whose perfect state, she feared for, as skeletons of the past rose, like corpses, before the former baneful experiments of democratic government, and its manipulation in the past. She knew the machine made vote of the cities of the land that was destined to bring the "perfect state" as a grotesque anomaly in popular government. The Government that is to be all too often mirrors the history of the old hemisphere. These heirlooms of political and agrarian consequences that led to periods of unparalleled corruption are the inevitable harvest of our own deliberate and persistent planting.

She was considering the dangerous trend from the farm to the factory and the shakedown of the good, old tax payer for the benefit of the eastern manufacturer, while the shakedown of the same unorganized tax payer for the benefit of the western farmer was thrust aside. Ah, the unorganized know the loneliness of never sharing the world's treasure. There will be a kick-back from the unorganized farmer and unorganized tax payer of which the sponsors of inequality are not aware. Let tax eaters tremble when the good, old tax payer asserts himself; and they have to compete with equal efficiency and compensation. Contemplating the character of our United States now on trial and applying the natural methods of classifying mankind at the ports of entry, we would soon convince ourselves that nationality, creed, and confession, name and speech, certificates of citizenship and place of birth do not fix and define mankind. Everything gives way to persistent thought; now, as it did when Washington won. Our United States, the nearest approach to the ideal, will have order when

we apply the calm magnificence that Washington wore upon his face, a result of faith that never faltered. He knew what he wanted to do, and that, some day, it would come about—he could wait. It took nine years for the British to wear themselves out against that will which did not faint or falter. His army was often insignificant, compared with the enemy, so he gave way—always to appear at an unexpected place. His persistency never relaxed. Through calm persistent thought, opposition grows tired, hate gives way, fury subsides and mankind marches through open gates into the eternal hemisphere of fine minds. The work that Washington began in the great cause has the authority of the great ideal. Our own United States, we will not abandon you to the wretchedness of bigotry or propaganda. The past, with its scheme of profound craftiness, cannot return to claim its spoils. The divine breath which can only explain the discovery of nations, passed here and will sustain and make this Union remain; the land of the free, the home of liberty. After God made thee, the first seekers for human happiness and equality established thee—the Republic of all humanity. They builded a bible, which we call Constitution. These men, whom the Creator surely willed to see beyond the past, drew the only conception of mankind, since Christ, that taught us to bear and rear with safety the burdens of human liberty; enriched, and will be eventually made peaceable by the work of these men who gathered in Philadelphia and drew this sacred document—the hope of human liberty.

May the coming of the republic lead to a super-republic, reversing the destructive ways of the past. In this Republic, the history of humanity has begun afresh. All the nations of the earth will end by coming to it in practice, as Christianity came to know Christ by comparison. Then, no more will we witness the un noble state of authority continued from generation to generation. For achievement and progress, won by Christian religious order, depend upon spiritual sources. And the pilgrims who left the midst of centuries old hatred with its tremendous gulf in type, tradition and history between the liberalism

of Americans, will arrive at a clear understanding of brotherhood, without remembering their yesterday or their todays. And the alarming thing in connection with this basic psychology of our history, as declared by the President of Columbia University, is an attack upon the very apex of American democracy, including an example of the spirit of persecution and intolerance running throughout American public life today; that anachronism in a country like ours, the originator of "Liberty or Death," that phrase of social and political independence in which the individual is lost outside the group. Co-operation or intolerance and poverty is more accurate now. What a tangle, a class war needed, before we understand the sovereignty of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the beauty of the truth of the great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Those who desire to follow the teachings of Christ are left in no doubt as to what is of first importance—love to God and love to our fellow man.

It may have been the sympathy and fellowship of the Shriners' devotion and service or the crippled babies' smiles or the lonesome note in the winter gale or the shadow of the trees or the birds on the lawn or the leaf blown astray or the dirge in the trees or the loyalty and brotherly worship or the green lawns or the tangled road—that fired the patriotic and spiritual ideas of Nano Lydon; or, she may have been looking upon life without materiality, as if it were a vision, or, she may have thought of pastoral fields echoing through still glens, and the snow-drops along the tangled heather, or the winter breath through which there poured forth soft and melancholy Paters and Aves. This association, strewn with pathos, stirred her creative spirit by a thousand tender refinements whose influence, in olden days, was kept under the softening spirit of music and poetry and prayer; that touched and improved the heart. Notwithstanding her deep sensibility to mournful canticles, her reactions always varied under the excitement of the moment.

Unlike monarchies or oligarchies, republics must create their leaders. Washington, the aristocrat, represented the importation of ideas from across the sea. Although he acquired many slaves by marriage, yet he believed in freedom. What a meditation: an aristocrat making the American spirit actual. The strange truth is that the English became rabid Americans. They fled from temporal horror as the Celt did. Their exodus was an avalanche of patriotism. The transatlantic mind of the eastern continent represented the patriotism of humanity. The United States exhibited the patriotism of humanity.

Washington had the thinking that came to him from his antecedents; and yet his life and thought were American; and, now, that America has expanded, the idea of Washington has proved adequate.

An interesting conflict of thought seized the mind of our emigrant, Nano Lydon. Mental research, emanating from the high courts of Europe that are not longer dreaming of wars, having learned that war crumbles thrones and takes the lives of its fighters, suggested another design. They know the pound and believe that dollar interest is the forerunner of dollar imperialism. Reports are circulated in the states that there is more freedom in Europe than in our own Republic. The old religious antagonism is on the wane. They say there is more justice in the Courts of Europe than in the United States. Propaganda in Europe, everywhere today, as in the day our forefathers left the continent, is the stream that leads to a defense of the varied policies of the different nations. The fact is that the United States was a co-belligerent. That we defended their territorial possessions is no longer the statesmen's objective. Propagandists invade the sovereignty of the world and advocate policies for one of the proudest and oldest nations, France, which has been independent of other nations for one thousand years, as they do the right of Americans to master our essentials of freedom. The most amazing result of propagandists has been manifest in Ireland, where youth is now considering it a disgrace that their relatives migrated to the United States. This younger generation is taught to believe that only the servant classes came to America. Go

into any hamlet of Ireland today, and here and there will be found natives who bemoan the circumstances which may inspire their neighbors to take passage to America. This sort of mischievous propaganda is the weapon that underlies the present tendency toward combinations between European peoples, whose very definite idea is a part of the system devised towards the very life of the republic of the United States of America.

The same shifty statesmen with the same malicious purpose launch the same shifty propaganda that we were constrained to cancel the war debts, and that we did so tardily and grudgingly, just as they say we entered the war.

Naturalized citizens of the United States know the mischievous propaganda that foreign statesmen shoot through the heart of the republic. It is the cause of our unrest. We will not relinquish our prosperity by an international potlatch; therefor, sitting in sack-cloth and ashes; just to gain European esteem. Imagine a cancelation of the war debts, a foolish burden placed upon ourselves and our posterity; all Europe singing praise of America. How strangely credulous we would be by receiving such brotherly praise as the attitude of our forgiven debtors.

Brave, trim, soldierly emissary, how well you belittle our part in the conflict. I remember your first coming after hasting here to address public audiences. You are the same valiant warrior who told us Prussia was throttling civilization, and that only our succor would save the day. I am out to add that you were the mouthpiece of the statesmen who sent you on an earlier occasion before the smoke of carnage was swept away, before you decided to contend that American war service had been over-rated. Then, we were not craven laggards, when the soldiers of Germany might have been swaggering in the cafes of Paris.

You are the same statesmen of inherited power, wealth and pleasure that caused our exodus from the old world. We, who have migrated, are valid Americans. We are the stock who know America is

more dreaded by despoilers of the poor than Hell-fire and brimstone. And the glorious thing about it is that it is the emigrants who left the home of their childhood and ploughed through to the heart of the republic that combat and know the despoilers and traitors of mankind in every disguise of every land. How well the emigrant knows these ancient veterans of dark centuries that menace the security of this land. This menace the foreign born will turn into security, as the New Englanders of Washington's day did. Centuries of abuse only enriched us, as polish and care enrich old furniture. We add a very necessary leaven to America and we will not live to bloom unseen. We will take a place with honor in the freedom and life of our adopted land; nor will we listen to propaganda. We are strong enough in our faith and vision and co-ordination to cope with any super influence that flares forth across the world, because the night of our past was so dark. The storm now raging over the world is no greater than it was centuries ago.

Europe tries to alienate our nation, lest we take away the more vigorous armour of universal suffrage. This clearing house of nationalities will successfully solve the problems which has baffled statesmen, philosophers and humanitarians, since the banishment of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. For a time, popular homage will be paid to those, who, later will be exposed as imposters. For, when a republic is not just, it ceases to be. It becomes either a bureaucracy or an autocracy. Republics cannot be qualified. History does not always repeat itself, but it is consistent in repeating the experiences of the past. In all this, we may think again of Washington; who, unquestionably, has to be added to the list of those exalted men whose characters have been formed by a mother's influence. Tradition shows that the prophetic heart of Mary Washington rebelled when an effort was made to place her son in the British service, for which a midshipman warrant had been prepared. Mary Washington, a mother of vigorous character, recognized the presence of Him whose it is to control governments and to enlighten races, so that kingdoms and species alike shall arrive at the point of their final destination.

In the chapel of God, Nano Lydon, American by choice, associated the leadership of the great Washington with the vitality of Moses. Like Moses, Washington needed vision and prophetic discernment that he might think out a program by which the masses could be taken out of bondage, so that men might govern themselves and be made free. But we also needed that uncomely and different quality which makes us able to bear many and varied hardships that we may inspire qualities, not alone of home government which our foremost American is fast qualifying for; but a second quality of delivery that will part the waters of the Red Sea, lest the bones of our kindred abroad whiten in the wilderness of wretchedness and bigotry.

"In this republic," said Nano to Mrs. Langdon, with a sudden intuitive knowledge which she was learning to co-ordinate with a prowess of mental combat that flared, like the flames of heaven, with the spirit of her now familiar friend, "the history of humanity has only begun; at least, begun afresh. We are united on essentials; liberal on non-essentials; and charitable to all mankind. Here, we gather together in a harmonious understanding. The Jew, with his tenacity and resourcefulness, reverses a destructive, economic past. The work that our ancestors began in the great cause of emancipating mankind will be depicted as the outward authority of the Man of Galilee.

Readers, have you ever approached a great tabernacle where the tremulous and high strained vibrations, peculiar to spiritual ecstasy brought distinct palpitations, as if the sight of knowledge and joy sanctified humanity? Have you ever viewed the monuments of the greatest men who have had to do with the mightiest deeds that the world ever witnessed—have the names of Washington and Lincoln excited a feeling akin to reverence—a sensation almost too intense to be borne? If so, one may venture to measure the enlargement of Nano Lydon's mind as it expanded itself upon such visions, as the grandeur of triumph rose and developed from the glory of the past.

The narrative of the lilting bandsman and its prodigious consequences caused another quality to function in the mind of Nano Lydon;

when, unexpectedly, she found herself in the office of the Board of Governors where the Superintending Shepherdess led the visitors that they might view the successful operation of this humanitarian institution, so far beyond the thought of the average Noble who endowed the splendid co-operation so freely and abundantly. What a contribution, in its broadest sense, to the service of humanity! Crippled children permanently helped, and the condition of others improved. Here was a revelation of what men could become. No longer were they limited in the inheritance of the Sonship of God. Emancipation from the present life, as it is, was correctly portrayed as the purpose of the ideals and of the accomplishments of life in America. On the wall, were pictures of former distinguished members of the Masonic Order—that of Washington among them—portraits that brought to mind other episodes of national importance.

Nano Lydon stopped, content to go no farther, remarking, "Posterity is not left without much to remind us of our first President." Worshipful Master, George Washington sought to build the lands that are to be. His ancestors had withdrawn from the sight of a bit of velvet and gilt covered throne. They sailed the stormy sea; pilgrims to a new world, exempt from bitterness and hate. They came where they might greet brothers-in-arms of all races and creeds, as comrades.

George Washington, an English gentleman with a coat of arms and an English outlook. It was he who disorganized the efforts of the British empire to alter the basic plan and spirit of the Unseen Potentate. What supernatural influences caused the renunciation. Washington, leaving his warm fireside to build the first tabernacle of Independence—a shrine of massive strength adorned with his life and thought and generalship; Washington, a genius of military and political skill: Washington, the moral genius of true heroism, of unselfish patriotism and of stern public completeness. This character is worthy of the best days in history. Marked and endowed as he was by those masterful arts by which victories are gained and nations are governed, a chieftain and statesman of harmonious parts and moderate in coun-

sel; a gift that constituted assemblies, without recourse to rhetoric; but, by influence mightier than authority, there was secured the formation of organizations of government; being, in their administration, established for all following time and endowed with a divine principle of action as distinct, in its nature, as that of any genius of mankind.

Washington was initiated Master Mason at Fredericksburg, November 4, 1752. He built the first shrine and adorned it with his statesmanship; and, now, it has grown until the United States, this shrine and shield of all the world crowds the coast in either direction. What an achievement, the removal of the oppression and the ruin of all the ages. It is only surpassed by the mystery of Jesus Christ, that emigrant from the Heavenly Kingdom, who gave lessons in the way and the truth and the life, through complete renunciation.

It was given to this Master Mason, Washington, by defeating the British, to have the glory of helping to create a refuge, in this land, for the oppressed of other lands, a place, so that those who desired might leave the land of British domination.

Nano Lydon mused: "Why should there be any who question the loyalty of emigrants? All Americans are pilgrims," she thought. "This is the land of mystical hope. The land of phantoms bright. The land of dreams, of human emotions. The land of the battlement of freedom. The land, where the two natures of spirit and matter are most resplendently displayed. The land of holy spires and great spiritual desires. The land, where we may be borne away on wings of ethereal delight into the treasures of God's own freedom.

Its General, Worshipful Master George Washington, must have been led by the Supernatural who charted his voyage of life; the Supreme Power that has brought the emigrants of the earth into the transatlantic stream of the visioned course of liberty—to arrive in this land of the freedom of the earth.

XI

The group of friends, having made an interesting visit to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children, were filled with a receptive sense and with tender recollections; and, upon leaving the place, were about to cross the street car tracks when they came up to an old lady whose infirmities arrested their attention; and, because of a peculiar likeness to far gone days, particularly interested Nano. "Avourneen," pleaded the old lady looking quite confidently at Nano, "we are in the midst of all sanctity. That oracle on the hill where Mary's crippled child is has a drawing devotion for me. The old lady's eyes were dilated with a look of reverence and sadness, mirrors of thoughts unspoken, but understood by Nano, who saw her spirit in its abode of clay shining with the dawn of eternity; her hair bleached by its approach. "The first thoughts and the first love is for the things of the world," mused Nano. "The second is a heavenly love. Heavenly love has its birth here but never reaches maturity until after life leaves the flesh." The stranger was not mistaken in her judgment of Nano, though woefully and pitifully alone. Nano's two qualities which understood the principles of human conduct, when charity and kindness beamed forth, followed the train of thought of the elderly woman who also shared in the truth of this place of eternal brotherhood attained through the complete renunciation of the Servite brotherhood on the one side and by the power of the Invisible Potentate manifested through the Masonic Order on the other side whose plan of helpfulness brought the removal of aches and pains and deformity of the mind and body and soul; and also removed all interracial and national diseases. Here was established the greatest offering that man can make to the Creator's plan. God being most served by man, when men serve one another.

Life being a succession of decisions and choices, Mrs. Langdon, wife of the Imperial Potentate, and Nano Lydon were about to leave for the city; and, accordingly, asked the aged visitor if they might not take her home, since she appeared to be waiting for a street car. Inti-

mating the inward devotion of her soul, the old lady explained she had preceded friends that were to join her in the Via Matris, when the surgeon dismissed little Mary Schwab who had never stood erect until she came to the Shriners' Hospital.

"Little Mary Schwab," repeated Nano Lydon who had cultivated values of temperament and imagination that never failed; but which gave more and more satisfaction with the years, "and little Mary La Farre and little Mary Shreve, with the crooked spine, whom every Noble of the Shrine who wears the fez and who gives of his financial sympathy has helped and who, no matter what may befall, takes home a joyous grace that the Lord shall return to him with boundless treasure of mirth and love; and the little Marie, cramped and small that the Eskimo neighbor found and sent to the home of these share-holders; who, according to the creative plan, construct a Masonic Shrine attuned to this place and this clime." "What an indwelling memory," concluded Nano with unforgettable and consoling voice, "these three Marys—and the super-human Mary, who was accompanied by other Marys beneath the Cross that raised on high the Light of the World, whose human suffering brings to the heart of the wretched who know poverty, and miseries' brand and deformity and grief a vision that feelingly whispers, 'I also know.' These Masonic Nobles have found His yoke is light," soliloquized Nano, "for, as Saint Augustine said centuries ago, 'They alone really see miracles whom the miracles benefit.'"

As the party, consisting of the old lady, Nano Lydon, and her friends advanced from the border of the beautifully cultivated grounds that led toward the project that is to be known as the Via Matris, they became interested in the subject of external religion; that is to say: the outward form by which religion is manifested. These theories, like the secrets of mysticism, rejected by some as absurd are later in life assimilated in every sense. They are like hidden knowledge to which we are admitted or we are not. If we are not admitted, we never believe any secret of the ritual, even if it be offered to us. The secrets of

internal nature are inviolable. They can only be attained by individual progress. They might be plainly explained to the outsider and then not be understood by him. Spiritual love cannot be stolen. Since, if an individual has appropriated and grasped such a subject, he will not tell it for the reason; that, if his friend is unable to assimilate it for himself, its communication in outward language would not confer the divine knowledge upon him. The spiritual eye needs to be opened to see spiritual teachings. External works are often described as imagery which seems folly but which helps the spiritually blind to enshrine internally invisible beauties that lead to the Eternal world in its philosophy of religion.

It may be that somewhere in the wide, wide world there is a more beautiful suburb than the comparatively new boulevard in the City of Portland, in the Oregon country of the United States toward which the genial old lady who caused the peculiar interest in the *Via Matris* bent her companions' course, until they stood at a point nearby where they were met by an English brother of the Order of the Servants of Mary; who, in friendly poise, bowed in a manner that pictured the British tradition behind him. There was no preparation for this pilgrimage, except the measured cadence of brush cleaners and the crackling branches that fell making a sort of symphony, a removal of natural obstacles so that the wilderness might be filled with the life of Jesus Christ, that men be enabled to talk with God. The guiding brother said, "Denominational distinction stops at this entrance," and this remark caused a quick sense of satisfaction that was in exact relation to the harmonies of the symphony of all nature. It was a place of stately forest and silent grove. A temple imitating nature with "Stations of the Life of Christ," placed among the trees depicted scenes of earth and air. What a picture, showing the Galilean and the different spots where Jesus resided and the different phases that represent the symbol of Christianity.

As the wayfarers followed the Servite Brother in his movements, Nano's eyes grew calm and clung to the path her girlhood knew; and,

somehow, in its human touch, comprehended the Infinite as the apostles did of old. For, regardless of the road we may run, be it crowded or be it lone; there may be hills to scale, and torn trees to mount; there is a path waiting in every land and no other road leads home, but the one we have known. It permits no discord. Its vibrations tune with the spirit of entirety. Its key-note is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This command, without question, means the whole human race.

The voice of the brother announced with irresistible fervor that certain markers indicated the spot where gates are to symbolize and prepare human consciousness for a careful study of the Christian revelation of the life of the Greatest Woman the World has ever known, and he looked as if his own soul saw the image and form; and this inspiring undertaking, this effusion of our hearts has the benediction of the Holy See.

"At this point, Christ, the Good Shepherd, will stand in sculpture satisfying all pure minds, as the things of nature do. Religion itself always is the same, but tenets about religion are not always the same. On either side," he continued, enlightening his audience as only beatifical souls do, "will be the images and forms of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, emblems of general Christianity. Pilgrimages are an outline of the renaissance of practical religion and poetic habit. Two seraphim will gladden the way with trumpet chant that embraces and expresses One God and One Truth—all of which sacred sound declares the essential characteristics of all life. The testimony of God Himself who first honored Mary—God the Father creating Her—God the Holy Ghost choosing Her as His spouse—and God the Son as His own loving Mother, will be heralded by the acclaim of Gabriel, who will be wrought in mataphor on wing with sacred scroll unfurled giving his message that proclaims the two salient features—true God and true man, 'Hail, Full of Grace,' traced in affidavit," he emphasized, as if this essential mystery suggested the meaning of the nature of our existence. A minute inscription in scroll of heaven's own gold—that ecstasy of human motherhood made real as this earthly pathway they trod toward the grandeur of the life giving God.

There were collected into groups of from two to a dozen people chatting pleasantly, as though there was quite a variety of unusual abstractions in the biblical traditions of the spirituality of Christian revelation; as, with lucidity, the brother, having truth in his heart and an Oxford accent on his tongue, never lost persuasion. "The need of our age," he resumed with expressive and artistic accent, "is to restore the beliefs we have in the essential features of the religion of Christ. If there could be an explanation of music and of the mists that softly fall from the skies of gray; or of the transformation in our souls when the crocus at springtime appears; or if the cricket's real song could be surmised; then, there would be sensed a Paradise that is akin to life's far reaching power. For love is God made Manifest. Today, its heaven hallowed chorus which Gabriel sings here on earth. Tomorrow, it charms us in holy love. Each soul takes part in the manifestation of the Creator. All nature is narrative of it. When the heart is open, when the soul is awake, the sound becomes audible. Every sound rising from the depths of the heart makes terms with this divine harmony. Pilgrims of certainty of mind that come into the inspiration of the immortal truths of Christ and His nativity know that they do not pass through life, rather it is life that passeth through them."

"In memory of Mary in the temple hearing the prophetic words of Simeon there will be a reproduction in type," the brother resumed looking back on the leisurely journeyings of the ever increasing group of listeners, who were fashioning the glory of their faith in the natural surroundings he enhanced by the idea of coming achievement. "It will rehearse the biblical dolor Mary suffered when the prophet said of her son, Jesus, 'He was set for the fall of many on account of their malice and for a sign that should be contradicted and that a sword should pierce thine own soul.' Mothers, coming here for relief, will look upon the imagery, its purpose and its ideals; and it will influence men and women in their own problems. A world survey will participate in the biographies of the grief and suffering imaged in the revolutionary privation that obliged the stealthy flight into Egypt. The best beloved,

innocent lamb Jesus withdrawing from the example of the cruelty of Herod has significance in this comparatively new quarter of the world," he concluded hesitatingly, as if he had borrowed an idea from Nano Lydon who was watching him pale and lifeless, as he stood motionless on the spot where the second dolorous memory will be depicted in sculpture. "Connecting with this advancing human sentiment, will be a form depicting the anguish of Mary who sought Her Son Jesus for three days while He remained in the temple. An appealing and significant sight is this third dolor. It features the nearness of truth to body and soul. So much so; that, no sooner do we unhappily part with the consciousness of God which sustains us in the visible and invisible world, than the manifestation of creation is no longer part of our revelation. Man would be unsustained without these safeguards of truth—man," he repeated, "without spirit which kindles the clay, is entombed. Wayfarers, who meditate on this tragedy, swayed somewhat by the theme wrought in this tranquil spot," he said contemplatively, indicating a spot of soft loveliness, "will find kindled within them a heavenly warmth of divine goodness, when they earnestly seek the hidden truth, regardless of the senseless rumble of external ills."

"The Bible has furnished dramatic strength and notable episodes in the mysteries of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The fourth dolor will be wrought here for contemplation. Our affections lie buried in our hearts. We do not hang sentiment upon the walls. Yet, these sentiments, forgotten in the merciless, hasteful strife of life, cannot be pushed back if we glance at a lifeless figure whose pathway we have left. Nevertheless, we recall the subject of the statue. In reality, it is the spirit of the compassionate, lacerated by the scourging, wet with blood, crowned with thorns, that this lifeless dolor will visualize; only by the minds of men. Like our bodies, in themselves the statues are lifeless. Seen in stone or body or flesh, it is only a symbol that multitudes may be helped to find the key to eternity."

There is a quality in pictures and in sculptured forms that makes them almost speak—it is the living quality of inspiration which is due to the natural excellence, like a presence that permeates the likeness with the individuality of the real person. Almost at very point in the journey of the Way of Mary, beauty shines through suffering and sorrow. The transformation which the statues accomplished in the minds of visitors was as great as the presence of virtue itself. Here, enhanced by the perfect adjustments of its surroundings, the Brother of the Servants of Mary paused to indicate the locality for the fifth dolor. Thus, when he reached the spot where the rarest valley of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers was set in lush meadows and in gorgeous array of crimson and scarlet, there was spread before him gold and yellow, another incident expressing a consciousness in the reality of a subject that held the altruistic interest of the fraternity of souls that promotes human understanding and the competent development of the almost forgotten dirge of the Way of the Cross. He saw, as in vision, the world—still unreconciled, nation against nation; man against man; father against son, spurred on by the spirit of Mammon's vile desires. Christians adoring God in temples on Sabbath day and Mammon and his consorts every other day, and scoffing at the groups who walk with the lowly Nazarene and carry His cross on through the ages.

The unspeakable pangs which Mary and the other Christians (mentioned in Holy Scripture) endured, standing beneath the tree upon which Christ died, cannot fail to correspond with the pulsing essence of life in its castle of nature, where quietness leads into a calmness of wondrous exhilaration, awakening mental images in the sensitive minds of pilgrims, corresponding with the mute disguise that this solitude beguiles. These sauntering promenades that men tread lead the wanderer to the wondrous things that are come—much as the departure from logical reasoning affords relaxation to the wearied mind.

"Imageries," intoned the Brother, his voice athrob like a hermit's reed, "Imageries of this tragedy will here be seen, the greatest ever enacted in the world's history. The gentle Savior gazing down, realiz-

ing the vital difference between heaven and earth, as satisfaction had been wrought through His sacrifice; and the God-man was about to vanish."

A moment's vision and piety admitted the image and likeness of God implanted in man to blossom in due course in the person of the Servant of Mary; who paused, as lifeless as if his own spirit was about to pass away to some new adventure, his manner impersonating his interpretation of the agony of the Savior and the unutterable grief of His Mother. He leaned back against a tree, as if witnessing the merciless scene on Calvary. The rain-drops tapped steadily upon the tangled top of fallen heaps of underbrush that was being cleared away, as he stood beneath the tree whose setting fashioned it for the fifth dolor; and the reeds and the moss and the woods lifeless, like his leaning figure; a spectacle whose picture the witnesses, representing the fashionable, charitable, philanthropic and educational classes of Portland, will not readily dismiss.

This English pilgrim—the Servant of Mary, trained to keep the different worlds of his universe apart, interested himself in ideals and practices and incidents of life that connected his life with the life of the simple Nazarene; and with the things that represented Him in this vision and in this labor. With harmony, such as could be produced; if the wall standing between self and the Almighty had crumbled, and the Most High had allowed this devout soul to unite with the spirit of the Son of Man, the Servant of Mary continued softly, "When our beloved Savior was telling out His blood, drop by drop, in the consummation of His passion, the human Jesus bent forward from the Cross, after the buffets of the masses had passed. The humanity of Him, although going to His Father's estate, was loath to leave His Mother. The divinity of Him was giving us the fulfillment of our every want—Jesus leaning from the cross. His spirit, leaning from the parapets of heaven, whence the clouds had been blown away, looked upon His grief laden Mother. Ere His quivering voice was stilled, with bleeding heart, He left us His dearest—dearest treasure.

—'Behold!' " sobbed the Brother, his pallid face suffused with tears of pain, his eyes aflame with love, " 'Thy Mother,' "—and he appeared as if he heard the Crucified Jesus bequeath His last legacy, so profound was his visualization; as he conversed in this forest aisle, whose limitless source of mother nature combined with his harmony of mind and blossomed into a beautiful throb of unity.

"Thirty-three years before this utterance, 'Behold thy Mother,' Mary bowed Her head in consent to become the Mother of the Son of God. So, at the foot of the cross, She again bowed Her head, consenting to become the Mother of all Men. She is our natural mother through Jesus. She is our supernatural Mother through Christ. She took an actual part in our redemption. God the Father and Mary claim the same Son. Through Mary, we are the adopted children of God. Mary is the Mother of our God-man. Our redemption could not be complete without a Mother. If Mount Olivet's agony and Calvary's sufferings are strewn on the path of our voyage over the sea of life, if no friendly light shines any more for us and our skies are dark and lowering, Thank God! we still have a Mother. To Her, let us fly; confiding our griefs; there, at Her feet. Let us pour out all the anguish of our hearts. In the final sacrifice on Calvary, Christ and Mary were one. Mary gave the blood of her heart. Jesus the blood of His body. Our Virgin Mother co-operated to produce the same result with Her Son, Christ; the salvation of the world. This is why our holy men call Mary the enobling titles: Mother of Salvation, Mother of Grace, Mother of Life. As the Mother of the Most High, Mary can save all mankind by Her prayers, which are as efficacious as a mother's power."

"She is our Mater Dolorosa. Mary is a consolation to the afflicted. She suffered every affliction except that of sin. She was driven from her country. She saw her divine Son suffer torture. She, therefore, knows how to compassionate the sorrow of friends separated by death, or those who are the victims of economic, political or other persecutions; or of persons who keep a grief secret in their soul," he added, indicating the last sentence was calculated to tell Nano Lydon that

he could foresee; somewhat, as astronomers can foretell an eclipse long before it occurs; because heavenly bodies move according to fixed laws, that Mary compassionated all sorrows and would alleviate affliction by imparting submission to the will of God and by enlightening the mind and showing that all things earthly pass away; that trials, instead of being a misfortune, are a source of glory; and, that the prophecies, even the old testament, promised the coming of a Messiah."

"They foretold that He was to be born of a virgin (Is. 7, 14), of the House of David (Jer. 23, 5, 6), at Bethlehem (Micah 5, 2), at the time when the Jews should have lost their independence (Gen. 49, 10); then we are told that He was to die a painful and ignominious death (Is. 53), to be betrayed by one of His own disciples (Ps. 41, 9; John 13, 18), ridiculed and tortured by His enemies (Ps. 22; 7, 13), and nailed to the Cross (Ps. 22, 16), that He should rise again (Ps. 16, 10), and, finally, ascend to heaven (Ps. 47, 5). All these prophecies and many more like them were fulfilled to the letter in Christ. Jacob, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah foretold all these things through their knowledge of a Higher Being, who, like the transposition in music that changes melody from one key to another, changed the import between spirit and matter and the friendships and enmities among men, like intervals of harmony and discord. The harmony of inspiration among men and the natural tendency to attract and repulse being like the property of the intervals of music."

"The expiring Savior, deserted by the populace and by His disciples who also fled, yet had Saint John, designated the 'Beloved Disciple.' He was true, constant, and unflinching. He stood at the foot of the cross. Privileged, as he was, to recline his head on Christ's breast, he was also privileged to receive our Blessed Mother in answer to the Savior's precious legacy; and this, the Holy Ghost tells us," he concluded with tenderness.

"It would seem," he intoned in fuller sound; for the more tender the heart becomes, the deeper is the solace, "that God Himself, in order that His Mother might receive the homage and veneration and

respect due Her, sent the Angel Gabriel to announce the expression of the Absolute. With these truths of Holy Scripture and Holy pictures and statues brought out before our conscious selves, their impression remains as the soul experience does when the concert finale comes. Mary approached most intimately the harmonious grouping in the function of the union of the Triune God. Here again, the undertone of consciousness has existence in the loudest and softest and highest and deepest vision, until all gradually merges in it and the undertone of consciousness always is and always will be."

"This mystery of religion produces the impression of its identity upon the mirror of the soul; as, in the case of our Blessed Mother Herself; who, in Her youth and after the annunciation of the angel, voiced her personality through the wondrous sacred song—the Magnificat (St. Luke, Ch. 1). This gave an outlook that allowed Her soul to shine in sacred ecstasy, which all devout beings may experience when in union with the Desired One—who represents the three aspects of the revered Ideal—One Divine Beloved. Indeed, shall all generations call Mary, the Mother of My Lord, 'Blessed'; nor, could this divinity operate in Mary without Her consent. Mary conceived of the Holy Ghost."

"It was through the portal of Cana that Jesus Christ issued forth publicly as the promised Messiah. At His Mother's bidding, He worked the first miracle that the world might recognize Him. With Him, She ascended Mount Calvary; and, when He ascended into Heaven, She was present. When the Holy Ghost came down upon the disciples and apostles, She was present. Even as God Almighty manifested Himself to us through Mary, so do we come through Her to Him. Mary, the Mother of God, is the paragon of all virtues in their highest degrees of perfection; and, therefore, She transcends us in Her excellency." "But, She was also human," he emphasized with intense feeling and sighs, as if his heart was allowed to develop the significant facts of the Jewish and Gentile writings that have come down to us, though some impugn the truthfulness of the Gospel narrative.

"In Her suffering, She comes down to us with Her Son and is one of us. It is through this medium that the pilgrim approaches Mary; and, through Mary, the Savior Jesus Christ. Every mother is a sorrowful Mother. Every human that breathes suffers. The first note of the newly born, irrespective of form, is a note of sorrow. That bespeaks the attitude of our two-fold source."

"Alas," he lamented, looking upon the great Ideal-Christ crucified when the shackles of human limitation express mortality,—bodies choke up with tears and the substance seems dead. The very word, Mother, thrills the heart, for she is the animating influence upon mankind. Mary was elevated in a public manner to the spiritual Motherhood of the human race; and what Christ suffered in body, She experienced in soul; and, in the sacrifice that Christ made of Himself, He established adequate satisfaction for all our offenses. Mary, with complete resignation, bowed Her will to the will of the Almighty Father and offered up Her own Son to the Eternal Source and Substance of all Being. Therefore, in making pilgrimages, humanity places itself under the mantle of Our Heavenly Mother."

"A mother's love for her children is the only true, genuine, active, solicitous, God-like love. A father may disregard his children, because of shame brought upon the family. The world may ostracize one; but, no matter into what depths and degredation and shame one may have fallen, a mother's love stoops into the most filthy cess-pools of moral corruption to embrace, to forgive and to expend that God-like love in the words, 'Oh! my Son, My Son.' Though a mother's heart be cleft in two at the advice she was to give her son, it would be for his good, her own life means nought, for a mother's love is sacrifice."

"Our divine Savior, realizing on the cross that the efficacy of His suffering and death would not encompass all, that many are called and few are chosen gave us His own God-made Mother, so that, amid all trials, we may have consolation. Steeped in sin and disgrace, we may have a Mother whose very nature is to love and forgive. Therefore, as He said, I will not leave you as orphans, He gives us Him-

self; and, in order that we might reach Him, He gave us His own Mother. Should a poor mortal, therefore, have gone astray from the narrow path, having forgotten early teachings, being engrossed in the things of life, and soiled with every contamination; though his family have disowned him, his friends neglected him, and the world cast him aside, he is not an orphan. He has received a Mother, whom Jesus Christ assumed, body and soul into the kingdom of heaven, in order that there, in Her glorified state, She might function as Mother for us poor mortals, even as She functioned in Her entirety as Mother to Jesus Christ, when on earth. Since God gives nothing in part; but in its complete fullness, the transition from the finite to the infinite in its multitude of forms and relations between creature and creator was the infinite purpose; when, at the last, Jesus Christ—the blessed Truth of God, freed Himself from this earthly bondage—Jesus—the God-man re-echoed the sacred knowledge of all things, 'Behold thy Mother.' "

Notwithstanding the illumination that descended upon the group (they must have numbered one hundred or more whose desire for pleasant spots and quiet places, where dreams are made, lured them into the great silence, or Way of Mary), a deep spiritual susceptibility alleviated the mournful song of Mary's sorrow. The pitying thought and tone of the servant of Mary now changed to a deep hearted measure laden with melody. "This is," he said, advancing toward another spot, where the wayfarers could not fail to picture à Mother sitting by her Son's bier, "the shrinking earth prepared to visualize the sixth dolor, which will represent the forlorn human moments in the life of the Great Master that caused His Mother to be Most Sorrowful. From this figurative and impressive cast the builders of today will inspire the heart and soul of men, who bewail our misconception and consider our cold dead Savior close to His Mother's breast a deceptive goal. Yet, peace awaits men there, in the harbor of Our Mother's breast; and, after a while in this unseen glory, man understands. In such a glorified existence—life is meas-

ured by eternity; yesterday is today and today is yesterday," resumed the British brother of the Order of the Servants of Mary.

A handsome friar, dressed in cassock habit, passed and compelled the gaze of the charmed circle that surrounded the spot where the scene portrays Mary in the seventh dolor, accompanying the body of Jesus to the sepulchre. This cleric, Padre Leander, is an enlarger of an Order of Seven Noblemen of Florence, Italy, who lived in the far off century whose pages, without doubt, claim our admiration as the fairest evidence in the history of Christianity. It was the Golden Age of chivalry. Then it was that Christian knighthood and chivalrous deeds formed the warp and woof of idealized daily life. Wealthy burghers, as well as the masses, used their invisible powers of faith and drew on the infinite resources underlying all human needs.

Even in business conversation, triumphant bands and romancers and troubadours told in song and story of the shadowy realm of spirit whose source of supply gave all things to their vision. Lo, their faith was great before the Lord; and, in His abundant habitation; for they were knighted to Heaven's King—soldiers of Christ—first champions of womanhood—and, except for a few joyless shades in the period from 1073 to 1303, the history, in all results, is a picture of ennobling memory; a model of excellence in spirit and in fervor, and in art and in commerce. "Ah, those were the days when men knew that the relationship of Christian activity did not lie in external conditions, but in the thought and spirit we hold toward them," resumed the Servant of Mary in a vein of reverie, as if associating this scene with memories of far gone times. "Then it was, that Christian Knighthood wove nuptials of life-long bond and embraced what most men shun. Like quickening dew, their heaven bestowed vision softly led to a union of souls where tender ties met at the birthplace and source of all things, and made it possible for us to behold our deathless love."

"Beautiful times! Beautiful deeds of gallantry! Nobility in the flower of manhood doing tribute, in stately proportion, to the honor of that perfect model of maidenhood and motherhood—the Indefinable

Mother of Jesus Christ. Athrob with warm and generous spirit, then it was that Christian Knighthood freed womanhood from the degradation of ancient and mediaeval serfdom."

"In this emancipated land of promise, the United States; and, in the not too distant and happy year of 1933; and, on this favored spot, will be merged a corresponding veneration of that early order, whose principal object and superhuman burden lack none of the crises of kinship with outlived days, when nobility sought to merge their nationalities into one great state of Christendom. Men dreamed their dreams back in 1233. Seven noblemen, whose metaphor will be chiseled into form on yonder cliff of hanging rock that their narrative of service may impregnate men as it has me," he added, in a sort of secret hush, as he relived the ideals of bygone centuries that melted into his own being; "noblemen, noted for their spirituality and piety, as well as for their birth and wealth; individually and collectively, visualized their Heavenly Queen.—Being titled noblemen," he added, as if stunned by the sharp look of terror Nano Lydon's outstanding antipathy to the purple cast, like a black dream, even in this cavity of holiness, "they would," he gently added, looking soothingly at her, as she met his close study with relieved resistance, when her imagination was removed from the darker to the better passion, "behold the Mother of heaven and earth in vision as their Queen. She bade them," he added, "as Christ did the fishermen, to leave all their birth and wealth and rank and robes and estate and family for the garb of poverty."

At that period and at that same hour and in that same city when the dower of Mary was bestowed upon the seven patricians, a child of predilection was born;—a lovely flower; and, when just five months out of God's own garden—Philip Benizi, anticipating on the threshold of life from his mother's lap and heeding the indwelling voice, greeted the seven founders with the salutation, "Behold! the Servants of Mary,"—*Servi Mariae*, inspired words that more often are heard in cottage than in palace; and this name was adopted by the founders of the Order; who, having discovered that they could more readily love

the poor than love to be poor, garbed the tabernacle of their souls in the habit of begging friars so that they might burst the bonds of seductive ease and lurking avarice.

The group of visitors were approaching a spot where the soil upturned beneath the plow called visions of favorite haunts and climes long passed. Its gentle spirit invaded the atmosphere and transported the mortal frame of the brother who stood like a statue on the prepared ground in a never-to-be-forgotten vein of fervor that appeared to impart positive waves of virtue and caused him to cast an image apart from human association. Standing, as he was, beneath the lofty rocks whose open portals were about to be adorned with the silent likenesses of the seven Florentine noblemen that the infant Philip Benizi fitly hailed, "Servi Mariae," he concluded in a sound whose tone, like the incessant song of the woods, became fuller and richer of note as the varied ecstasies of his soul called to mind the communion of thought that led him to imitate the ideal life of Philip Benizi. "It is in this cavity," he concluded, "that there will stand in sculpture, clad in the robes of the Order, a mold of Saint Philip Benizi; who, having named our assembly in infancy, in manhood espoused the narrow path that leads to the innermost essence of all creation; and, so sacrificially did St. Philip Benizi follow the narrow path; that, finally, he knew how to refuse the proffered mitre and purple, and even the pontifical crown, to the surprise of the whole world; keeping alive for himself and for his Order the simplicity of the Nazarene. Not only did the members of the Order give themselves over to a life of sacrifice and St. Philip refuse distinguished honors, all of which concerned their private lives; but the former noblemen, the seven founders, in the day of political disturbance, were found interceding on the side of the republic; and, in this manner also, showed forth their humility and piety and were able to quiet the discords of political strife that were dividing the republic."

Momentarily, the guiding brother paused in his chant; whose tone, like the incessant song of nature in this aisle of sanctity, became fuller

and richer of note as the varied echoes called to mind these noble comrades of luxury who bade farewell to the treasures of youth, that they might commune with the Mother of Sorrows.

"Since then," the brother continued with unparalleled humility, "emperors and kings, as well as those of every rank and condition of life, have joined the confraternity; and we will offer a further tribute on these sanctuary grounds at the celebration of the Septuacentennial—the seven-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Servite Order. This event will be held in the City of Portland, State of Oregon, in the year 1933."

"This commemoration will be held in our city of roses—Portland—Port—," he breathed, as if he beheld a harbor whose domicile led to the all providing land of abundance. With an undertone of alternating spirit, and making a gesture, he resumed calmly, "'Love thy neighbor as thyself'—that herald cry of Christ undergoing a judicious restoration is not an outcast in this spot, in its function of tolerant rectitude. It harmonizes the vales that lie between the Cascade Mountains and the Coast Range on the Columbia Highway amongst the sylvan beauties of the City of Portland—that Mecca of pilgrimages—giving the wayfarer of today an idea of the ministrations of the Promised Land, drawing into our own State of Oregon, at God's behest, all turbulent factions, as it did in the antiquity of the thirteenth century, and causing men to sink all differences in a state of generous reconciliation."

Then, with delicate emotion whose charm of mellowed memory developed into a force of sacred anthem of age old faith, he offered his impression of creed concerning true American commonality. "In God's parental care," he intoned, "our faith may be determined by an accident of infancy or race or place. Some do not understand. May the Lord give them charity. In quest of life and God, that we might be free, our forefathers struggled through stress and strife. Many served their God in fashions strange to me. Though I cannot vow of their God to be, dear Lord, give me charity; and, if the differing roads

are numerous and odd to me; if, through these paths, they come to God; Lord, give us liberty and charity. Had I been born beneath Scottish skies, to their tradition might I pray; had India met my gaze, to the occult I might sway. The creed I have owes its birth; not to Rome, so much as to the mother that nurtured me in Britain.—So, may the Lord teach me to love my fellow men and give me charity."

"Charity completes a link around the fellowship that is the heritage of this fairyland, whose divine birthright transported the souls of the crew of Columbus, our first pilgrim, whose ultimate success the faltering mariners proclaimed in *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. May we, in triumphant canticles, in endless song, invoke, until that distant chord of unfailing strength transforms the harmony, that, in all men's souls, is bred! Ah! may it rend, with vibrant psalm, the veil that hides from view the torch of freedom, blazing into eternal light—this heraldry that refreshed the depressed of the old land who knew not whence, nor why; but felt, in certainty, that the dark past would be changed by this receptive country—the Divine birthright—the home of liberty, love and chivalry."

"For, when the bravest knight of Christendom leapt from his roofless ark upon the new earth and planted the Cross; and, beneath it, knelt in prayer, all independent men, seeing this fellowship with Invisible Influence, knew that it was a spiritual force, more than anything else, that put courage into the navigator's course. Hence, it was; that, despite the attitude of foreign potentates, the great mass of high minded freemen of Europe buried differences of race and religion and supported the American ideal; and it is this same spirit, more than anything else, that will continue to put conscience into our people and will provide patriots that get their bearings from the anchorage of immortality; and, in maintaining an attitude of friendship, rid the whole world of the nightmare of bondage. For, 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.' " (Rom. 13:10.)

"Love, arising from its dead ashes, bringing back the old, remembered days; will be relived in historic liturgy and traced anew under

Oregon's skies in the year of our Lord 1933. Then, Portland, flushed in the gladness of the afterglow of eternal brotherhood, shall be in a spiritual reverie; without grief, without fear and without forgetting," concluded the Brother, making a gesture that coursed in the direction of nature's high altar, on whose brim, the Cross of immortal memory will be symbolized between earth and sky; beckoning all men now, as through centuries past, to that labyrinth of delight that contains the mystery of our Christian religion.

THE SEPTUACENTENNIAL

The Pleiades, in heaven, forever shine;
Of mystic number, known so well of old,
By which completeness was in symbol told;
And seven has long become the name and sign
Of leaders, sights, and wonders; grand and fine.
And seven there were, who left their place and gold.
Seven centuries their onward course have rolled,
Since they laid all aside for the divine.
Ye holy men of old! the time draws near
To celebrate your piety and zeal.
On farthest shores; and, lo! those shores are here,
Great symbols rise that shall your thought reveal;
To prove; that, though all else may disappear,
Yet faith and love remain forever real.

Then, will the incoming pilgrims from all over the earth, who have found the Supernal life, join us in our worship and in our prayer. Here, in this new land of Promise, in the year 1933, seven hundred years from the date of the founding of the Order of the Servants of Mary.

"Aside from any consideration of these associations of bygone centuries," he intoned, "the ideals of Motherhood can find spiritual messages in the Mariology which holds the arms of humanity aloft through

earth's night unto the eternal day, giving life and gladness to her children; who, with Her, can possess that golden vision and pleasure and dearest treasure—His image, a part of God—strange, overwhelming thought. Such an association is of extraordinary value—a delicious dream power ever reviving and consoling. How strangely moved one is, when a picture gives life to romance—to some portrayal of motherhood's needs."

"That human touch of interest that gives life, poetry, inner meaning, something so lovely, mysterious and vast—that is communion with God—a golden vision that has no age; yet causes the opinions of great bodies, unpracticed in vision or love or religion to be thrilled by the shepherd's note, or by the human love one has in his heart, or to blend his mind with the mysterious possibilities of our beloved Master accompanied to the sepulchre by His agonized Mother. Heavily laden may be the wayfarer's load; materialism may have swept away the spirit of the Crucified Christ; and religion appearing everywhere, except where He would have it to be; in the hearts and souls of men; yet, in Mary's figurative and sculptured form, the vision tells of that distant day, when her Motherhood was refined to a high degree of womanhood of special Christian value."

"In the last moments of the humanity of our Redeemer, surrounded by those who loved Him, He gave to the faithful few an impressive message of devotion which the world can never forget."

The sun was passing under a cloud that helped to make a screen that produced a haze-like dusk. The under-brush and thistles, that the laborers gathered and threw aside, showed lengthening sprouts that joined them to the end of nature's yield in other parts. They were made into a knot that told of the mysterious molds of virgin clay, and it seemed that the Great Artist stood and deftly wrought from this debris heaven's own flowers—the anodyne of grief.

High above the sepulchral gully is a cliff or rock, man's own outlook. It overlooks the great Columbia river and lies along the Columbia Highway (continuation of Lincoln Highway and Oregon Trail).

The guiding Servite brother gazed upon a spiral staircase that led from the floor of this natural tomb to the rugged plateau, on the brow of which the main basilica will stand. What a contemplation, ascending from the valley of the dead, these human caverns where organized Christianity has been entombed and the brotherhood of Christ and His teachings almost completely obliterated; Christianity; that organized and developed the Christ idea. As the pilgrims wander through the valleys and hills of this holy place and find, in passing, sculptured miniatures of the Yoke of Christ and the sufferings of His beloved Mother, will they fail to realize that they can gather at one altar and lift their aspirations with the lofty spires, and spurn the spirit of greed that buffeted the Nazarene who carried His Cross? The scribes and Pharisees could not enter the temples; and, through much speaking and the chant of economic perversion, really glorify His parables; while, in their innermost lives, they crucify the gentle Nazarene who wandered by the Sea of Galilee and told the fishermen His simple parables. When will their material misconstruction cease to obstruct His message? When will humanity cease to stone the prophets sent to them? Will this shrine preserve the simple teachings and life of Him or will the Way of the Cross be buried beneath the weight of each man's construction of Christ's Ideal—that maze in which man has built Him a prison? He, who asked for bread, was given a stone. He asked for clothing, we gave Him a tomb. He has asked for a dwelling-place in our hearts, we gave Him crucifixion. All He desires is our hearts. Some time, Christianity will realize how empty and untrue it has been to the character and virtue of the Master.

Poor human Nano forgot creeds and visualized in this place the psalm she was taught of old. One God manifest in the stars' course, as well as in the song of the sea. She thought of the plight of little, crippled Mary—"Oh," she intoned, "What a Christian democracy and harmony—there is no greater way of demonstrating deity—close by the Cross, that refuge of reverie, which, God, leaving the battlements of bliss, gave to men to harmonize a world like this. It also ennoble

my heart; which, like the heart of everyone, is too much occupied with my own selfish affairs, even to heed the affliction of mankind. Such is the way today; such was the way when the oppressed in Israel wailed. Such is the way Dolorosa where Christ passed the sacred path carrying His cross. It was the way of God; and, what my soul now experiences in beholding this strange feeling, is nothing but my oneness with this strange Madonna of Sorrow and with the source of Her life and my life. Her son, Jesus Christ, God—the Incontrovertible Truth. This truth, unalterable. It is changeless. It has, within it, all nations, saints, cranks, rebels, reformers, sinners; all these beings. He has discovered Himself in all this, and in so many ways to us.”

“Governments would die, if they had not changed their laws according to necessity. Christianity has never done this. The fact that Christianity has endured, without change, proves its divinity. For all times, for all places, for all men, as is the order of the supreme goodness of God, who wishes to pour out his mercy over all the children of Adam, none excepted.”

“No bitter creed controlled the spirits of Washington or Lincoln. They left the hateful past behind.”

Nano Lydon, as if experiencing an unconscious transition of thought, the triumph of which illumined her face, said with fathomless rapture, “Some sacred link must have connected and inspired the men who met in Philadelphia and drew the Constitution.”

“Behold the Cross! It has four extensions or branches: the top, God the Father; the right hand, God the Son; the left hand, God the Holy Ghost; the base, humanity merging from mother earth to God. So, likewise, this land; this republic; this Bethlehem for every man of every land. It, too, has four branches: the executive, the legislative, the judicial; the base or fourth branch, individual rights. Like the base of the cross, it merges in all parts. There is just one God. There is just one government. All creation has three parts: God, Government, and Individuality. Mankind has parts: our relation to God, to government, and to society.

XII

After an interval of reflection in which Mrs. Langdon and Nano Lydon passed some moments, they were attracted to a cavity where some of their fellow visitors moved like a shadowy picture as if varying impulse stirred their souls and lightened their difficulties, so great was the triumphant message of the Sanctuary. Shining like a star, it exerted in them a plenitude of devotion and inner wonder and fervor. Awakened to the infinite ecstasy and astonishing fertility of the hidden meaning of the spirit of the Man of Galilee and His heroic Mother, destined to bring forth during many ages plentiful fruits of virtue and of honor, they determined to put forth absorbing effort for the approaching festival of the Septuacentennial Jubilee, that they might help perpetuate upon earth the vision that the narrative of Mary had unrolled; and, also that they might awaken the inexhaustible fountain of patriotism and of blessings of every description that had, in gone-by centuries, alleviated the serious difficulties besieging the republic of Florence. They related the vexatious factors in the republic of antiquity with the animosities and partisan factions of our own republic that caused men to adopt benevolent bureaucracy that they might put in motion a philanthropic oligarchy and label it Christian democracy. Crystalizing the undesirable consignments called democracy and stamping it Christian is as destructive of true political liberty as an arbitrary sovereign. "Between the rule of right reason and the rule of caprice, there is something to choose," said Mrs. Langdon, who was quietly engaged in thought qualified by her experience with officials in high place who are mighty engines of human infirmity whose political activity reaches the centers of destruction. It was well said that Christianity was the first to create the people, so it is that these polished infidels created the religious feuds prevailing that they might be used as side arms, while the ill-ruling princes of cupidity were engaged in infernal commerce, attempting that knavery upon heaven which had been so successful upon earth. Monuments of past ages bear witness to the truth that the laws and constitutions which are

of the greatest value for the common people forbid the central government to meddle, at every turn, in local business and private life; and this secures due respect to human personality and due equality for all before the law. So, it was by a fortunate coincidence that Mrs. Langdon, wife of past Imperial Potentate, John Langdon, was in a receptive attitude and anticipated the true enlightenment and could see further than others, even as the noble hearted Servants of Mary could see, in gone-by centuries, beyond the strategem of those organized to fight for the business that affected them, and hear more than the tricks of speech of those striving for power and ease would have such receptive spirits discern. In this panorama of nature amid the vital interests of the region under whose surface the mother ledge of rock that had never been found until the vanguards of our Eternal Mother picked their way through in their great spiritual adventure, an eagle stunting in the air conveyed a new idea that caused the heart of Mrs. Langdon to leap jubilantly as she pondered and then beamed inwardly and outwardly in the thought that the real issue is honesty in government, where complex crimes are plain, ordinary events; and, that this condition could be transformed through a non-sectarian fellowship whose heritage, at God's behest, will tame all turbulent classes striving after riches; classes, for whom the people are but pawns in their game; and, for whom, the laws of man have little terror and the laws of God none; these modern mockers, having less excuse than the pagan slave owners of remote antiquity. To bureaucracy, the masses, regardless of the variety of their wretchedness, do not count. They extract from them, drop by drop, the essence of life. They rend the republic by creed dissensions, by animosities and partisan factions; transforming the wondrous workmanship of God's own mold into what they secretly speak of with vituperation, as the vulgar-bred or common-herd—that note of modern speech and avaricious spirit, whose bitterness was the undoing of nations of the old hemisphere. These humble folk, who are Christ's friends, will unite and unite with the base of all freedom whose energy is the—Fatherhood

of God and will challenge and indite the ill-ruling classes for an epochal trial for plunder. Supporters of the commonwealth will then choose patriots conversant with the unseen Washington and Lincoln; choose those who clearly are separated not only from the classes of men who flatter the people; but, also, from those who stir up hatred and scorn of the richer classes; as though all vice and folly were concentrated among the rich. These polished infidels, engaged in such infernal political speculation, will see the land, that knew the enthusiasm of Christianity and of bravery and of freedom, arise and go forward and upward; and, the world, seeing the success of America, will take the American spirit to heart, and all peoples will vie with each other in a kinship that will eclipse the best of the former isolation.

Then, will the centres of business be transformed into a new artistry, whose likeness will give to industry a picture of His design. Like broken elements, treachery's rich prey will wither away—somewhat as the raw classes of pilgrims salvaged themselves from the old hemisphere, that nightmare of mankind. Then, will the peoples of Old Glory, united and great, tell of a pasturage that will give to the poor folk, the farmer, and the middle classes the glad tidings of one brotherhood, whose benign influence shall bring in the triumph of spirit; and the champions of Jehovah associate the consciousness of motherhood—that nuptial alliance of the physical separation of the human with the Father-Mother qualities of God; through whose kinship, men enter into the spiritual marriage which makes them perfect in Christ.

With faith that blazed like the tapers that burned before the Grotto, toward which they were gazing, Mrs. Langlon and Mrs. Lydon were contending with their own thoughts, each apart from the other. While there, mingling with other spectators who were waiting for conveyances to carry them to their destination, Mrs. Langdon, with a charm of delicate emotion and varying expression, remarked, "the guiding brother lives with an ideal. His secret is developed in an equilibrium of understanding. His power is to see a thing in its completeness. Like the soft adoration of nature, like the trees and the

peaks and the plants, he is always looking upward in rapture of delight. I believe, filled as his spirit is with the world visible and invisible, his prayer would reach the fountain of health," she added, looking at her engaging companion, Nano Lydon, with delighted eyes that told all that dare not be said, as her reflection of Shirley Lydon's introspection, by an unconscious transition of thought, was associated, in her mind, with the triumph of the Sanctuary and with the unspeakable sufferings of Jesus Christ and the dolor of His Mother.

With a gesture of recognition and an expression of love and truthfulness in his heavy face, a man, wearing a mantelet, mingling with the leave-taking worshippers with instructive movement, sensing the soul impression emanating from the inner consciousness of Mrs. Langdon, tenderly kissed his trophy—the Rosary of the Servite Order; or of the Seven Dolors; and, with certain ineffable emotions, folded it within his habit; and, in unveiled eloquence and deep calm, replied, "If he is not immediately cured, he will carry grace away with him. The Crucified Jesus, working always to raise us out of disease and into our natural estate—health, heals the diseases of the body under the divine law of faith—that rock of pure understanding where we can see God as the life which animates every atom in the universe. God is life instead of a person having life. We cannot see life (God); but, when we begin to use Life, we feel it in our thoughts and in our every act."

"Personally," he whispered, with an undertone of meaning that was like a soul relieved of pain, "I know, that, at diseased stages of life's journey, the outer man appears more real than the life that animates the self. All, who have come here loving perfectly and freely that which they should love, have been restored to health, which is the very foundation of our being. If cooling love leaves men without belief, they are a contradiction in Christ. Who would cherish the murderer of a friend, if he delivered himself up for their salvation? Truth which is love and love is life, if offended or crucified, or murdered, is evil—this is the healing principle. The mighty attributes of

God; faith, love, life,—must be complied with, if the diseases of the body or mind are healed under divine law. If we are annoyed by present vexations, we are suffering from lack of faith. It is a good feeling: the recognition of undisturbed belief. In the secrets of Providence, even when blinded, as some are, through the insensibility of love, the spirit of life often develops restoration through miracles arousing men's souls—such is the love of the Crucified Christ; climax of man's evolution," added the mantled member of the Third Order, as if recalling a ransomed treasure in his own grim sorrows of the past.

There seemed to be a lilt of transplendency emanating from the invisible and energizing the indistinct canticles of the worshippers; who, among the company of strangers, in public adoration, accompanied the chant of the member of the Third Order, who had, in part, renewed his Servite rosary. This day showed the visitors the depth of man's pilgrimage. They found, in the Sanctuary's solitude, the truth to test the multitude.

Alluding to faith and its harmonious blending with the splendor of the Ambassador of God the Father, the risen Christ, this member of the Third Order supplemented his remarks by saying, "Furthermore, being alive and with us (Mat. 28), the office of Christ has not been and never is vacant; and, there is the realm wherein we find ourselves when man becomes conscious of himself in God. The spiritual estate of Christ is never absent. Those, unsustained by the Christ philosophy of life, in mental plight on seeing the hand of God in so-called misfortune, ask, 'How can I change my conditions?' When we lose the eternal bond, we must take an inventory of ourselves,—confess to ourselves. If sinful or morbid or pessimistic or sick, do we really desire to give up our erring moods and corrupt disposition; or, do we want to clasp health and prosperity with one hand and hold fast to our pet indulgences with the other? The easiest way to remove something we do not desire is not to hold it as our own. Discarding our vice, our unbelief, our failure, our pains, our aches,

our sickness, we discard the price we pay for not becoming the first fruits of Christ, our deathless love—'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' (I Cor. 15:22). Christ, with us; from this aspect of life, becomes the solution of every problem; the answer to every prayer. In Christ Jesus our Lord, we die daily and again arise daily and establish the harmony of the whole universe; for, 'God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.' (I Cor. 15:38). 'It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' "

"View the delicate etching and glorious sight of the dogwood lifting its blossoms to the sky. God, who gives this tree each spring its flowers, will surely give His beloved His renewing bloom. The completeness with which God identifies Himself with humanity, as shown in the life of Christ, is proof of the dignity of every form of human experience and demonstrates and reveals the incarnation of God in every human soul. Christ, the Divine, speaking with human lips, seeing with human eyes, feeling with human hands, loving with a human heart, so satisfies the longing for human needs that we vision; in this, our human unrest, and in Him, the relief of that unrest—the great and ultimate destiny of every human soul; and, in the simplest family, there is foreshadowed the divinest life. His highest human occupation was performed as a carpenter. The highest love is expressed in His usual and familiar relation with friends, neighbors and companions. The God Incarnate drank of the streams and walked the earth for thirty-three years, lived in its sunshine and rain; showing that the earth itself is no more corrupt than the body is, in itself, corrupt; and, that both, coming from God, have the spiritual and human in them."

"The wonder and the worship and the mystery of it all is that, in this ignorance, weakness, and utter helplessness; we find the infinite God, the mystery of Nature's eternal youth solved in the sanctity of all Motherhood. This miracle is wrought through Motherhood. May the eternal mystery of the childhood of the Man of Galilee plant deep in the soul of our searching pilgrims the satisfaction guarantee of increased strength so that we may live from day to day on the unflinching abundance and unlimited riches gained by the spiritual expressions, formed and manifested in the close connection between natural, economic and spiritual relationship. These are the coming methods of productive activity, expressed and grasped by our own individual consciousness, when we understand that the substance of the universe is ever available. Then, the entire organization of human society will find utter redemption through His inspiration."

As the sentiment of the mystic splendor of the glorified Christ developed an anthem of sacred force, the mantled aspirant blossomed into spiritual ecstasy, edifying the now assenting spectators by the faith given utterance by his murmuring lips: With a sudden impulse and with a gesture that indicated life springing from death, as evidenced by the vegetation around him; and, with a tone, as of joyous meditation, the stranger of the Third Order intoned, "He is not dead. He who was born of us, is not dead. How could He die who retained the power to live? He is not dead. His healings and His tender care within our hearts remain. His labor was love. His love can never die. How could He die, whose wondrous presence has left all capacity contained within ourselves? He, who is our consciousness, is not dead. He is not dead, who still weaves garments that men may see His art. He is not dead, who gives a balm for weary hearts. The air, the sky, the sea waft His energy and rebuke the strife within humanity. He is not dead who hung in gentle patience with outspread arms that He might show men how to undergo sorrow and pain; that, through His experience of our human existence, we might have strength to bear; so, when the time approaches when I shall have to die, I

want," he said, taking a crucifix attached to His Servite rosary from his folded habit, "I want this metal crucifix close beside my lips, and I want the blood dropping slowly down from His thorn-crowned head to cleanse my soul, as His memory comforts me on my journey to eternity."

"He is not dead. Even now, all nature bears His name. He is not dead. Mary Magdalene and Mary, the Mother of James, and other women that were with them first told of the Resurrection—such was the manner of communication of the Resurrection—womanhood, first to undergo the pang of birth was first to communicate the re-birth—Mary—Mary," he whispered almost beseechingly. "Blessed instrument of the wonderful vision of the Son of Man, herald of the triumphant risen Man;—such an eternal day is Christendom's guarantee," softly spoke the unnamed member of the Servite Order, who kept vigil, gliding among the leave-taking spectators, like an angel sent on a happy mission. The descending sun, in its great cosmic course, emphasized the heart quality as its fire played upon his face and kindled the delicate dusk that softened humanity's differing standards, where unperceiving minds failed to see the manifestations of reality.

"Even as the sword has failed to overcome a system of belief, the law of nature will not permit the flesh of His flesh; the heart of His heart; the human and spiritual Motherhood of Mary to be separated from His Eternal Self. In this connection, it may be permitted to quote the welcome words of St. John Damascene, as found in the breviary, concerning the manner in which the Mother of Jesus commended Her soul into the hands of God; and the deeper experience of Her assumption, behind which is the essential interaction—the spirit of Motherhood that never fails to protect a law in external or eternal mystery."

"We are told that all the disciples who were scattered throughout the whole world preaching to all nations, appeared at one time in a wonderful manner at the home of St. John, in Jerusalem, where,

Mary, true to the words of Her dying Son, remained until Her parting breath released her pure soul into the hands of Her divine Son. There, while the disciples were in prayer, a heavenly loveliness and grace altered Mary's face. God called His bride away. On that sweet eve of Jerusalem's day, a throng of angelic choir changed the disciples' plaintive hymn to song serene and bright, a gladsome song of heaven's delight, the angelic chorus passed from sight lifting Her spirit from the human temple which carried the Redeemer of Men. Thus, as the Creator's heavenly chorus sang, their echo enthralled the air and they formed a glorious company around Her, the temple that the God of Wonders planned for His earthly home. From Heaven there pealed arias that hushed the funeral knell of the apostles; who, with loving hearts, had meekly attended the Hand-Maid of the Lord throughout this dolorous day. They carried Her body and entombed it not far from the scene of Gethsemane's sad vigil. Throughout three days, angels hovered near and touched with rays of light and joyous song these friends of the Mother of Christ. They, witnessing the encircling sight, forgot the sable pall and joined in God's celestial anthem, when the jubilant song ceased and their waiting vigil changed into eternal day."

"Subsequently, Thomas, who had been absent, wishing to pay his veneration, came and opened the tomb, but could only discern the sheets in which the body had been laid away. When told of the angelic hosts appointed to wait on Mary, his tears turned to jewels and God's reflection enlarged his view and he knew the design of the Maker, which he perceived by an indescribable fragrance from the source of peace—that perfect motherhood that breathed the grandeur of the Lord who took His flesh from the Virgin Mary, and Thomas knew that the favored temple that bore us Eternal life was assumed into the presence of the Triune God."

These remarks by the unknown member of the Third Order so affected the mind of Nano Lydon that a moment later she confided to Mrs. Langdon her unyielding decision to remain in Portland that

she might work continuously under the inspiration of the Sanctuary, transforming her ignoble nature upon which so deeply were engraved the expressions of the world into the likeness of God, that the Divine was almost an effaced portrait. She thought of the peace of the Sanctuary and associated it with the remote glens of her youth and with Mount Senario where the Florentine noblemen found poverty's hardships safeguards against cupidity. She sensed the emotions whose deeper meanings seers and poets and priests had opened like flood-gates. It soothed her in chastening comfort. It won her vision away from charms that are false and soiled. Mrs. Langdon, continuing her thoughts apart, noted that the tone of Nano and of her personality changed according to the scale of her unspoken ideal. Each remained absorbed in her own thoughts. Nano's mute self reproach moved towards levels that led to considering treason against our gentle Christ—and; then, from Divine treason, to considering national woes.

"Oh! wondrous Christ," she exclaimed, "what a stalwart and brave Commander we have between us and the Maker whom men rejected, plunging themselves into temporal misery. Oh, Crucified Christ, how often have you transformed my nature. Unyielding, You have saved me from my outrageous reason and self incurred ruin; and, yet, men exclude themselves from Your majesty and spirit and essence and lavish love. Oh, Thou who knowest the depth of my weakness, so wretched is it, so wanting in truth, change my wavering heart. Make it in life's woe, a comfort set apart. Make me forget the false ideals and self-love of the classified who crucified. All reality comes from love, 'The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.' Though the love be lowly, though the love be exalted—only thus does creation come. Love brings into being creation's myriad forms."

If commerce hath success and hath not love, what gain have they who only have their wealth? If rank possesses not love, what have they gained? If fame one hath, without love, doth that bring peace or health or harmony? The intolerant, avaricious spirit of centuries

and centuries ago crucified Jesus. It was inevitable. Tell me, commerce, can you grasp the Infinite Christ? What thought belongs to you? Creation is love. What achievement have you?

Commerce is concerned with things essentially temporal. Religion is concerned with things eternally true. All that commerce, stratagems and shrewdness and deceit in high place and financial manipulations impose is external. There is such internal weakness in what cupidity has raised that the vast edifice of industrialism is bound to fall. Europe, exhausted by giving salaries to its—other army—of imperialism—officialdom, is now using the office-holders in this, the farthest ahead republic in its humanly perfect state, that coercion may abolish the constitution. He, who consented to be the weakest of the weak, although He was the greatest of all, passed through the wilderness of humanity so that He could raise the degraded to the proper spiritual level; and, to do so, He exorcised the established demons of darkness; as, in the instance when He sent the devils into the swine, a procedure similar to what shall occur when business is redeemed from its present degradation and the devils of business are sent into the swine of illegitimate transactions. The senses cannot give what the soul requires.

Greed, the modern dragon of darkness, is the spirit that cleaves to the nations that are full of cupidity. The spirit of motherhood and womanhood is understood by all, when the Son of such a Mother speaks and the spirit lies behind the manifestation of the laws to which we assent. When our faith fails, then the greed of commerce wins. Who ever heard of God making His laws for men to mend?

Our nation has a spiritual significance. It was destined and revealed by the Godhead—that unseen perfection whose spirit is not limited to national boundaries, for the heritage of all the ages of mankind is enshrined in the adventuring spirits of the heroes who builded this nation, with intent as old and as firm as the mountains and as refreshing as the rills from their invisible fountains.

This heroic spirit in its religious aspect blends with the economic outlook we are beginning to establish. We are now dimly discerning that our Master, the Nazarene, was not only a great spiritual and moral teacher; but, also, a mental teacher and the greatest demonstrator of the method of supplying needs, even to the extent of furnishing a new continent, when the emancipation of man required it; and His political economy is unsurpassed by any statesman or by any alliance, who have tried to vision possibilities and propose programs.

Even as the Godhead, in idealistic vision, imparted unto us existence in participation with His Being; yet, all the while, the possibility of gaining eternal life rests with us. Such is our spiritual freedom; so, in political and economic matters, what we have been given in American life is opportunity, and the responsibility rests with us to make real and actual the glorious possession of a perfect state. Thus it is, that the unexplored region of spirit controls our political affairs; and, since supreme favors involve responsibility; and, though our national independence remains contingent upon ourselves, we cannot part with the edict of creation. Such is the gift of grace from the source of perfect love; that, whenever the torch of liberty is dimmed by mortal illusion, there appear mighty redeemers, shepherds of men, whose pastorship reflects the statutes of eternal life.

Oh! Immortal spirit of Lincoln, with Washington, come and defend America—your country—the morning star of all lands. Do not let the fundamentals vanish in process of fulfillment. Loosen the yoke of bondage that has legislated unequal misery and woe upon flesh throughout all times. Form guilds of special adaptation. Demand regeneration, before our freedom is undone. Entrust the regulation of the nation's laws to a fellowship practiced in the fundamental principles of our forefathers. Destroy the arguments of the opponents of the Constitution. Annul the maze of laws jeopardizing our young nation and kindle within our citizenry the desire to exercise the franchise. Exhort them to "Eternal Vigilance." Cause us to know that what bureaucratic officialdom does to-day means nothing to-morrow

if we keep watch of the ballot and exercise our franchise and learn to separate the wheat from the chaff and prevent the situation where passionate elements are able to drive revolutionary idealists into action.

As if yielding to the Providence that takes care of a land, there gleamed through the trees and among the statues a single star whose silken thread stood out from the folds of the American Flag that lay draped in literal reverence; like a mother's mantle in brooding love along the ridge of towering rock that reflected the mysterious strength that sustained the position of the voiceless standard of government begun afresh in this republic. A lone star first attested the basic event that provided a code of right living for all mankind. It touched the earth and developed the Christ idea. It was the first contribution of universal import, the seed that clothed humanity with all the nobleness of generations of growth. The constructors of the Declaration of Independence may not have known that they evolved the very essence of God's laws, when they builded an altar to liberty and draped it with Old Glory, the vestment of the free. Like the far-off event at Bethlehem that organized and developed the Christ idea, whose specific standard provided a right code of living for all mankind, the framers of the Constitution united the people of many nations, of various needs and creeds and gathered the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the indolent and the industrious, the impulsive and the cautious, the wise and the foolish; those who cursed and those who prayed, those who despaired and those who hoped, the greedy and the needy, those who dominated through honesty, and those who gained through dishonesty; and, committed the development of the nation to "We, the people of the United States." There is inspirational evidence of the universal import that guided the framers of the Constitution in their interpretation of national welfare with the spiritual heritage of Christianity. Like the manifestation of Christ that elevated the standard of mankind, the American republic elevates the governing principles of human liberty. The quality of the Constitution that provides a means of protecting indi-

vidual liberty from invasion by the powers operating government is of supernal life. The very essence of the Republic, like the essence of Christianity, is to select the best citizenship from the people of the world and unfold and develop the realm of law; whose code touched the earth centuries ago and bestowed the right concept of creation to the whole human family. This is our heritage. The spirit of liberty is sheltered in the example of Divine Providence that united human freedom with the Tree of Life. This is the union of glorious love, the union of all mankind; the union of God, the Father, Mother, and Child—the Light of Love—the secret of consciousness.

On yonder cliff will stand a huge symbol against the vault of Heaven gleaming in the glowing sun descending in salutation to the earth in which it is engulfed; on the right hand, it salutes the new and old world, the big and the little countries and their inhabitants, and the oceans and the mountains that link these distant ports with the invisible horizon. To the left and on the western slope, it salutes the ocean, blessing all empires and kingdoms of the earth, its valleys and woods and the coast chains linking the distant peaks with the whole world, visible and invisible. Peace upon earth, hope and good will; such is the halo of glorious prayer brought to the threshold of the Infinite—such is the outburst of faith that will prove a hindrance to the cupidity of men whose immoral insanity would give "Black Friday" instead of "Easter Morning" to such an America.

Louder swells the symphony of our new idealism; for here, American tolerance, whose spirit sways our non-Catholic brethren, moved them to contribute the funds that purchased this site that they might unite and transform the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother into a triumphant harmony.

In this companionship of ideals, Nano became aware that both she and her friends were finding lofty inspiration in the patriotism and religious fervor that beamed through the open avenues of their souls; inspiration to remove oppression and to sustain the moral and material rights of their country; and, then, considering the prospect

before them and all that concerned their material domicile, and having seen much and travelled far; and, as pilgrims, having reached their journey's end, with problems solved, they decided to remain in Portland and enjoy the riches insured by its development and help in the more important spiritual inheritance and its harmonious blending with the splendor of this unusual place of worship.

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